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DRUMMER



"...DRUMMER, THE BEST OF THE LOT...I don't know of a writer or photo...^{or critic} or reader who doesn't have a high opinion of this magazine."

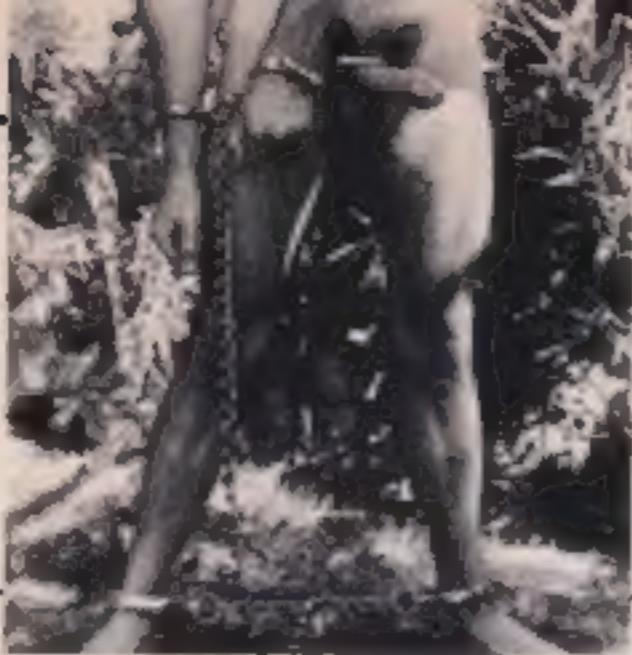
"Of all the popular gay publications, DRUMMER is the only one with real balls. It's unafraid to take chances, to boldly go where no gay magazine has gone before...some of the photos in DRUMMER can stand alone as art. The drawings in the magazine are almost uniformly excellent, light years ahead...Some of DRUMMER's fiction ranks with the very best being produced by gay writers today. DRUMMER's SM bent is probably not all that heavier than the SM that appears (elsewhere); it's just better.

"DRUMMER is also the most politically astute of gay magazines... generally representative of the frontline gay political thought. Indeed, the entire magazine can be seen as an act of radical politics. DRUMMER gets to people in ways 'safe' gay magazines don't... this portrayal of gays as strong, cool people, not the odd bits of erotica and sexual paraphernalia in the photos is what's really scary about DRUMMER... a pleasure to read and a pleasure to write for."

HR Wlomski/LONG ISLAND CONNECTION

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or faraway."

Henry David Thoreau



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Season's Greetings from the incomparable Harry Bush!

Cover and Opposite Page: Chrome and leather from the Pleasure Chest, Los Angeles. Body by The Compound. Photos by Henry Dryovage.

GETTING OFF

When the newly re-elected President Reagan keeps saying, "You ain't seen nothin' yet," he means it. His team, representing the military/industrial complex who spent all that money to put him in again, have plans for this country and you ain't gonna like 'em. Reagan doesn't have to worry about another election now, so he is free to pay off his election debts to Jerry Falwell et al. The Supreme Court justices he will appoint will undoubtedly be with us until the next century. Gay rights legislation will be doubly hard to pass and the Reagan/Nixon court will offer little relief. If the Great Cue Card Reader doesn't last through the next four years, ex-CIA head George Bush will be worse.

What can be done? Support the ACLU as well as the surviving liberal congressmen who are targeted by the Moral Majority for political extinction. Send a donation to Norman Lear's PEOPLE FOR THE AMERICAN WAY, P.O. Box 19900, Washington, D.C. 20036, which is fighting for the book-burning of the Christian Crazies and their attacks on the Bill of Rights. Your rights.

This "Holy War" is forced on us by a well-organized, well-financed minority. Our side needs to get its act together before we go the way of the German Republic in 1933.

IN THIS ISSUE is our annual Gift Guide which, this year, will also be sold separately with a fiction section. It precedes issue 79 on the newsstands and is somewhat of a bargain at \$2.50. The gift section, however, is yours for free, dear readers. So enjoy and Happy Holidays!

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MALECALL/Dear Sir:

KNOCKING ON WOOD

It would be too simple to react to Arnie Kantrowitz's letter (*Drummer 76*) about Roy F. Wood's story "The Conquering Strength" (*Drummer 74*) as just another example of a good liberal gay finding political incorrectness lurking under every rock, and to argue that the central point of erotica is essentially apolitical. Kantrowitz is clearly disturbed by the story; it pushed his buttons—as I think Wood intended.

"The Conquering Strength" tells of a young man's seduction by fascism—hardly a revolutionary idea in fiction (cf. Genet's *Funeral Rites*, Mishima's *Confessions of a Mask*, and Sartre's *La Mort dans l'ame*) or in life. In her essay "Fascinating Fascism," Susan Sontag asks, "How could a regime which persecuted homosexuals become a gay turn-on?" and replies:

...it is generally thought that National Socialism stands only for brutality and terror. But this is not true. National Socialism—more broadly, fascism—also stands for an ideal or rather ideals that are persistent today under other banners: the ideal of life as art, the cult of beauty, the fetishism of courage, the dissolution of alienation in ecstatic feelings of community; the repudiation of the intellect; the family of man (under the parenthood of leaders). These ideas are vivid and moving to many people, and it is dishonest as well as tautological to say that one is affected by *Triumph of the Will* and *Olympia* only because they were made by a filmmaker of genius. Reifenstahl's films—and Wood's story—"are...effective because, among other reasons, their longings are still felt, because their content is a romantic ideal to which many continue to be attached..."

"The Conquering Strength" is a cautionary tale: it shows how fascism can exert an erotic allure on someone who is not a fascist.

Kantrowitz would have *Drummer* publish only "safe" material. And who would be the judge? Presumably Kantrowitz himself. That's a pretty fascistic idea and not what free speech is all about.

T.R. Witomski
New Jersey

FACT & FICTION

I was disappointed to learn that Mr. Kantrowitz (Malecall, *Drummer 76*) did not approve of a recent story of mine ("The Conquering Strength") which appeared in *Drummer 74*. I am always receptive to the views of readers, however, even when the comments are neg-

ative. Unhappily, from the gist of his criticism, Mr. Kantrowitz could not have read the work very thoroughly.

As I understand his letter, his major criticism was that the story was a) political, and b) being political, it favored an oppressive fascist dictatorship. As for the first point, the story was only marginally "political." As for the second, it was indicated in the story's conclusion that the plan to "oppress the struggling masses" (quotes for emphasis only) was not going to succeed.

Unfortunately for all those readers who look for hidden meanings and Freudian slips in everything they read, when it comes to my work they must look elsewhere. Writing, for me, consists of basically two points: One must tell a story (as well as possible); and the story must be fun (for me, the writer) to work on. Insofar as any "message" existed at all in "The Conquering Strength," it was that the power of love should be total enough to make one do foolish things. If a man is in love, it ought not be love with conditions—"I love you, but..." sort of thing.

I do agree with Mr. Kantrowitz that there is nothing "hot" about political dictatorships. Neither is there anything "liberal" about trying to restrict a writer's freedom to portray whatever scenario his imagination conjures up. I, at least, believe the vast majority of readers can always tell the difference between fact and fiction. If and when I want to write about fact, I'll turn out some essays.

Roy F. Wood
Athens, GA

PRINCE ALBERT FOR XMAS

Just picked up my copy of *Drummer 77* at the store, came home and stripped down to my briefs and began to peruse. When I got to "All Tied Up" with Cord Briggs, I was in hard-on heaven. The pix were magnificent! When I saw the Prince Albert, my nuts were in an uproar. The great things that can be done with it and a piece of rawhide were running through my perverted mind. You did it to me again! By the time I got to page 52 and saw that beautiful asshole, I blew my nuts in my jockey's without even touching my dick. Rare thing for me, but what a heavy load!

When my Master got home and I showed him the lay-out to account for my crotch full of cum, he tied me in the same position (lower arms roped to my calves), whipped my ass red and hot, then climbed on and sank his big rod in me and just let it soak. Then he shafted

my fuckhole till I was gurgling like a baby. What a great cum-blow for both of us. He has decided that he is going to get me my Prince Albert for Xmas at the Gauntlet. Wow, am I ever looking forward to that. Depending, of course, if I have been good for Santa.

Thanks again for making my life better.
Jym Collins
Huntington Park, CA

CANADIAN KUDOS

First, my thanks for an always interesting, consistently arousing magazine. Every *Drummer* I've read has a story or layout either of something I'm into now, or gets me turned on to something else. I tend to be more interested in your fiction ("Daddybuddy," *Drummer Daddies 2*—still my favorite!), but I always find something I like in your photo spreads.

Your understanding of the very special appeal of the older man (and Daddies) is, in my opinion, especially commendable, and one of my primary reasons for reading *Drummer*. As a "boy" of 21, I find myself drawn time and again to a forceful, mature man, and to find a magazine which shares my taste is—well, sheer heaven! Please—on bended knee—more, more, MORE Daddies! *Drummer Daddies 2* was the first *Drummer* publication I ever picked up and is still my favorite.

Also, I'd love to see more shaving and haircutting—either in editorial pieces (tell Mr. Payne his "Slaveshaving," *Drummer 75*, was exceptional—he understands the very real erotic appeal of the haircut/shave), or in fiction—will we ever hear more of Walton Guidry, or Bubba and his boy ("Daddybuddy")? I'd be eternally grateful for a spread of crew-cut and/or shave-headed men.

Also, more: rubber, piercing, Auggie Camelli, enemas.

My main reason for writing is this—how do your subscribers fare in getting *Drummer* in Canada? It's not available in the local shop (Customs, of course), so I'd like a subscription, but only if I'd be sure I'd get every issue.

Thank you for your time—and keep marching to that beat...

Robert Barron
Alberta, Canada

(Editor's note: We're always glad to hear from our Canadian brothers—especially when they're 21, enthusiastic, and into shaving...but back to your question: We have had no real problem in getting issues to individual subscribers in Canada—though you're correct that getting wholesale orders through Customs

is another matter. Canadian subscriptions for 12 issues are \$55 U.S. dollars, payable by Canadian or International money order or by Visa or Mastercard. If you should ever have an issue seized, let us know immediately.)

SPOILED READER

"Spoils of the Victor" in Drummer 76 is just great—a compelling story that succeeds on a number of levels, as war story, psychological character study, history lesson, and contemporary gay raunch! Among my favorite parts of it were: 1) the way the second and final paragraphs of the story meshed so perfectly; 2) Payne slicing away Gunther's trousers with his bayonet; and 3) the "bitch-dog" section—I've seldom seen male lust, and the animal motivation for it, described so vividly and so well. "Spoils of the Victor" is J/O material as class act, and a notable debut in Drummer for Glynn Compton Harper.

In Drummer 77, the "Houseboy" spread by Robert Payne rises to his usual high standard of bullshit—great! I'd like to see more of that Italian slave. "Rape as Punishment" by Adam Starchild was most informative—and stimulating. Those Etienne illustrations really did make the article. And Zeus has done it again—Cord Briggs is one solid hunk! He's not quite Rocco de Vega (Drummer 71, still my favorite), but he's still a muscle-freak's pictorial wet dream. Like de Vega, Briggs looks to me as if even his sweat would taste sweet, and he couldn't endure being stroked in his armpits or having his perineum ridge scratched!

As for the cover of Drummer 77—Brutus never looked better, and the situation depicted is like a magnet. Bravo!

FI
Texas

BACK TO THE MAT

I wish you would give more space to wrestling features and publish more photos on wrestling. It is a real turn-on to many of us.

PJ
Rockford, IL

FINE BLEND

Have just purchased, and really ate up your Drummer 74. Man, those photos and the feature on Cigar Studs is your best yet! And that's saying a lot. I can't resist a Macho Stud with a cigar in his hand or in his mouth. I've never seen one yet that didn't turn me on, especially a Clint Eastwood type (or reasonable facsimile) smoking a big cigar while sticking his cock in my face.

Please issue more features on Cigar Studs, and please show more photos of studs with cigars. This is a macho symbol that really makes the male a superior super-hero to us all.

Is there a club or mail order house that sells photos of Cigar Studs? Is there a



SOLID GOLD HUNK: We're still getting letters on Cord Briggs, "All Tied Up" in Drummer 77—and for all we know, he's still tied up. Photo: The Zeus Collection.

correspondence club where a guy can meet and correspond with Cigar Studs? If so, I'd sure like to know, as I'd buy or join up fast.

Keep Drummer cumming. I always pick up every issue on the newsstand, but issue 74 was the best ever.

Paul Peters
New York City

(Editor's note: Once more for the record. You can get hold of Cigar Studs—or vice versa—by writing to: Cigar Studs, P.O. Box 15344, San Antonio, TX 78212. We don't know of a mail order outfit specializing in the subject, but you can always check out our back issues, especially Drummer 22 and Drummer 52.)

BUCKLE UP

We were amused by the letter from Orange Hanky in Oakland (Drummer 77). We have several colorblind mail order customers who asked us to work out their problem. We came up with the Hankey Code Belt Buckle. We use our

any-name belt buckle for the code as follows:

Red: FF TP, FF BTM
Navy Blue: FK TP, FK BTM
Light Blue: SK ME, I SK
Yellow: YW TP, YW BTM
Grey: LT S, LT M
Black: HVY TP, HVY M
Striped: SHV TP, SHV BTM
Mustard: H BIG, W BIG

We let our customers come up with a different meaning for the curious passers-by. One guy went to a straight party wearing his buckle and when asked what it meant came up with "Shy Honest Virtuous, But Try Me." He sent me an order for seven buckles.

Donald A. Lofgran
Gledhill Enterprises
2112 Lyric Ave.

Los Angeles, CA 90027
(Editor's note: Like we've always said, leathermen are so fucking creative! Another reader pointed out an omission in our hanky code: Pink, for men into dildos...or vice versa.)

UNIFORM FREAKS

ROBERT PAYNE ASKS, WHY DO LEATHERMEN LIKE THEIR WORST ENEMIES?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM OF FINLAND

It is somewhat of a strange paradox that men who work so hard at being different immensely enjoy dressing up like one another. Men who would rather die than go into military service get their kicks on a Saturday night by getting decked out in somewhat the same uniform they would have to be wearing and look like what they would rather not get into. Then there is the police uniform set. And if there is any such group, other than the SS troops of Nazi Germany (circa 1933-45), the police would have to be it. And the more militaristic, ala, say the Los Angeles Police Department, the more desirable the uniform. Are the cops flattered by this emulation? You bet they ain't! Most Uniform Freaks know better than to appear in the same uniform as the town they appear in. When renting a genuine L.A.P.D. uniform from Western Costuming, the big costumer who serves what is left of the motion picture industry in Hollywood, you will not get any reaction until you ask for a badge to go with the ensemble. That requires the blessing of the huge L.A.P.D. "Public Relations" Department which functions as "press agent." So one ends up with a rented version of a Chicken Inspector badge which says, self-importantly, "Security" and one hopes that the rest of the outfit will dazzle the viewer to the point that the badge won't be very closely examined. There is a legitimate reason for all of this, of course. However, it has little, if anything, to do with appreciation of leathermen wanting to look like their worst enemies.

But let's get back to the uniforms themselves. The most reliable sources for



THIS

LOVE TO DRESS UP

PHOTOGRAPHY HENRY DRYOVAGE

military or police drag is, of course, the folks who sell to official personnel. Avoiding that, we can find uniforms everywhere from leather shops to the Goodwill. Army surplus stores may prove to be an iffy source, unless you are really into fatigues and parchutes, you will find it an enjoyable challenge to assemble your complete uniform one piece at a time. It can end up as authentic as hell or an assemblage that would put the late Douglas MacArthur to shame.

One of my favorite ensembles is that of an airline captain, which includes the cap and medallion of an authentic, if defunct, airline and coat with enough stripes and stars to command a battleship. At a garage sale I found a new pair of Air Force dress shoes which, if not strictly required, certainly add a bit of sparkle to it all with their patent leather brilliance. Please be assured that I am careful not to wear all this near an airport for fear I may be commandeered to fly a 747. I may delude myself into thinking I look like the head of the pilot's union, but truthfully, I am strictly a white-knuckle passenger, no matter how much brass and gold braid I happen to be wearing. At the first Drummer party at which I wore all this spendor, I was accused by the management of (1) being a fire inspector and they wouldn't let me in, (2) then, when inside, was asked if I had left my bus parked legally. I attributed all this to intense jealousy on the part of my civilian detractors.

There is a handsome young man of my acquaintance who is very much into uniforms, to the extent that he spends at least two or three hours preparing for his





entrance. His brass is polished, his boots are like mirrors and you could cut yourself with the crease in his pants. He is awesome, eventually, and the end result is worth every minute of the preparation, unless you happen to be waiting for him to get with it. I prefer the unmade bed look, personally, but I certainly respect a man who is into the true military tradition of Keeping One's Uniform In A Military Manner, whatever the effort.

If you haven't been aware of this before, let me be the first to lay it on you. Men are attracted to men in uniform. And not just gay men. Walk up to anybody in the full dress uniform of the armed forces or the police department (preferably what looks like the local one) or the Official Gestapo Outfit of your favorite Fascist organization and see the respect you get. You may even make out with them if all goes well. If not, you can pull rank and probably make out anyway.

Nobody goes around looking like a private first class when in uniform drag. Unless you are my size, age and have similar chutzpah you won't appear as a U.S. Four Star General, but somewhere in between lies your rank of opportunity, Mein Captain.

I don't admit this to everyone, but when I was very young, back during the Great War, I was occasionally tempted to fall to my knees, right there in the bar, in front of the most unattractive of people, simply because of their imposing outfits. When they say "clothes make the man," they had to be talking about uniforms. Imagine the old military farts standing on a reviewing stand, stripped, without all that regalia, or take a good long look at the yokels marching down in front, all spit and polish and slab, and picture them in the shower.

There are many exceptions, of course, and behind all that spit and polish, that brass and itchy wool and polyester, leather and authority, could be the man of your dreams.

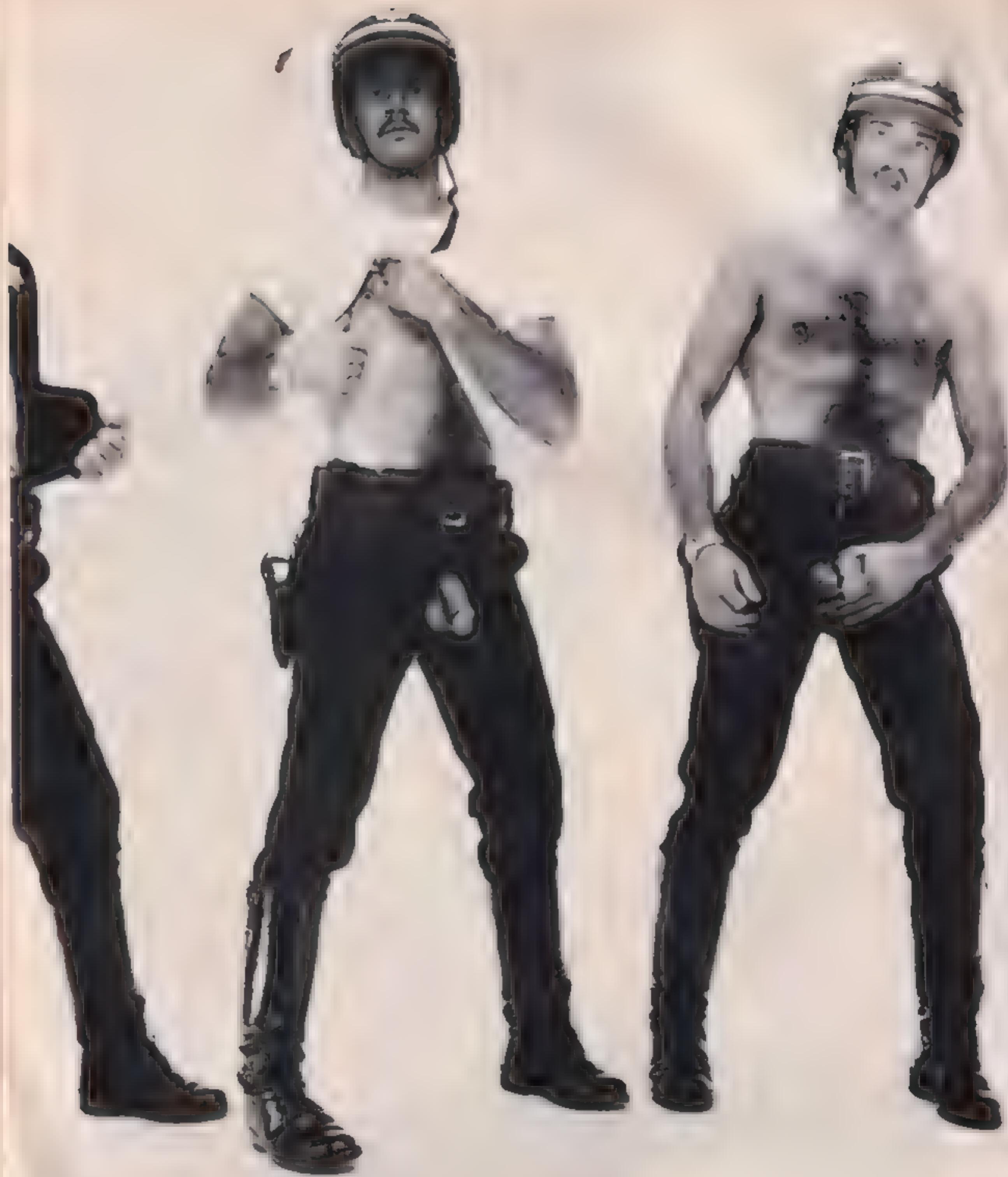
Goddamn, I sure hope so. □



DRUMMER 11



12 DRUMMER



DRUMMER 13



MEN IN UNIFORM

**Text and Photos
by Richard Saiser**

Over Columbus Day weekend October 5-8, the American Uniform Association (ALA) held its Seventh Annual Review in Denver, Colorado. The Blue Knights Uniform Corps of Denver hosted the Review with true western hospitality and a flair for elegance, which may have set a new standard for future Annual Reviews.

The event kicked off at Mike's Bar on Friday night, and most of the patrons seemed unaware of the extraordinary convention, until the first ALA men began to arrive for the check-in/registration cocktail party in Mike's back-bar, Outlaws.



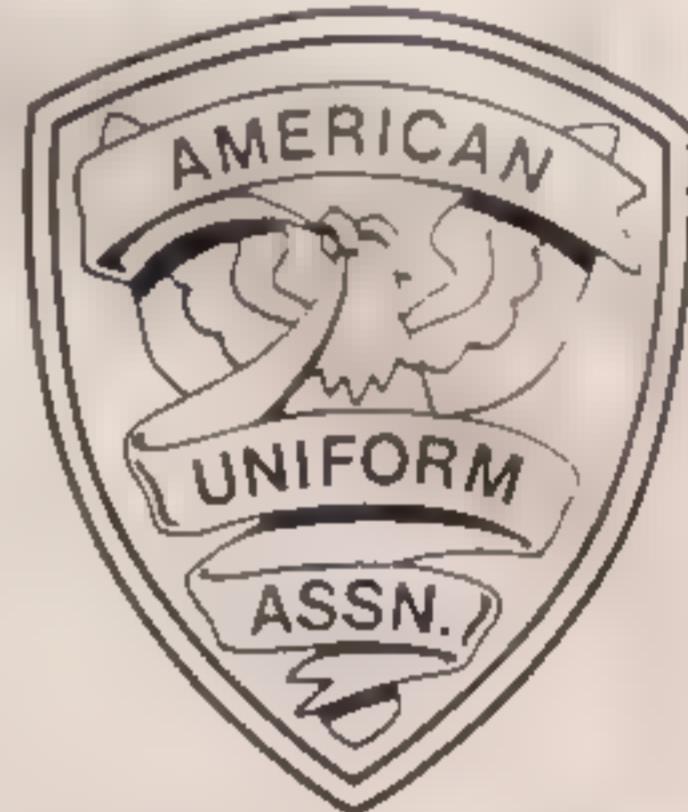
I think some of Denver's normally used-to-anything leather/cowboy crowd had to suppress prima tight-or-tight adrenal rushes when all these men with badges and swagger sticks appeared in their midst! They quickly适应ed all, however, and there's nothing like fifty-five police and military uniforms to give a place real atmosphere. Later at the Toolbox down the street, and on through all the weekend's uniform parties, beer busts, and brunches at the Triangle, David's, Charlie's and BJ's Carousel, a lot of uniform-related rushes didn't get suppressed at all. Some of Drummer's hottest fantasies came true for a lot of lucky men during the ALA weekend. There's just something about a man in uniform.

There's something about a man out of uniform, too, as I discovered Sunday night during the bivouac at the legendary Ballpark. You should have seen a certain young man's face when we got back to my locker and I traded my towel for a San Francisco police uniform I was forced to put the cuffs on him so I could finish dressing! A bivouac in a bath house is a great idea.

The finest hour of the Seventh Annual Review came Saturday night at the Officers' Mess, a traditional, full dress affair

with all the pageantry of a reception jointly hosted by NATO and the Law Enforcement Officers' Association. The Blue Knights staged this year's grand banquet under the crystal chandeliers of a fine, old Victorian mansion. Blue Knight Leon Marfell told me it would be elegant, but I wasn't ready for the ramrod trim, mustachioed West Point Cadet who opened the door with a flourish of white gloves and respectful directions

"Good evening, Sir. Please hang your coat in the closet there and proceed through that doorway for cocktails."



Through that doorway, I could see a Luftwaffe Colonel, a Royal Dragoon, a U.S. Marine captain, and a young lieutenant in Her Majesty's Army. A splendid sight, indeed, but it made me pause. Sud-



denly, the addition of a black bow tie to my New Mexico sheriff's uniform seemed rustic competition for this collection of militaristic Beau Brummels! Then, a CHiP and a Delaware State Trooper strolled into view, and I strolled into four hours of uniform ecstasy.

There's not much ceremony at an Annual Review. Over drinks and dinner, friends reunite across miles and years. And one makes new friends. (I've just got to visit Munich soon...via San Francisco and Edinburgh!) Little ceremony, but lots of color. The Canadian contingent from Toronto delved into their sixteen pieces of luggage and came up with four resplendent crimson uniforms, which conjured visions of far-flung outposts of the Empire and dinner with the Viceroy.

The cocktail party was hosted by the Rocky Mountaineers Motorcycle Club (Drummer 67), in a gesture of brotherhood which expressed the natural affinity among uniform, motorcycle, and leather men everywhere. Many Rocky Mountaineers are also men in uniform (And Ron, you did look like U.S. Grant! A wonderful uniform.)

Dinner included wine, champagne ("A toast to all our respective heads of state"), buffalo roast forester (a rugged haute cuisine...), brandy and cigars ("Gentlemen, the smoking lamp is lit.") I sat with old friends from Scotland, Georgia, Denver, and new friends from San Francisco (the Bay Area Brigade looks damn good) as white-coated waiters glided from table to table with silver platters, and the evening marched into history.

A word about the American Uniform Association. To be a member of AUA means a lot more than just being "into uniforms." An AUA man expresses something deep and integral to his personality when he dons a uniform. He lives the pride, the spirit embodied in his uniform, and shares a unique friendship with his fellow members, be they from Finland, New York, Canada, or Australia. AUA "events" range from private dinner parties to "uniform night" at a local bar, from a block of tickets to the Army/Navy game to a group attending a police rodeo. If you're interested in joining the AUA, you'll have to find an AUA man (he won't be hard to spot!) and get to know him. It takes a personal recommendation from an AUA member in order to join our ranks. (Editor's note: For a limited time, readers unable to find a local AUA member who wish to contact the group can do so via Drummer. Mark letters "Attention AUA," address to Drummer and we'll forward.)

Next year, the Eighth Annual Review will be hosted by the New York AUA men who initiated the American Uniform Association in 1978, and it'll be a grand affair. There's something about a man in uniform!



AARON TRAVIS'

SLAVES OF THE EMPIRE

ILLUSTRATED BY CAVELO

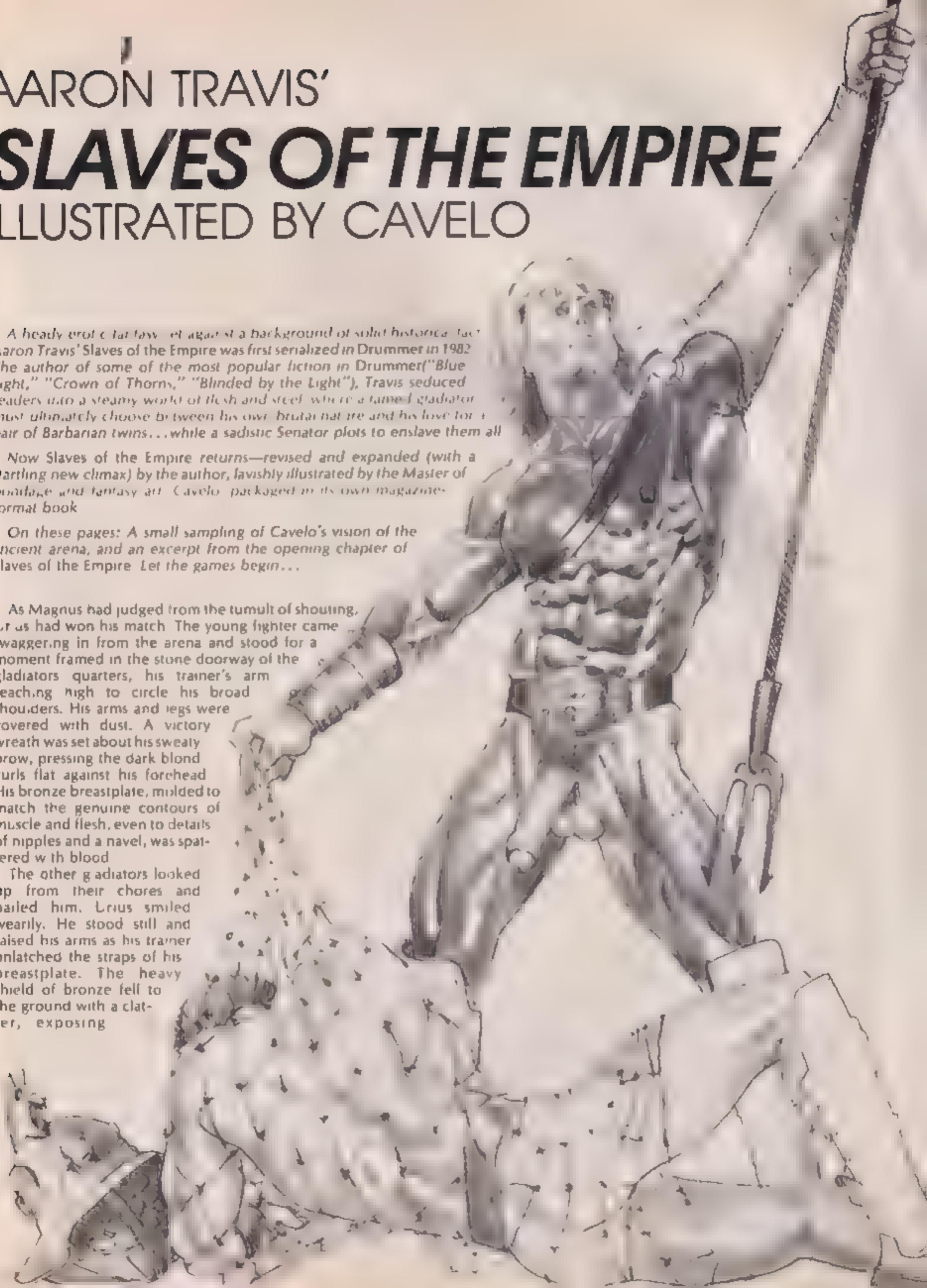
A heady erotic fantasy set against a background of solid historical fact. Aaron Travis' *Slaves of the Empire* was first serialized in Drummer in 1982. The author of some of the most popular fiction in Drummer ("Blue Light," "Crown of Thorns," "Blinded by the Light"), Travis seduced readers into a steamy world of flesh and steel where a tamed gladiator must ultimately choose between his own brutal nature and his love for a pair of Barbarian twins...while a sadistic Senator plots to enslave them all.

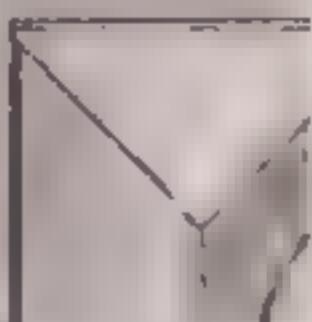
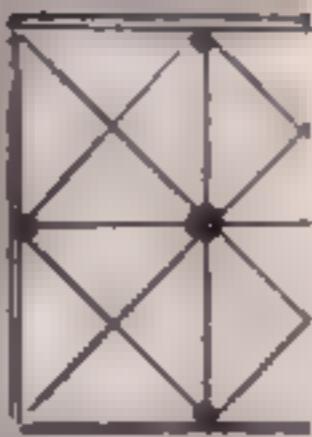
Now *Slaves of the Empire* returns—revised and expanded (with a startling new climax) by the author, lavishly illustrated by the Master of bondage and fantasy art, Cavelo, packaged in its own magazine-format book.

On these pages: A small sampling of Cavelo's vision of the ancient arena, and an excerpt from the opening chapter of *Slaves of the Empire*. Let the games begin...

As Magnus had judged from the tumult of shouting, Crisus had won his match. The young fighter came swaggering in from the arena and stood for a moment framed in the stone doorway of the gladiators quarters, his trainer's arm reaching high to circle his broad shoulders. His arms and legs were covered with dust. A victory wreath was set about his sweaty brow, pressing the dark blond curls flat against his forehead. His bronze breastplate, molded to match the genuine contours of muscle and flesh, even to details of nipples and a navel, was spattered with blood.

The other gladiators looked up from their chores and hailed him. Crisus smiled wearily. He stood still and raised his arms as his trainer unlatched the straps of his breastplate. The heavy shield of bronze fell to the ground with a clatter, exposing





his heaving chest. His broad hairless pectorals and the deeply etched muscles of his belly were glossy with sweat; the golden flesh shone as smooth and hard as the sculptured plate of bronze that had protected him from Tardis' sword, and now lay in the dust covered with Tardis' blood.

His trainer withdrew. Some of the gladiators went back to their work, overseeing the slaves who were polishing their armor, exercising on the dusty floor to loosen their muscles, but most, like Magnus, continued to watch Urius knowing what would happen next.

Urius pulled his lips into a thin smile, showing a glint of straight white teeth. His eyes were narrowed; his nostrils flared. A single bead of sweat clung to the tip of his broad nose.

He clutched the sheer, pleated skirt wrapped around his hips and tore it from his body. Beneath the skirt he wore only the leather cup that had protected his genitals during the fight. He unlatched the narrow straps of hide that circled his waist and threw them.

Urius then stood naked except for the brown thongs wrapped around his forearms and hands, the sandals on his feet, laced tightly to the knees, and the victory garland tangled in his long blond hair. His smoothly sculptured chest began to rise and fall, his eyes became glazed as if he were in the pitch of battle. His thick pale shaft, freed from the leather cup, at first hung heavy and bloated between his thighs, then began to jerk and stiffen until it stood upright, its blunt tip grazing the muscular depression above his navel.

"Zenobius!" he shouted.

Magnus ran his thumb down the blade of his sword and watched. One of the slaves who attended the common needs of the gladiators, a small Syrian boy with black hair and olive skin, sprang up from polishing a shield and ran to the naked gladiator.

The slave Zenobius wore a very brief chiton, cut to reveal half his chest and a chain around his neck. "Yes, lord," he said. His voice shook.

Urius narrowed his eyes and looked down at the boy. One corner of his mouth twisted into a smile. He took the base of his shaft between his forefinger and thumb and bent it down, pointing to a space on the floor before him.

"Kneel down, little pig."

Zenobius fell to his knees. He stared upward with wide eyes at the slick, rippling mass of Urius' torso, then dropped his gaze to Urius' shaft, now upright in the gladiator's fist. The long, pale sword of flesh was incredibly thick. Urius' hand could not encircle its girth. Zenobius stared at the shaft, and a shudder ran through him.

Magnus watched, as did all the gladiators, and clenched his teeth.

Urius tensed his body. A hundred

muscles drew taut and quivered beneath the glaze of sweat. He ran his hands over his chest, coating them with sweat, and clutched his shaft with both fists. He closed his eyes, threw back his head and began to stroke himself.

The Syrian boy grovelled at his feet. Zenobius stared upward at the gladiator as if he beheld a god. He pursed his lips and pressed his thin brown hands between his legs, shaking with excitement. His eyelids flickered. His narrow chest began to rise and fall in time with the man who towered above him.

Urius roared like a wild beast. He pulled his hands away from his groin. He opened his eyes and looked down at his shaft. The massive pole of flesh shuddered. A jet of white cream bolted from the tip and landed with a liquid slap across the slaveboy's face, from his forehead to his chin, some of the liquid entering his open mouth. Zenobius writhed in the dust, eyes barely open, eyelashes clotted with white, as the gladiator's mallet danced in the air and painted his face with semen.

Urius smiled broadly and planted his fists on his hips. His chest heaved. His body glistened with a fresh sheen of sweat.

"Kiss it, pig."

Zenobius moaned. He leaned forward and touched his lips to the tip of Urius' rod.

"Little pig," Urius muttered. He slapped the boy's face. He drew back his hand, wet with semen, and slapped the boy again. Zenobius moaned and clutched the gladiator's thighs. He leaned forward and kissed the tip of Urius' shaft.

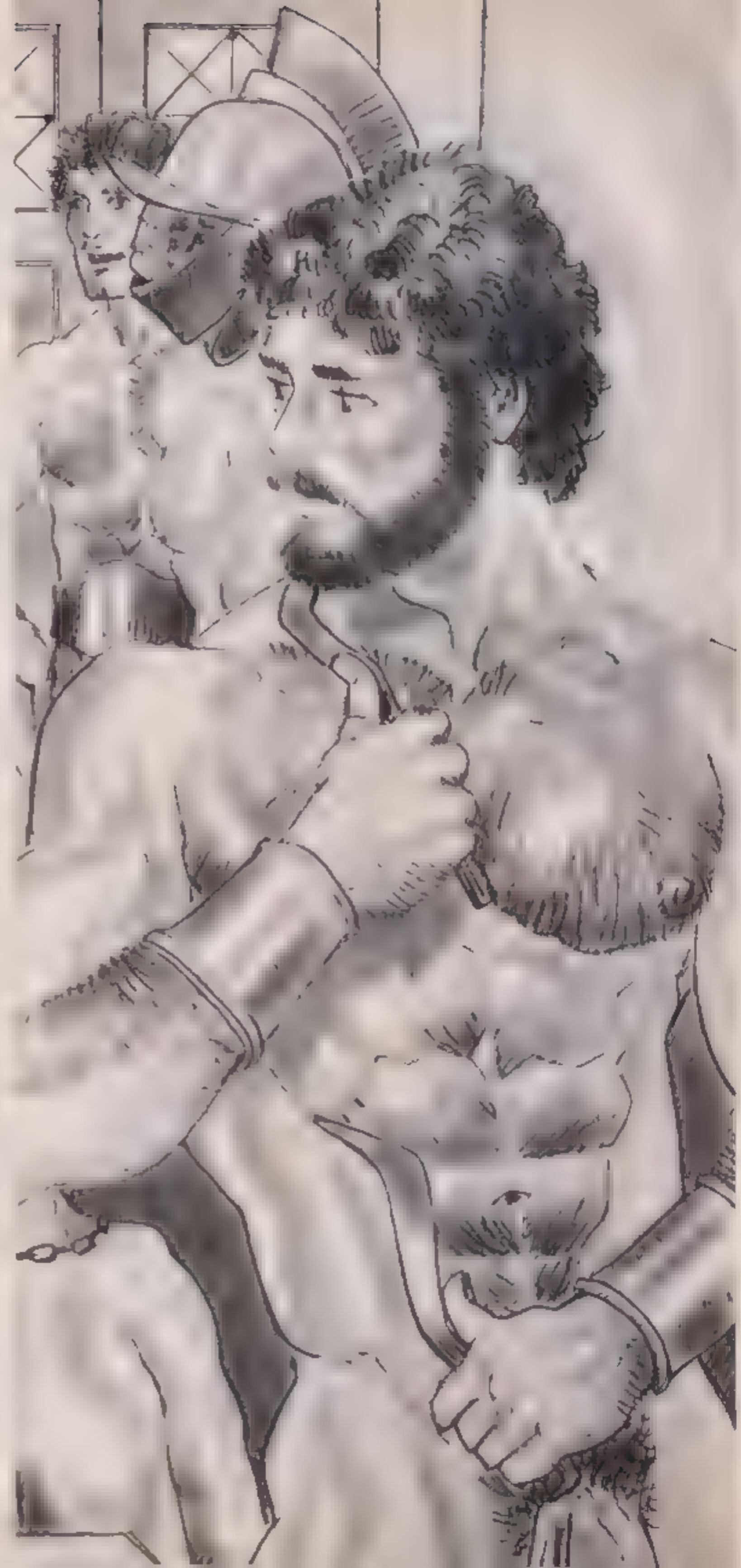
Urius struck him again. The boy was knocked to the ground. He whimpered and crawled forward on his belly to kiss the gladiator's feet. Urius kicked him aside and strode toward the trough of water at the end of the long chamber. His shaft swung before him, slapping heavily against his thighs.

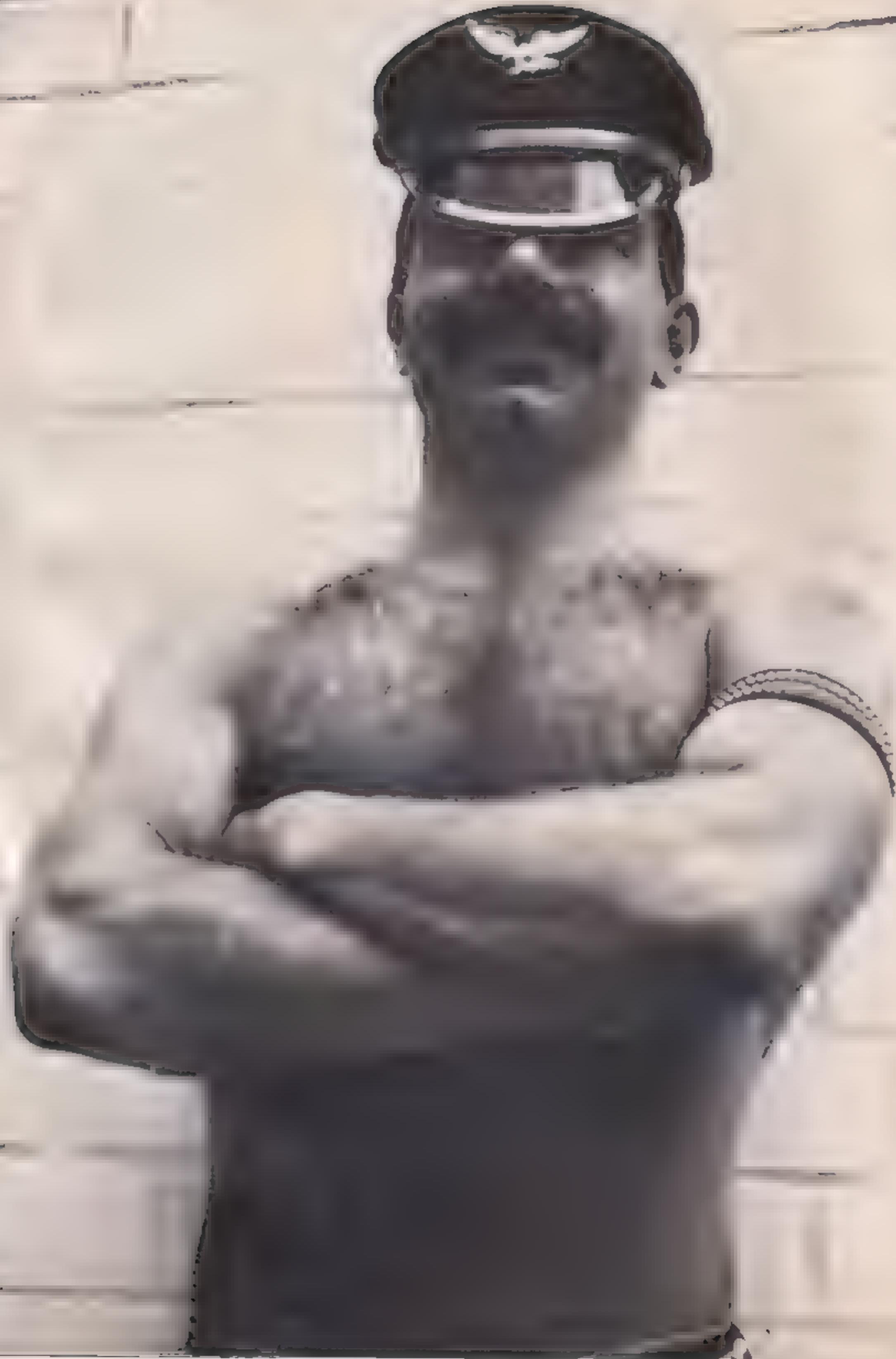
"Come, pig, I'm not done with you yet," he called, crooking his finger over his shoulder, not bothering to look back. "Come clean the sweat and dust from my body. Come and lick me, little pig!"

Zenobius rose shaking to his feet and followed in a daze.

Magnus clenched his teeth and curled his lip. Urius disgusted him. All the gladiators needed sexual release after a death match. Magnus knew the sensation well enough—the red haze of lust, the erection that would not subside, the overwhelming need to feel himself swallowed in flesh.

Aaron Travis' *SLAVES OF THE EMPIRE*, illustrated by Cavelo, will be available in December 1984 from Alternate Publishing (for mail order information, see page 46.) □







David, Mr. Europe Leather 1984 (left), and the competitors (above) square off in Hamburg's Fabrik bar.

MR. EUROPE LEATHER

PHOTOS BY GERHARD POHL

Summer 1984 may have seen the biggest celebrations of leathermen in European history. From Sweden's wild Baltic Battle in June to Octoberfest gatherings in Munich, Northern European leather men and their motorcycles were kept busy and primed.

The centerpiece of all this action was undoubtedly the Tenth Anniversary

Celebration of the European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs (ECMC) held August 9-12 in Hamburg, West Germany. Motorcycle runs, tours, parties and a leather art exhibit surrounded the international festivities, but the big event in Hamburg was the first-time-ever selection of Mr. Europe Leather.

The contest for the new title was held

Friday night, August 10 at Hamburg's Fabrik bar, with an estimated 700 leather men from all over the continent attending. Fifteen European leather/motorcycle clubs submitted candidates for the audience's approval when the smoke cleared, the obvious choice was David of Stockholm. A 33-year-old leatherman born in Great Britain but a resident of Sweden for the past five years David was representing Swedish Leather Men (SLM) of Stockholm having been selected Mr. Tomsson at the Seventh Annual Baltic Battle in June.

Needless to say, the Swedes (and the Brits) were ecstatic over the choice especially since Mr. Europe Leather 1984 will be going on to compete in the 1985 International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago. Prizes included a pair of golden handcuffs and round-trip air transportation to Chicago for next year's International contest.

Coming in second was Mark, a hunky blond from Berlin. Second runner-up was Hans from Arhus, Denmark, a favorite of the tattoo enthusiasts in the crowd, the dragon emblazoned across his back looked almost real (and mean) enough to spit fire.

The winner had a chance to break in





A set of black mares which is his where at ages 18 years & the neck 7 ft in 5 we took them to the market to sell & got a price of \$1000 per pair. I sold them at the same place & the next day he came back & said he wanted to buy them again & I told him I would sell them to him again & he paid me \$1200 for them. He has had them ever since & they are still in good condition.





his new title, he perhaps put those golden chaps (to use) the next night at the Ten Year EMC Jubilee Party, held at the famous Bauerhaus in Hamburg's Volkspark. After a Sunday brunch and farewell party at Chapsbar, David carried the Mr. Europe title back to Stockholm. Next stop—Chicago, where European leathermen will be watching as their first internationally chosen representative enters the competition.

The selection of Mr. Europe Leather was not, however, without its share of controversy. The following item (titled "Better Late Than Leather?") appeared in the September issue of MSC London News:

SLM-Kopenhagen are angry that their entrant for Mr. Leather of Europe 1984 was not permitted to participate in the contest held in Hamburg. Per Theis, their contestant, arrived for the contest at 10:53 p.m., having driven nearly 200 miles with ferry crossing, from Copenhagen to Hamburg. Hamburg disqualified him because he should have been there at 10:45 p.m.

Other clubs did not have the rules so strictly enforced in their case. Each Club was allowed only one entrant. However, when MS Amsterdam produced two saying they didn't know which one to choose, both were allowed to enter.

SLM-Kopenhagen are understandably

worried that the German railways are taking over the schedules of EMC.

That minor flap aside—and virtually every leather contest has its hitches, especially in its first year—the selection of Mr. Europe Leather was a significant event on the International Leather Scene. EMC has been ten years in the making, creating a network to draw leathermen of different nationalities and languages into closer camaraderie. The creation of the Mr. Europe Leather title will draw that network even tighter with its added incentive of friendly competition. This year the Swedes took the prize—but 1985 could be another story. □



Picture acknowledgement to David and
to the many others involved that
contribute to the great stories
in our wet season. Mark is a
true legend leather and leather
makeup supplier he's become so I
decided to ask him to write an
article. A massive thanks my
dear reader if he can't be there and
what makes the great excitement at
waterfalls!



DRUMSTICKS

EYES DON'T LIE

You said you were a lot
But your bottom eyes
betrayed you
With the smack of a hard hand,
you collapsed to your knees
"I am a top I am.
Pleading eyes? Damn
Encased in knotted rope
Pinched flesh clamp
Hours pass
Silence now
Downcast eyes don't lie

—Auggie Camelli



*You almost got it right this time m'hearty, but we
got to take yer damn' pants off*



THOR



First, cover him with mud then mango leaves, fill him with coconut milk, shove bananas up his ass, bake for an hour and it'll be the best meal you ever ate!"



DRUMMER FICTION

Malory And His Masters

(First of Three Parts)

by
Tom Hardy

DRAWING BY ADAM

Malory's Big Brother

Malory propped himself up on his elbows, watching the smooth rippling of the river water as it swept past the low bank on which he lay. Though he was eighteen there was an oddly nebulous quality about him, a sense of still being unformed that made him seem years younger. Some might have

remarked on it as stupidity. Others might have noticed it as a state of innocence, a *tabula rasa* ready for the imprint of adventure. He was a beautiful boy, far more beautiful than he realized. His hair was thick and fine and straight, golden-like corn silk tumbling over his ears and around his face. Fine strands of it fell over his forehead in the breeze. He blinked his eyes, bluer than the river ever thought of being, and shook his head. The movement of the water was hypnotic, lulling him into a pleasantly passive state.

The sun felt warm on his face. He looked around. He was alone. He often slipped away to this deserted spot to daydream and escape from his duties on the farm. Not that he wasn't conscientious. He always did what was required of him, but he noticed that if he was able to finish his duties quickly, his father or his older brother would just as quickly find something else for him to do if he were in sight... so from time to time he would escape to this place.

He liked the way the sun felt on his skin. He wanted to feel more of it. He undid the buttons of his shirt and let it fall open. His skin was as smooth and flawless as pale pink china. The muscles of his chest and abdomen were hard with the natural definition of constant farm work. As the warm breeze moved across the glowing skin, his nipples tightened into firm pinkish-tan cones. He looked down at himself and touched the tips, wondering at the tingling sensations that radiated out from the nubbins.

At the juncture of his legs he could feel the swelling tautness of himself growing big and hard down there. He moved one hand to his crotch and rested it on the warm thickness. His pink lips fell open as his breath came faster. He looked around again. There was no one in sight. Only the soft rustle of leaves swaying in the wind and the sounds of birds competed with the soothing murmur of the water.

He shrugged his shirt off over his shoulders and let it fall to the thick grass. Then his hands went to the waistband of his jeans and he undid the button there and worked the buttons of his fly open, spreading the flaps over the bulging whiteness of his undershorts. He rested one hand lightly on the mound and sighed. Quickly he reached down and undid his shoe strings, kicking off his worn tennis shoes and pulling off his socks. He hooked his thumbs in his shorts and jeans, skinning them both off together and settling his bare butt on the grass. It felt so good being naked outside like this.

He rested back on his elbows again, let his thighs flop apart and studied his prick. It jerked in rhythm with the beating of his heart as it swelled thicker, standing up and swaying back and forth like the grass in the breeze. The shaft of it was creamy pale and smooth with a tracing of pink running up the underside of it from the puckered sac of his large nuts to the redder knob flaring out from the pulled-back collar of foreskin. The delicate knob was moist and glistened in the sun.

At first he did nothing but look at himself, enjoying the simple pleasure of exposure. Then he began to touch himself, exploring the terrain of his body in a state of wonder, fresh with astonishment at the constant newness of this kind of pleasure. He shivered as his fingers touched his tits and then moved down the slight but delicate indentations of his firm belly, tickling at the golden hairs newly sprouting around the base of his thick column. Then he moved around the stalk, teasing himself with restraint as he cupped his balls in his hands, enjoying their fullness before he moved his fingers down behind them, tracing at the delicate cleft of his ass, gently probing at the tiny pink pucker there. He closed his eyes and pushed harder at it, grunting softly to himself at the warm tremblings that shot through his thighs. Soon he would move his fingers back to the thick cock itself, wrapping them around its pulsing thickness, squeezing it to make the good feeling grow.

A loud crackling in the underbrush jarred his concentration. He jerked his head around to see Cal, his older brother approaching through the trees.

"What are you doing?" the older man called.

"Nothing," Malory gasped, throwing himself over onto his belly to hide his hardness.

Cal was the last person Malory expected to see. He had thought his older brother had gone into town to take advantage of his wife's absence while visiting her mother, to do some cutting around as Cal put it. He was several years older than Malory and as unlike his blond brother as it was possible to be. He was dark and stocky, his hard belly already showing signs of his beer drinking.

"What the fuck you laying out here bare-ass naked for?" Cal demanded, stomping through the long grass until his heavy work boots were practically on top of Malory. For a moment Malory was speechless as he stared at the thick soles of the boots, inches from his head.

"What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?" the burly man persisted.

"Uh, no. Cat ain't got my tongue," Malory stammered finally, raising his head to look up at his big brother standing over him. The older man's eyes looked wide and excited. Malory could feel the heat of them on his bare flesh as Cal stared down at his ass.

"What are you doing?" Cal asked again, his rough voice sounding thicker, huskier.

"Uh, I was swimming," Malory said.

Cal's wide eyes moved over him some more. "You don't look very wet to me," he grunted.

"Uh, I didn't go in yet. I was just going to go in."

"Huh," Cal grunted.

Malory didn't know what that meant. All he knew was that it was making him feel real funny the way his older brother was standing over him, looking all over his nakedness like a cat fixing to pounce. He didn't know what to do. He couldn't get up to put his clothes on without giving Cal an eyeful of his throbber which was now harder than ever, pressed between his belly and the damp-feeling grass. And on top of that he had said he was going to go swimming. It would look even funnier if he got dressed right up without doing it, so he just laid there and said the first thing he could think of that sounded halfway reasonable.

"Yeah, I was fixing to go in swimming but the sun feels so good I think I'll just lay here and catch a few winks before I go in."

"Huh," Cal grunted again.

Malory laid his head down on his arms and closed his eyes so he wouldn't have to see the way his brother was looking at him.

"I got to take a piss," Cal muttered above him.

"I ain't stopping you," Malory replied, trying to keep his voice brotherly casual.

"Huh," Cal grunted again.

Malory waited for the sounds of his brother's boots moving away to take his piss. All of a sudden he felt warm water splattering down his back.

"Hey, what are you doing?" he hollered, rolling over onto his back to find his brother pissing on him, standing over him with his big hose hanging out of his open jeans and shooting a thick spurting stream of golden piss all over him. "Hey, stop it! You're pissing on me! Stop it!"

The stream sprayed up his chest and choked off his words in a gulping choke as Cal caught him in his open mouth with a rushing piss and then momentarily blinded him with a spatter in his eyes so he couldn't even see. Coughing and sputtering he pulled himself to his knees as the stream trickled to a stop. Malory was crying with anger and shame as he wiped the piss out of his eyes.

"What the heck are you doing? What are you pissing on me for? I'm going to tell Pa on you!" he cried as he wiped his eyes and shook his wet hair out of his face. He started to get to his feet.

"Stay there!" Cal snarled at him.

"I ain't," Malory retorted—and got a smack on the side of his head that made his ears ring.

"Stay there," Cal repeated.

Malory stared up at his brother standing over him. His big dick was still hanging out of his fly. A drop of moisture glistened at the head of it. Malory didn't want to look at that. He forced his gaze up higher to his brother's face and saw more of that wild look in his eyes. He was disturbed to find that it made him feel real funny, like he had been feeling when he was touching himself.

"You look good down there," Cal grunted.

"Well, I ain't staying down here," Malory said, starting once more to rise. Cal gave him a smack on the other side of the head. Malory sank back to his knees, suddenly feeling weak and powerless.

"That's better. Do what I say."

Malory was afraid to say anything. He knelt there, feeling piss trickle down him and disturbingly aware of the throbbing hardness at his crotch that showed no signs of going down. Indeed, the head of it was bouncing back against his belly with every breath he took.

"Got yourself a big one, don't you? Must run in the family," Cal chuckled. "Not as big as mine though," the older man added. "Take a look at this."

Malory did as he was told—as much to avoid another blow to the head as out of curiosity, he tried to tell himself as he focused on that big hanging dick. Cal wrapped his fingers around it and began to pull at it, toying with it, teasing it to a rapidly enlarging state until it was soaring out over Malory's upturned face, a darker, larger version of Malory's own dick.

"Pretty big, huh?" Cal grunted as he worked on himself.

It sure looked that way from Malory's point of view, big and stiff and moist. Cal's hand worked over it slow and steady until it was rock-hard and Malory couldn't take his eyes off it. He kept staring at it as Cal slowly hunkered down, squatting with his heavy thighs spread wide on either side of the naked blond, imprisoning him between their solid bulk. Cal's eyes were even wilder looking as he moved his free hand to his brother's body, touching the smooth skin of his chest, touching the tip of one tit, touching it almost gently at first.

"Like a girl's," he murmured. "Pretty as a girl's."

Malory groaned at the touch of his brother's rough finger, shuddering at the weak, warm feeling that rushed through him.

"What are you doing to me?" he gasped.

"Shut up," Cal grunted, gathering the tender tip between his thumb and forefinger and squeezing it.

"Please, don't," Malory begged. "Stop."

"Shut up or I'll slam you another one."

Malory bit his lower lip, trying hard to control himself, trying hard to keep the whimper that was bursting up in his chest from escaping. The feeling was intense in his tit as Cal squeezed at it harder, pulling it out from his chest, twisting it around and then doing the same to the other one until they were both sticking out from his chest like little drums and his chest was heaving up and down with his heavy breathing.

"You like that, don't you?" Cal said, his voice sounding so different Malory hardly recognized it. "You like having your little pussy tits squeezed and worked over by your big brother, don't you?"

"No, I don't," Malory gasped. "No. It hurts. Please. Stop it."

"Why? You want to do something else? Is that why you want me to stop? Cause you can hardly wait to get onto something else?" As he mumbled he moved up on his haunches, working his hand faster over his jutting pecker, shifting his feet, moving himself closer to his kneeling brother, getting that drippy cockhead closer.

"No," Malory pleaded. "I don't like it. Stop. Let me go. Please, Cal."

Cal moved his hand from his dick to Malory's other tit, holding onto both of them as he straightened up a little to bring his crotch more on a level with Malory's flushed face. He kept pulling on them, using them to force Malory close so that the head of his throbbing dick bounced against Malory's nose, leaving a damp spot on the tip of it. Malory jerked back but Cal dug his nails into his tits, holding him tight, prodding his

hammer against Malory's tips.

"You got pretty lips, such pretty lips. Pretty as your little tits. I want you to put those pretty little lips on my dick. Give my dick a nice little pretty kiss," Cal murmured huskily.

Malory pulled back against the pain in his nipples, clamping his mouth shut, turning his head away from that big smelly rod. Cal's hand left his nipples, clamping around the back of his head as the big man stepped one foot over his shoulder, spreading his legs and holding Malory in the fork of his legs.

"Suck it, you little fucker. Get that mouth open and suck it," Cal ordered, grabbing his hair and jamming his face against his hard dick and rubbing it around so Malory, even with his eyes shut, could see inside his head that pulsing thickness and the soft hairiness that was rubbing sweatily all over his face.

He pushed at Cal's muscular thighs, trying to force him back. Cal stumbled, stamping one boot down on Malory's ankle behind him. Malory groaned and fell backwards, twisting his legs painfully under him as Cal dropped down with him, on top of him, setting his crotch down hard on his face. Malory felt a shudder go through the heavy body and the thick tube jammed against his face paused.

"Oh damn, oh damn!" Cal hollered above him.

Something wet and thick and sticky pumped out over Malory's face, dripping everywhere, down his cheeks, into his nose, making him sputter and choke as the flood continued, running into his hair, down into his ears as he felt drowned in Cal's hot flow.

"Oh, man," Cal gasped finally as Malory felt the thick tube soften and go flaccid against his still tightly closed lips. "Oh man, I couldn't hold it back. Just rubbing around on you gets me so hot I couldn't hold it off."

The hot, hairy pressure of his genitals lifted as he rose shakily to his feet. Malory lay there, feeling the wet stickiness dripping off his face.

"You're a fucking mess," he heard Cal snicker.

He opened his eyes to see his big brother standing astride him, shaking his now floppy dick, slipping the last few dribbles down on Malory's naked body.

"You should have took it in your mouth like I said, asshole. Not so messy that way." He smirked as he gave his dick one last shake and then started to tuck it back into his jeans. "Next time you'll take it in your mouth, asshole, or I'll punch your teeth out."

Cal laughed as he walked away. Malory closed his eyes, but he could hear that laughing for a long time as he lay there wet with piss and sticky with gism and his prick throbbing hard up against his belly.

Malory Obeys His Father

Malory towed himself off thoroughly in front of the mirror in the bathroom. Through the steam he could see himself all pink and blond and clean. It was his second shower of the day and still the dazed eighteen-year-old felt dirty and less than a man.

Downstairs he heard his older brother's rough voice as he returned from town with their father. Both of them sounded as though they had been drinking. Malory knew his father carried a fifth of bourbon in the glove compartment of their old pickup and sometimes he would let his sons have a treat, a little sip of the stuff.

Malory didn't particularly like the harsh taste, but he did sort of enjoy the nice warm feeling it gave him, sliding down his gullet and then spreading out inside his belly. He knew Cal didn't mind the harsh taste at all so he had probably had more than a sip.

Malory winced as he heard his brother's heavy steps coming up the stairs and then down the hallway, stopping in front of the bathroom door. The knob turned but the door was locked.

Malory had made sure of that before he got in the shower, not knowing for sure when they would be back and not wanting to take a chance on his horny brother walking in on him in the shower before he got a chance to talk to Pa about

what had happened this afternoon. The knob was twisted back and forth several more times, followed by a couple of thumps at the door.

"I know you're in there, Malory," Cal's voice came through the door, husky and slightly slurred. "I got something for you, little brother. Don't you want to see what it is?"

Malory backed away from the door, bumping his bare butt against the cool rim of the sink and knocking the bar of soap off. It fell to the floor with a thump.

"I can hear you in there, little brother. Why don't you open the door so I can show you what I got for you. Don't you want to see? It's big and hard and... just like you want it. I get it out right now so you can take it. Look at it, little brother. Come on, open the door. I'm getting hot for you. I get it out, baby. I got it hanging out of my ass. My balls too. Get my dick and balls hanging out, just trying to get them out. All you have to do is open the door and get yo... see? I am eyes. I'm working on it now. Working my hand up, don't worry. It's getting real hot, little brother. It's starting to come out."

There was another soft knock against the door.

"You hear that, little brother? That's my dick pounding on the door. My dick is so hot for you, it's trying to pound down the fucking door. What do you think of that?"

The thunk was repeated, accompanied by a soft snicker from his brother.

"Whoa, that dick is hot to get at you baby. It feels good pounding against the door. But not half as good as it's going to feel when you get your ass to bed and I shove you down under the blanket and feed you this dick all the way down your fucking throat 'cause you know what? Tonight you are going to take it in your mouth. We don't want no fucking mess on the blankets, do we, little brother? No, this time you're not going to waste a drop of this good stuff. You're going to drink it all down like a good little boy, ain't you? I'm going in and crawl into bed right now and get it all warmed up for you. Get it all warmed up."

His brother's voice trailed off in some more sloppy snickers as he moved down the hallway to the bedroom. Malory went to the door and put his ear to it to make sure he could hear his brother leaving and then he hurriedly threw on his flannel pajamas.

He was still damp but he didn't care. He had to get downstairs and talk to his father right away before Cal got his hands on him again. He unlocked the door and stuck his damply tousled head out.

The coast was clear. He scooted down the hallway and then downstairs. He saw a light under the door to his father's room and trod over there, listening for a moment. It was quiet. He knocked on the door.

"Yes?" his father's voice answered, husky like Cal's but deeper.

"It's me, Pa. Malory. I got to talk to you, Pa."

"Come in."

Malory pushed open the door and stepped into his father's room. There was only one light, over at his father's desk where his father was sitting. As Malory pulled the door shut behind him, his father turned to face him. The lamp threw half his face into shadow.

Malory's father was a big man, dark and bulky. Cal took after him. He looked like he had been getting ready for bed, wearing just a worn plaid bathrobe. Malory walked over and stood in front of the desk, facing his father.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Pa, but there's something I got to talk to you about."

"What is it?" the big man asked in his deep voice.

"It's about Cal, Pa."

"Yes? What about Cal?"

Malory hesitated, suddenly uncomfortably aware of the way his father's bathrobe was falling open in front, showing the dark hairs thick on the insides of his thighs, curling up into the darkness between his legs.

"What about Cal, son?" his father repeated.

Malory jerked his eyes away from the gaping of the robe's closure and saw his father's dark eyes staring at him and in them something of the same look he had seen in Cal's eyes this afternoon. Malory felt funny again.

"Uh, he made me, he tried to make me do something bad this afternoon."

"Something bad?" his father asked.

"Yes, and I'm afraid he's going to do it again, Pa."

"Something bad," his father said again, staring at him hard. The big man shifted in his chair and Malory thought he saw a movement of something down there in that shadowy darkness between his father's legs.

"Yes," Malory gulped, feeling like his voice was disappearing as his heart started to beat harder.

"And what was that something bad?" his father asked with his voice sounding different, too.

"I don't want to say it, Pa," Malory whispered.

"I'm afraid you're going to have to say it, son," his father said. "We can't just go around making vague accusations against other people. You know how I feel about telling the truth and having everything out in the open, son. You know that."

"Yes, Pa. I know," Malory said, his throat so tight he could hardly hear himself.

"So tell me, son. What was the something bad that Cal is supposed to have tried to make you do?"

Something about the way his father phrased the question rang a warning bell in Malory's head but he stumbled on with his explanation. He couldn't think of anything else to do.

"He tried to make me take his thing in my mouth," Malory said in a low whisper.

"What?" his father asked, as though he couldn't believe his ears.

"He tried to make me take his thing in my mouth," Malory repeated, feeling he was strangling on the words.

Malory's father stared at him for a long moment. Malory's eyes darted momentarily back to that shadowy movement under the plaid ripples.

He was horrified to realize that his own dick was certainly showing signs of movement under his pajamas. He shifted where he stood to ease the pressure of the cotton material against his healed organ.

"This is a terrible thing," his father said finally, his voice harsh and raspy.

"I know, Pa," Malory gulped out.

"A very terrible thing."

There was a long silence where neither of them said anything. Malory's mind was in an awful turmoil as he felt his dick thickening, hanging out full between his legs. Frantically he tried to will it down so his father wouldn't notice it bagging out the front of his pajamas.

"You know how I feel about liars," his father said finally.

"Liars?" Malory asked, surprised. He didn't remember saying anything about lying.

"Yes, liars, son."

"I don't know what you mean, Pa."

"Cal already talked to me this evening, son."

"Cal talked to you?" Malory bleated, a sinking feeling in the pit of his belly.

"Yes. He told me everything."

"I don't think he would hardly have done that, Pa. I think he..."

"Silence, boy."

Malory's jaw snapped shut at the harsh firmness of his father's tone.

"Don't add more lies to your misbehavior. Now, just fess up and maybe we can put all this behind us."

"I can't fess up, Pa. I didn't do anything. I tried to fight him off, I swear I did."

His father's face grew dark and he got up and walked over to the closet and opened it. Malory's knees started to shake as his father pulled out the old hickory switch that he had used to discipline both the boys when they were much younger.

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"Oh, please, Pa. Don't do that. I don't deserve that. I ain't done nothing," he cried.

"A liar deserves whatever he gets. And until you come clean, you're a liar," his father said, returning to stand over him. "Now bend over."

"Please, Pa!"

Are you disobeying me?"

Tears were forcing themselves out of his eyes as Malory shook his head and slowly, fearfully bent over in front of his father, grabbing his ankles with his butt stuck up in the air.

His father gave him ten hits with the switch and Malory bit his lip, trying to keep from crying out as the searing lashes exploded on his ass. The fiery warmth spread over his backside and then the lashings seemed to concentrate on the crack of his butt, making his hole burn, pumping his dick full of fire.

"Now, are you ready to come clean?" his father's voice came from above him.

"I can't Pa. I can't say it," Malory cried, still bent over.

"Then show me," his father ordered and Malory felt his father's hand on the back of his neck, forcing him to his knees.

"Show you?" he gasped as he found himself facing the plaid of his father's bathrobe.

"Show me what you made Cal let you do to him," his father ordered, pulling the plaid apart, shoving Malory's face in against his fleshy genitals.

Malory struggled, trying to pull himself back. The switch flicked against his hot butt and his tongue shot out of his mouth, licking the thick shaft of his father's rapidly hardening prick.

"Oh, yes, show me how you licked his prick, show me, son. Come clean and then everything will be all right."

Malory whimpered as his father took a grip on his damp hair, holding him painfully tight in his crotch. His tongue licked again at the warmth of his father's flesh and he heard his father groan above him.

"That's it, son. Come clean and it will all be all right."

Malory wanted things to be all right. He wanted this to be over and he wanted things to go back to the way they were and so as if a little button had been pressed in his head he stopped fighting and started doing just as his father said. He started licking hard at that thick prick just like his father said to and was gratified to hear the answering groans of pleasure he was able to emit from the big man.

"Oh, yes, that's it, son. Show me how you licked your brother's prick. Show me how you wrapped your spitty tongue around that hard pecker!"

Malory's own dick felt hard as a rock as he realized that he had never done anything to make his father feel this good before. It suddenly made him feel good to know that he could give his father this much pleasure and he opened his mouth wider, sucking at the shaft, wrapping his lips around the side of it and running his mouth up and down and nibbling lightly at the column with his teeth like a big ear of corn.

"Oh, yes," his father groaned. "Show me how you sucked it. Show me how you licked around his balls and sucked them up," he ordered, shoving Malory harder into his crotch.

Malory slurped obediently around the base of the shaft, feeling the thick hair bushy against his hot skin and then licked behind them as his father reached down with his free hand and pulled his balls up so Malory could lick around the sensitive spots of his crotch where his smell was thick and heady, making Malory dizzy as he breathed himself full of it.

"Oh yes, son, that's so good, son. Show me everything and it will be all right."

Malory licked harder, shoving his face against his father's hairy crotch, filling himself with the smell and taste of his father. He opened wider as his father's fingers pushed his balls into his mouth and he sloshed his tongue around the heavy mouthful.

"Oh, yes, son. That feels so good. It feels good, son, doesn't it, to come clean?"

Malory groaned, sending a buzz of pleasure through his father's heavy balls.

"Good," his father groaned. "So good. Get up on the head of

it. Lick around the head of it," he grunted, pulling his nutsack out of Malory's mouth and pushing the blond boy's lips up to the bulging head of his dick. There was a silvery drop quivering at the piss slit. Eagerly Malory flicked his tongue out and licked up it, sucking it into him.

"Lick it. Lick it," his father ordered and Malory licked at it, marvelling at the taut smoothness of the moist glans and then his father shoved the shaft into his mouth, pushing hard on the back of Malory's head, jamming it in.

Malory's pink lips spread wide over the thick rod as he felt it filling his mouth and pushing at the back of his throat. He started to choke and then his father groaned louder and suddenly Malory could feel the thickness in his mouth throb and warm fluid shot into his mouth and he gulped as fast as he could as the slippery stuff slid down his throat into his belly.

He couldn't get it all. He could feel some of it oozing out the corners of his mouth as his father pumped into him, shot his youngest son full of his good ball juice.

As Malory drank deeply of his father's gism he felt a quiver of pleasure at his own crotch and his dick squirted a load into the confines of his flannel pajamas, making his mouth spasm harder around his father's shaft.

His father grunted several times, his breathing heavy. Malory's pink lips spread wide over the thick rod as he felt it filling his mouth and pushing at the back of his throat.

Malory's blue eyes were closed, his face up at his father's cum drenching his face. It was a sight new Pa! he thought.

His father looked down in his son's face, covering his son's face with his hands. Malory's face was covered in the boy's cum drenching his face.

"I'm proud of you son, for coming clean."

"Oh, thank you, Pa," Malory said. "But if there's one thing that's worse than a liar, it's a cocksucker. I'm afraid I'm going to have to send you away. I don't want the disgrace of having people around here know I've raised a cocksucker."

"But, Pa..."

"Silence, boy!" his father ordered and Malory shut his mouth, uneasily aware of the cum still dribbling down his chin.

"I've already made the arrangements."

"Arrangements, Pa?"

His father looked uneasy and avoided his eyes. "As you know, things haven't been going too well lately. When the crops went bad last year things started to pile up, so when the truck broke down a couple of months ago I had to have it fixed. We have to have the truck. You know that, son."

"Yes, Pa."

"Well, I had to give Big Al a note on the farm against the engine rebuild. He made an alternative offer at the time, but of course I didn't accept it. But this changes things."

"How, Pa? What do you mean?"

"He needs an...apprentice. Someone to help him around the garage. Someone he can...train."

"I'm going to be an apprentice?"

"Yes, son. Sort of."

"How long, Pa?" When can I come back?

"You won't be coming back, son. He's going to keep you."

That's part of the arrangement. It'll be better that way, boy. You won't fit in around here. Folks around these parts are decent God-fearing people. There's no room for cocksuckers. I'll tell folks you ran away. That way everybody will be able to remember you the way you were, a good little boy that we were all proud of."

"You're selling me? You can't sell me, Pa."

"I'm your father, boy. I can do anything I want with you."

"But, Pa..."

"Silence, boy. Make me proud of you. Be an obedient son."

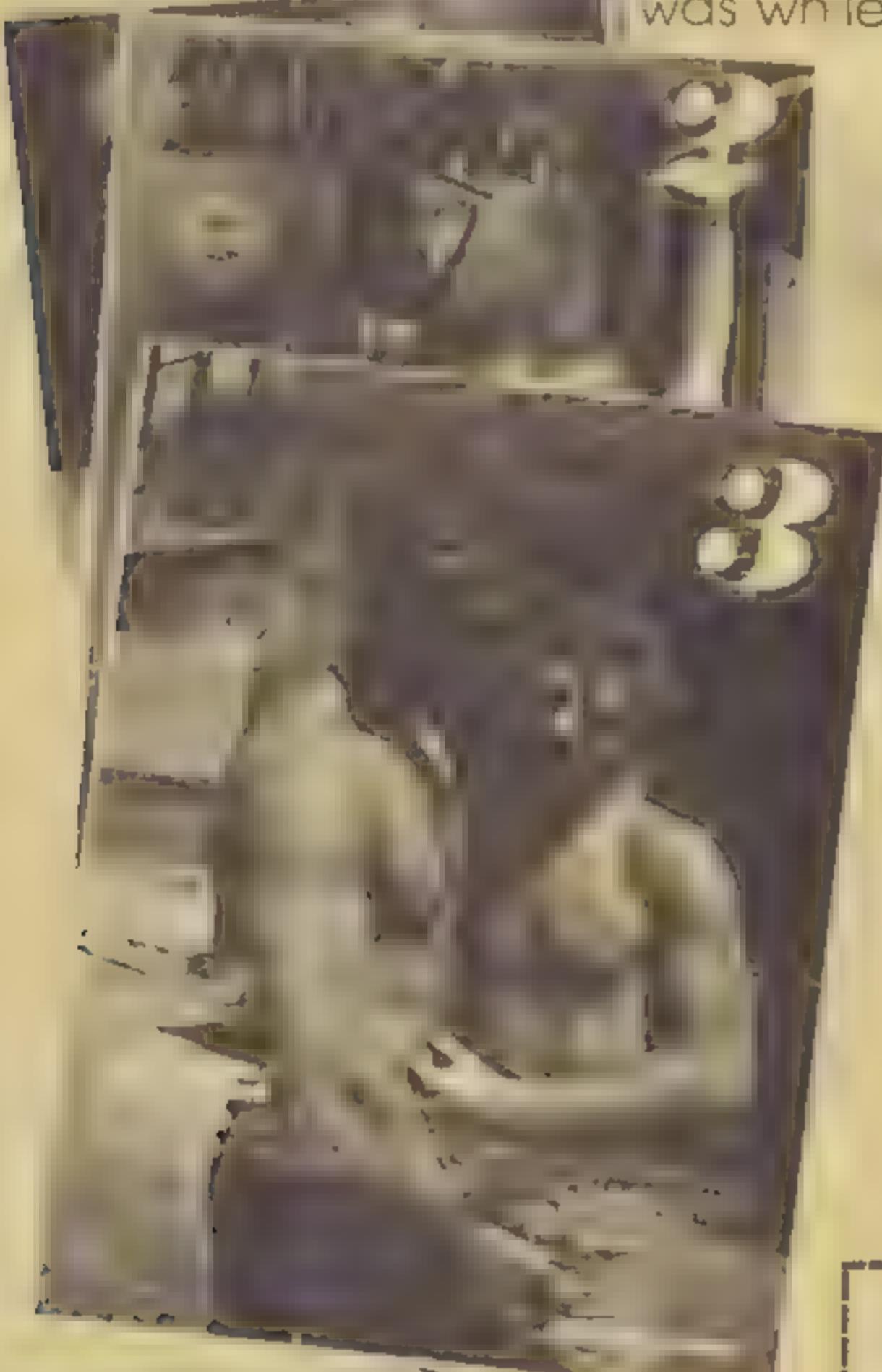
Malory gulped and said, "Yes, Pa."

"That's better. Now get to bed and I'll take you over the first

thing in the morning."

(To be continued)

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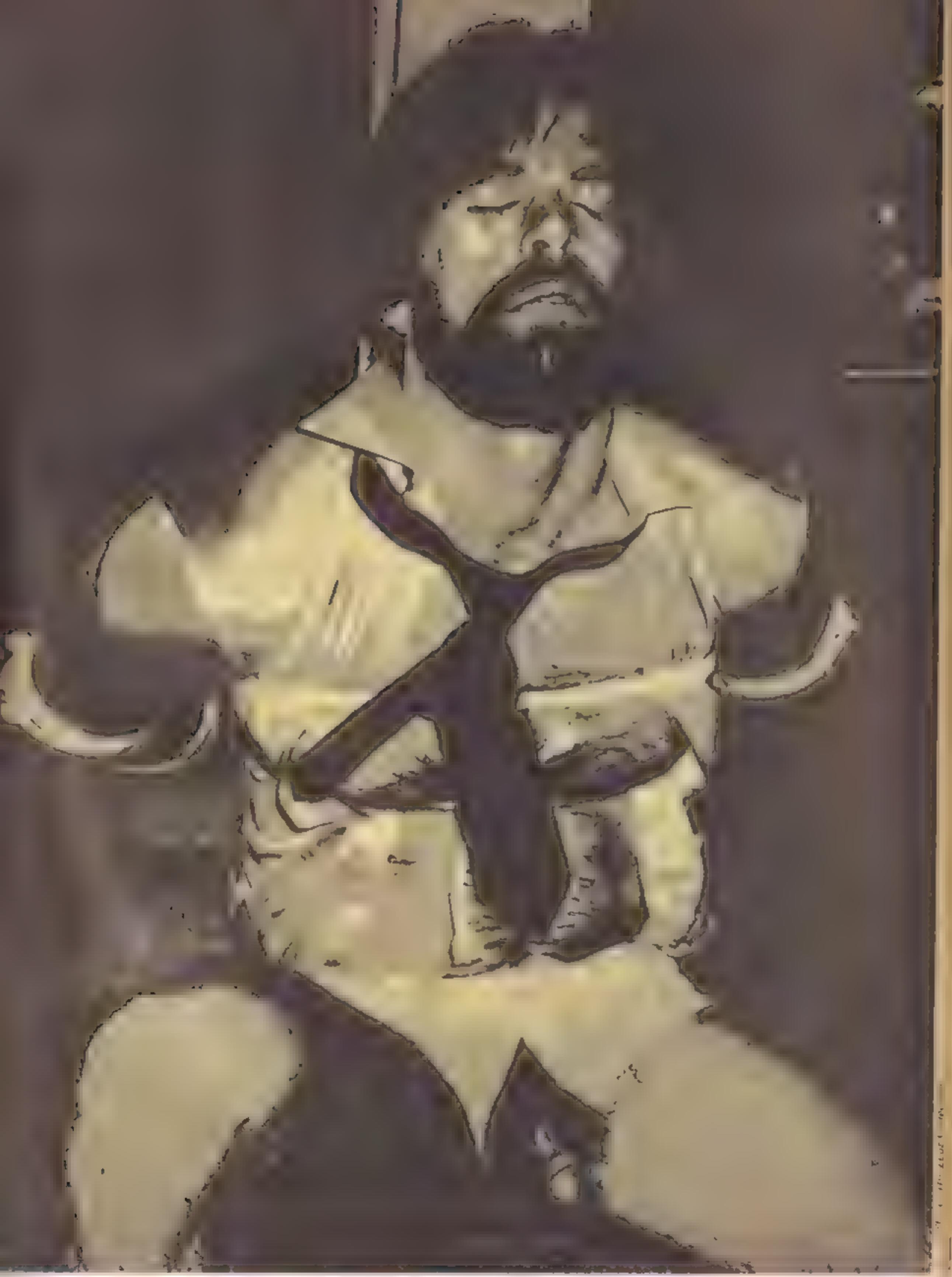
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TAXMAN

BY MASON POWELL

If he hadn't been attractive I don't know how it would have gone. I can torture anybody—never mind why, never mind how, never mind those things you don't need to know: I can do it. But this was a special case, a case where I wanted some passion. The bastard had overstepped his bounds; done it because he was in a position of petty power. It wasn't a question of business for me, it was a question of revenge.

My manager was out of the country and my manager handles my taxes. I hate bureaucrats and I don't even want to see a government form. I trust my manager; in my line of work I can afford to; and I know he wouldn't cross me. But even a manager deserves time off. Mine was in Europe for two months, taking what they call a "walking tour," which means he was completely incommunicado.

I got a letter. No, not a letter, a printed form from Fresno. It said I owed Uncle Sampyre, the Federal Bloksucker, \$150. As my business is, shall we say, seasonal, I didn't have \$150 in my pocket. I called the local phone number listed on the printed form, the one that was supposed to provide "assistance." They put me through to some joker named Daniel Smyth, I told him about my manager being out of the country, and gave him the long string of numbers which was the government's version of me.

Smyth entered the numbers on his computer terminal, then, in a very supercilious voice, said: "This is your third notice!"

"Well, I don't know anything about that," I replied. "As I said, my manager takes care of all this stuff. He'll be back in

a couple of weeks, so if you could give me a little extension on the time limit..."

"As this is your **third** notice, that isn't going to happen," he said. His voice was baritone, not a bad voice except for the snotty quality of the way he used it.

"What am I supposed to do?" I asked.
"Pay it, and pay it quick!" he snapped.
"I don't **have** it," I answered.

"You know," he said, and his tone got even more supercilious. "You ought to be ashamed not to have \$150 to pay your taxes with."

Right then I knew that I hated him, just on general principles.

"Look," I said, keeping a rein on my temper. "I don't have it, and I don't have any place to get it."

"Borrow it from your friends," he said.

I didn't like that at all. No government employee has any business saying things like that.

"My friends don't have \$150 lying around to lend," I said. "They don't tie down jobs like yours, where nothing but a hydrogen bomb could budge them."

He got sweet.

"You know, if you don't get that money in right now, they're going to attach your salary, your bank account, and your car, just to make sure you do pay it."

He had skated too close to the hole in the ice, and at that moment I decided to push him in.

"**You** know," I said, "I can't just go out and mug people, it isn't legal for **me** to hold a gun to somebody's head and make them fork over, the way you boys do."

"Go to Hell!" said Daniel Smyth, employee of the Internal Revenue Service, employee of the Federal Government, and supposedly employee of the American People—and he hung up.

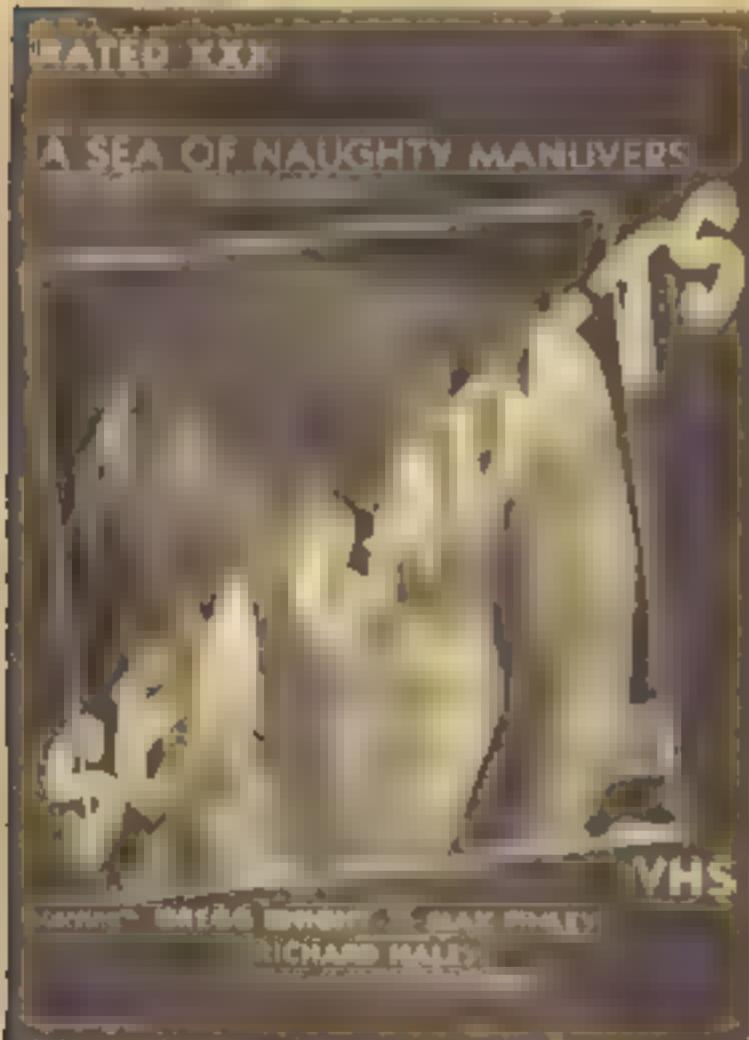


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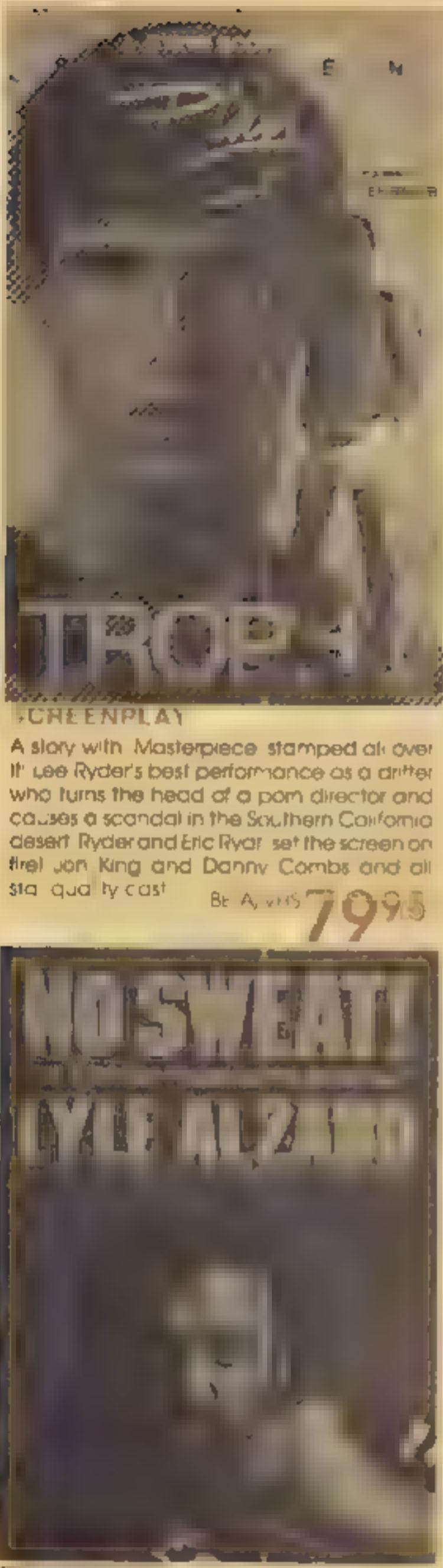
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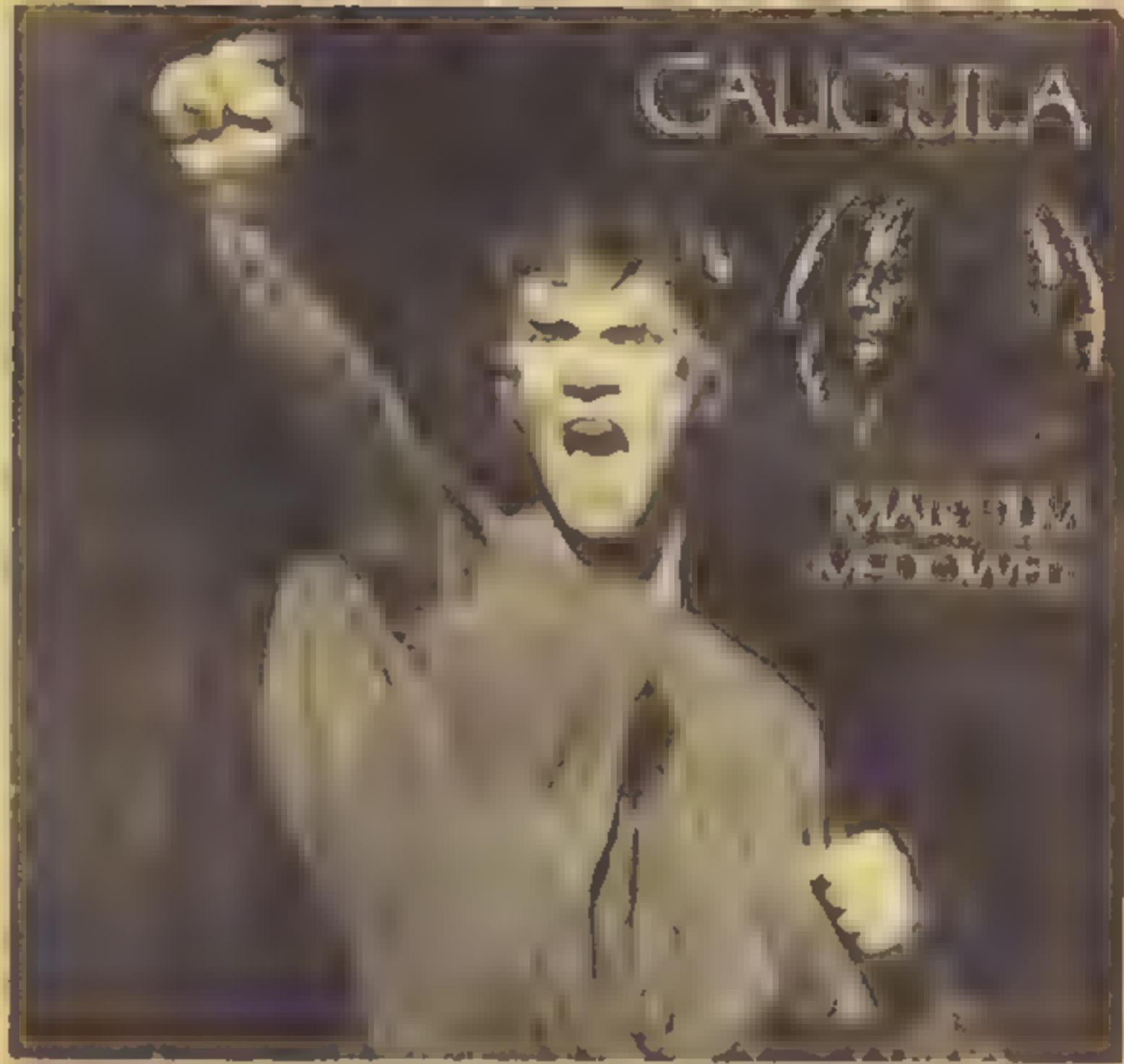


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I decided to get him.

I think it was Artaud who first said the world is made up of three hundred people and their friends. Whoever said it, it's true. It took me less than a week to find someone who knew the ins and outs of the Federal Blood Bank, and who also knew Daniel Smyth. I got his phone number and his address, as well as a description, and I set up a little stake-out to learn his habits.

He was a big, beefy man with a mop of hair and a full, neatly trimmed beard. His broad shoulders and muscular ass looked good in his three-piece business suit. There's something erotic about a suit if a guy has a good ass; the way the coat breaks and opens the vent is suggestive as all hell, if you've got an eye to it. His smile was more like a sneer, and he moved like a bull. I figured him for a Taurus and assumed that he had played football in high school.

By night he frequented middle class discos, where he occasionally succeeded in picking up women. That pleased me a lot. His mind was going to be even more fun to fuck with than his body. He affected tight polyester pseudo-silk shirts to show off his chest, and he always wore a tie and slacks.

I found out what was under the shirt and slacks by the simple procedure of joining the health club to which he belonged. That was four weeks into the plot, and by that time my manager had returned and straightened out the tax business (the money had been paid four months earlier but the IRS had lost both the check and the first two photocopies they'd been sent) and I had gotten two assignments, which brought my bank book back up to solvent and more so.

Daniel Smyth's body was good, as beefy in the showers as it looked under clothes. He was hairy: thick across the chest, down the belly, all over his legs and ass; but his cock and balls were a little disappointing, at least relaxed and under a cold shower. It occurred to me that some stretching might be good for him in the short run, even if the effect wouldn't last.

One night he went to a new disco, presumably in the hope of finding some new women. It wasn't difficult to slip a little something into his drink, and when he got too staggering drunk to walk, to offer to drive him home I knew he wouldn't be able to identify me because the drug I used was one that blurred vision.

By the time I pulled out of the parking lot he was out cold, so my only problem was getting his bulk out of the car inside my garage, tying him up, then returning for his car and storing it in a lot close to a bus line. That way I was able to get back to my car, and then to my house, before he woke up.

I dragged him down to my game room, tied his hands behind a pillar, put some clothesline around his chest so that he'd be upright against the pillar, then tied some extra around his lower biceps and drew them a little more together, just for the effect. Then I ripped his clothes up good, tearing most of the shirt off his chest, leaving the necktie, getting his pants and shoes off, and finally pulling his dick and his balls out of his underwear. That somehow makes a man feel more vulnerable than merely stripping him.

After that I turned out the light and went upstairs to drink a Budweiser. And after that I went to bed.

My basement is completely soundproofed, so the yell of anger that greeted my ears when I opened the door was both sudden and gratifying. I pushed the door quietly shut behind me, then moved down the stairs in the absolute darkness, letting him hear my boots on the wood, slow and ominous. I walked to a place directly in front of him and stood, just waiting while he ranted.

"God dammit, whoever you are, you better let me out of here! What the fuck do you think you're doing? I haven't done anything! Why are you doing this?"

He went on, disjointed. I could tell he had a headache, and that he was disoriented. Darkness helps with that. I went to the wall and switched on the light, the very bright spotlight aimed right at his face.

"Ah!"

Bright light in the eyes is very painful

I let his eyes adjust. I stood still, waiting for him to see what kind of place he was in. I wanted to see his face as he realized the possibilities. The whips on the walls, the chains, the various engines of torture. Finally he would see me, encased from head to foot in black leather, even my eyes covered with dark goggles, even my mouth covered with black stereo speaker cloth

He saw.

"Oh my god," he said, almost whispering. He closed his eyes and leaned his head back against the pillar. He seemed to collapse in his bonds.

I switched off the light, walked quickly to him, and held a little vial under his nose. He slumped without even realizing what was happening to him. I turned the light back on, untied him from the pillar, stripped him the rest of the way, and when he awoke the second time he was bound spread-eagle to the big plywood table in the center of the room

The temperature was 85. He sweated profusely

I like my subjects to sweat.

A 200-watt bulb hung directly over his face, so even with his eyes closed tightly his pupils were forced to contract. Beyond the cone of light he could perceive only darkness. I wore black, the walls were black. He floated in his own fear.

"Who are you?" he croaked

What a dumb-shit question, I thought. Did he think I was going to tell him?

"What am I doing here?"

He licked his lips.

"Look, I think you've got the wrong guy. I'm not into this stuff. I'm not even queer. I mean gay."

He struggled against his bonds. I liked the way it made his muscles stand out, glistening under his sweat.

"Please! For God's sake, let me out of here!"

His voice rose, somewhere between pleading and panic.

"I'm not going to kill you," I said quietly.

He almost relaxed, but the fear of other things was almost as bad for him.

"That's the only thing I'm not going to do to you," I said, just as quietly.

"But why?" he shouted, thrashing as the possibilities came plundering his privacy.

"There are no answers for you," I said. "Only the questions I will ask. Questions you will be happy to answer when I get around to asking them."

I pulled the biggest, meanest dildo I owned out from under the table, and I stuck it into the cone of light, right in front of his face.

"Sometime soon I am going to shove this up your ass," I said. "When I do that, you will thank me for it. Because it will mean that I am not doing something worse to you."

He started to scream.

"Help! Help!"

I laughed, a little more heartily.

"There will be other rewards for you as well. Things which now you will view with horror and loathing, but which later you will find a blessing. You have a lot of repenting to do. Daniel Smyth!"

Up until that moment I am sure he thought he had somehow gotten into the wrong place. That his drunkenness had gotten him into trouble. My use of his name made it clear to him that I know who he was, and that what I was doing was deliberate. But he wasn't smart enough to figure out the why, and that set him to babbling.

I let him babble.

I put the big dildo back under the table and took out a pair of adjustable tit clamps. I set them for the lightest pressure and put them on his nipples.

He yelped.

"That's the easy kind," I said. "Wait till you feel the big ones!"

I moved down the table and took his cock and balls in my

hand, hitting them, squeezing them, I didn't expect him to get hard, he was too scared. I turned my face away from him, undid the mouth cover of my hood, then bent and took his cock in my mouth.

"Jesus Christ!" he snarled. "Stop it! You fucking pervert!"

I ran my tongue around the head of his dick, licking it gently, then harder. I poked at the piss slit with the tip of my tongue and he squirmed. Abruptly I sucked his whole cock into my mouth and ran my tongue all over it.

He kept on swearing and I kept on sucking, but it takes a better man than Daniel Smyth to hold out against any blow job that I give. Slowly but surely he stiffened, and as I had hoped, his soft appearance wasn't a very good indication of his hardware. Wet and red it stood up seven and a half or eight inches, a little bit disproportionately thick.

I reached under the table as I sucked him and pulled out the little harness with small steel pricks on the inside. I snapped it around his balls, fastened the ball separator, then one by one buckled and fastened the Seven Gates of Hell, the loosest at the base of his meat, the tightest right around the head, with the little pricks biting right in. Then I took my mouth off his dick, fastened my mask back on, and stood up.

"That'll keep you hard for a while," I said.

I fastened a metal choke collar around his neck and padlocked it on.

"And this," I said as the lock clicked, "this will remind that you are my dog, from now on. My dog, Danny Boy. I own you now, body and soul, until I let you go. I'm going to train you to come when I call, to roll over, and most important, I'm going to train you to fetch!"

I brought in the hoist over him, fastened his ankles to the table. I hauled on the winch and lifted him up by his ankles until only his shoulders were left on the table to support him; not much of an advantage, considering that his arms were spread and his wrists still fastened down, but something on which he could focus.

I got up on the table and started to run my hands over his buns. He clenched his ass tightly, knowing how vulnerable it was, and I squeezed his nice hard ass muscles as he clenched. From the way he thrashed and squirmed I could tell how thoroughly afraid he was of being fucked in the ass.

I slid my middle finger between his cheeks and found his pucker. He tightened his buns for all he was worth and I chuckled.

I got down from the table and rolled over the tall rig with the enema bottle. I'd built it tall so that I could administer whatever I wanted no matter how high I had strung my subject. I climbed back up and took the black plastic nozzle in hand.

"Keep it tight," I advised. "Make me hurt you!"

I shoved the nozzle into his asshole, steadily, firmly, until it was all the way in. He alternately grunted and shouted as it went in, but it didn't do him any real damage. Then I opened the tap and let flow about two quarts of fairly hot water, to which I had added just a small amount of LSD.

"Ahhh!"

I got down on my knees and held my leather-masked face close to his.

"You will soon be begging me to fuck your ass," I whispered. "You will be begging me to let you suck my cock. You will beg me to piss in your mouth and you will beg me to let you eat the shit out of my asshole. But that will only be the beginning. There will be other things that you will think much worse."

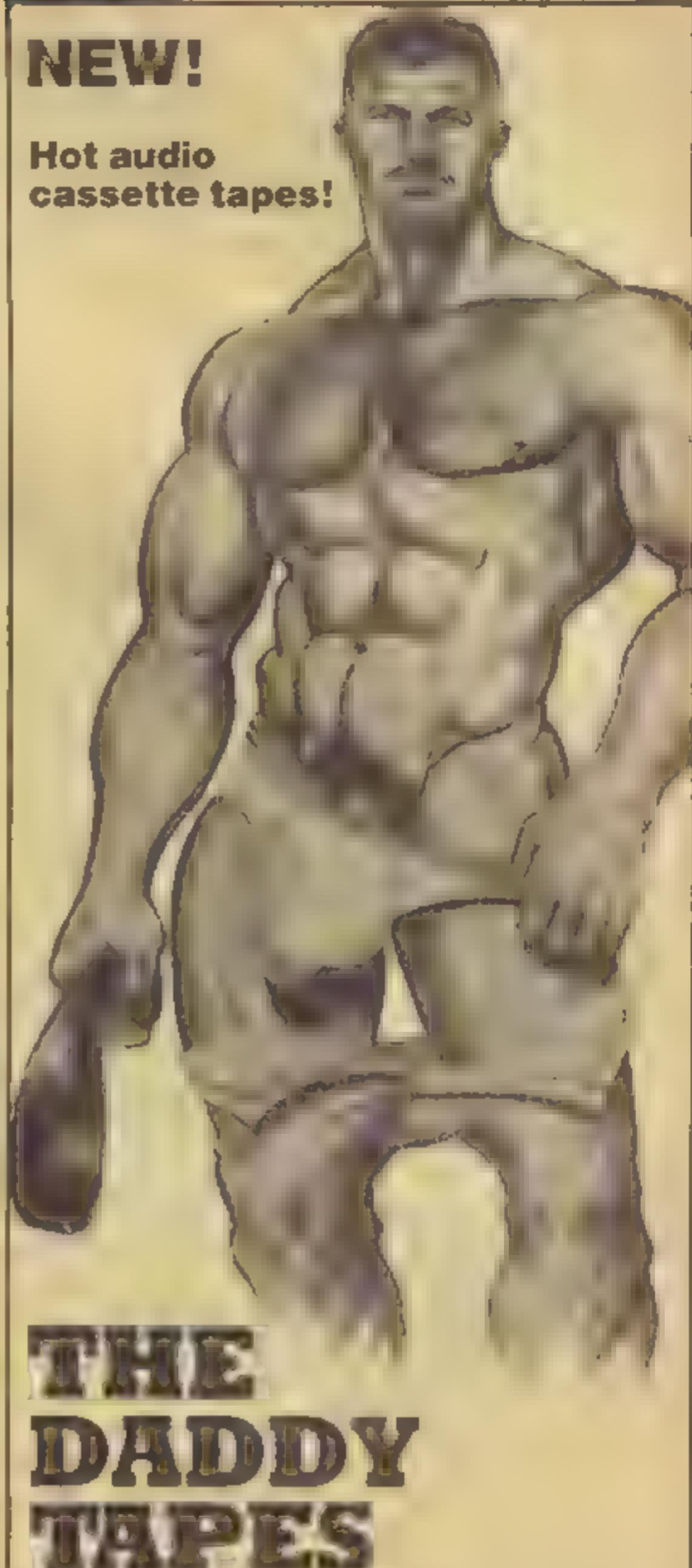
"No, no!" he whimpers, and by now there were tears forming in his eyes. He was truly afraid.

"There will only be one way for you to put these things off, to postpone them, and that will be to answer my questions, and answer them truthfully. If you lie I will make the punishment worse. Much worse, so that next time you will not lie."

I fastened a chain to the back of his dog collar, then I pulled the black plastic tube out of his asshole. I pulled the chain up tight, so that he had to arch his back to keep from strangling, then I fastened it to the ring right at the base of the ball harness.

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That stretched the cold chain across his asshole.

"You lose a drop of that enema," I said, "and you'll lick it up!"

I took a switch and started to flick it across his ass ever so lightly. A switch is a mean weapon, and even a little force can draw blood. I kept it light because I didn't want blood, only welts, and the slow building pain of repetition.

Eventually he started to scream. Then he started to scream and plead, and after that to beg to do all the things I'd told him he would beg for.

Straight men are such pussies!

"So you want me to fuck your ass?"

"Yes, please!"

"You want me to piss in your mouth?"

"Yes, please!"

"You want to eat the shit out of my ass?"

There was just the barest hesitation. I let him have it hard, and a line of blood appeared across his ass.

"Yes! Please!"

But I kept on lashing at him.

"This is only the beginning, Danny Boy!" I said

"Please! Please! Please!" he screamed

Eventually I stopped whipping him. My cock was hard enough that I wanted to shoot almost as much as I wanted to punish him.

I slipped an eyeless hood over his head and zippered the mouth shut. I lowered his legs, got his hands tied behind him, undid the chain across his ass and let him dispose of the water. The acid had taken effect by then and he was half in the real world of torture, half in the psychedelic world of Hell. I hosed him down, washed his ass out with another enema, then shoved him to his knees.

I bent him over, his face to the floor, and pulled my hot, hard dick out of my leather pants. In the heat I was sweating like a Trojan. I put the head of my cock to his asshole and shoved it in.

He had never taken a dick up the ass before, and mine is a pretty good size. He kept on screaming, as if I were still whipping him. I fucked him for a long time, and finally made him repeat over and over how much he wanted me to come, how queer he was, how much he wanted me to shoot inside him.

I rammed it in one final hard time, and shot; and as one blast after another went into him I whispered into his ear that within the hour he would be begging to lick it clean.

He didn't really believe that it was only the beginning: not that night, or the next night or the next. Each of those three nights I gave him an acid enema, and after I finished with the torture I left him in the dark, the drug peaking while he was alone, the darkness around him filled with the voices of various Masters, jack-off tapes bought through the mails.

While he was downstairs having his circuits re-programmed, I was upstairs playing with my model planes...

You've seen those big, wonderful toys that grown-up boys play with at the beach, or in the park, haven't you? They can be as small as a foot across the wings, or they can measure a couple of yards. They only have to be big enough to carry a tiny engine and a miniature radio control device. You can make them loop-the-loop, soar, and land. If you build them yourself it counts for extra points, but rich guys can buy them pre-made. The radio control boxes are usually bought as a unit, but there are lots of men who build them as well. I find a knowledge of those little boxes a very handy thing in my line of work, so it was no great effort to put together a rig to control a small set of very powerful springs and a simple ignition coil.

I checked it out one final time, then took it down to the dungeon.

When I woke him up, Daniel Smyth had regained a little of his composure. He yelled and shouted at me about how long (like maybe the rest of his life) he would take to get me, if he ever got loose, and he called me every name in his limited lexicon at least twice.

I didn't mind.

I strung him up by his ankles again, then, hanging upside down, moved him over to the six-foot cable spool that stood against one wall. It had taken me a long time to drive all the nails into the spool and I was justly proud of the effect—a kind of cylindrical bed of spikes. I fastened Danny Boy's wrists to it, then cranked the handle that turned the big spool.

His back was arched against the nails, then his ass, then his legs. By turning the handle hard I could both rack him and press him against the nails for the whole length of his body.

When he was stretched to maximum I set the ratchet to hold him there. Then I put a little noose around the head of his dick and another one around his balls, attached a long thong to each noose, and looped the thongs through eyelets on the opposite wall. A lead weight on the end of each thong stretched his cock and his balls straight out at right angles to his body, real hard.

I took out one of the bigger sets of tit clamps, one with teeth, and I fastened it to his nipples. Then I pulled out my cock and held it in front of his face.

And right next to my dick I placed his robot teller bank card.

"Now, Danny Boy," I said. "I've been drinking a lot this morning, and I really have to take a piss. You are either going to drink all the piss in my bladder, or you're going to give me the secret ID number that goes with this card."

That was the first moment in which I suspected Danny Boy to have any character: The cheap little cocksucker drank every drop of it, and made me continue the session!

I took out a bottle of depilatory and rubbed it all over him, letting him know what the stuff was and that it was going to dissolve all his body hair. That stuff burns like hell when it hits your armpits, and it burns even worse when it gets on your balls, but his love of money was great enough that he held out.

It wasn't until I poured the hot wax over him that he gave me the number, and that surprised me because most subjects can handle hot wax with no trouble at all.

Of course, I didn't go to the bank and get his money. Those robot tellers probably have the same kind of cameras built in that you find in bank lobbies. But I left him alone, his balls and armpits burning, long enough for him to think that I had robbed him. I wanted him to have time to let despair (first level) sink in. When I did "return" I hosed him down and rubbed him all over with alcohol, then went to work on him in earnest.

I learned that he had a savings account with \$12,000 in it. Not much, I thought, but then he probably spent most of his income on getting laid. Straight men do that, both before and after marriage. There was about \$800 in his checking account, an unfortunate arrangement since one could only draw out \$200 a night. His rent, car payments and general expenses balanced out fairly well with his salary, which pleased me: It wouldn't take much effort to put him where I wanted him. His cheque was scheduled to arrive in the mail at any moment. That was convenient!

I rubbed salsa on his cock and balls, and slid some up his ass with my finger. Not the mild kind from Mexico but the really hot stuff from Taiwan. I took a cattle prod and worked on his feet, his knees, his butt, and finally his raw and burning cock and balls.

By then he was screaming and ready for anything, so I graciously allowed him to eat out my ass. I had to shit, so I let him have that, too, and then I hosed him off and hung him up to dry, by the wrists, over a little hibachi.

At that point I figured he was ready.

I set up my little demonstration on the plywood table, right in front of him. His eyes were glazed, and only the effort of keeping his feet away from the hot coals animated him, but he saw.

I fastened my little machine around a big, thick carrot, making sure the springs were set just right. It looked a little like a pair of egg shears, those clever pieces of cutlery you use to take the top off a soft-boiled egg when you serve it in an egg cup but the blades were much sharper, and there was a little

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servo mechanism attached to release the springs.

"You just imagine that carrot is your manhood, Danny Boy," I said. "You just imagine that little device is strapped into your groin, invisible under your fancy business suit. You can go anywhere and do anything, but if you do something I don't like..."

I hit the button on the model plane control unit and the blades snapped inward in a ring, slicing through the carrot from all sides. The carrot fell in half, neatly severed.

My little martinet, dangling by his wrists, groaned.

I removed the device from the table and set another in its place. The second device was simpler, consisting of the ignition coil and a big string of firecrackers. I wrapped the firecrackers around a pair of insulting y small tomatoes. I stood there and watched his face until tears formed in his eyes, then I hit the button.

I removed the hibachi and stretched his legs apart, fastening them that way with a wooden pole, a manacle at either end. Then I fastened the "egg slicer" around his cock and balls, securing it to his body with duct tape. I locked it in place with a thin chain that ran up the crack of his ass, up his back to the dog collar. Two more chains went up the front to the collar, then it was time for the second device.

I taped it to his belly rather than his balls, and as I did so I explained. "This time it isn't firecrackers, Danny Boy. This time it's a neat little packet of plastique explosive. If I push the second button, you won't just lose your balls, you'll have your guts blown out."

He went white with fear and I thought for a moment he was going to faint. I was glad, after watching him closely, that he didn't, because I didn't want to have to get him down and bring him to

If I may digress?

You can always inspire fear with the threat of death. Anyone who is not afraid of dying is a fool, and probably better culled out of the gene bank. Leave religion and politics out of it. Heroes die for causes with as much bile in their mouths as those who die unwillingly. They just die of their own free will.

Yet there are other ways of producing that cold, horrible clenching, that shortness of breath that denotes the end of everything, and I consider them unsportsmanlike.

Nobody should have to sit alone in his or her mind and face the prospect that everything worked and strived for is about to end—not without good reason. Nobody should have to face the extinction of beliefs, of cherished values, even if I consider those beliefs and values 100% fucked up.

No human being should have to feel that the great impersonal forces of the universe are about to grind them up and spit them out and not even taste their presence.

I have known too many people who opened the door to Death (as a friend) to be tolerant of those who contrive those ugly, artificial fears.

I had a lover who put a pistol in his mouth and pulled the trigger because of a loneliness I found unfathomable, but at least it was his own choice. Nobody closed the doors on him, even if I couldn't find the key in time, even though I didn't know he'd locked himself in.

Daniel Smyth

Daniel Smyth, as a personification of the IRS, was engaged in the daily business of dealing death to people's hopes, closing the doors on their dreams.

A word, a kindness from him...

He might be able to help them get their bills paid.

He might restore their faith in a government that (to me, and a lot of others) seems to have grown fat on greed, blind to humanity, perhaps even dead in its collective brain.

And never mind the deadbeats, never mind the cheaters. If the deadbeats and the cheaters are more important than the poor then the priorities have been replaced by random numbers and we are all on a bus ride to Hell.

But enough of my sermon, my digression.

Enough of morals, I have been spun out past morals. Now I'm into revenge.

"Put on your clothes!" I said, unlocking the last of Danny Boy's fetters and holding the little transmitter securely in my hand, my fingers fondling the buttons.

He shuffled across the floor, his legs spread in fear, and sat down on the box where I had laid out new clothes for him. They were his clothes, got from his apartment during the night, but he touched them as though they were alien. He seemed almost too weak to draw on the jockey shorts and arrange them ever so carefully around the little machines.

"The drill is this," I said calmly. "You're going to take all of your money out of the bank. You're going to cash your paycheck, too. I'll be nearby, but since you've never seen me out of this outfit, you won't know what to look for. Don't try anything funny, Danny Boy, or you know what will happen. I'll push this button first, and that will cut off your cock and balls. They'll just sit there in your pants while you spurt blood all around them and double up and scream. I'll wait until you're about to lose consciousness before I push the second button, the mercy button, that will blow your guts all over the place and kill you."

I laughed, low, hollow and dry.

"After all, you wouldn't want to go through life without your cock and balls, now would you?"

He retched, not quite puking. I hadn't fed him.

"You're going to kill me, aren't you?" he asked at length, looking up at me. "When you have all the money, you're going to push those buttons, aren't you?"

"It's a chance you'll have to take, Danny Boy," I said, quite soberly. "And that's the part that hurts most, isn't it? That I'm holding out one ray of hope, one last straw for you to clutch at? It may be that I'm going to kill you, just the way you think. To betray you. But then again, maybe I'm not. I've gone to a lot of trouble to keep you from identifying me. That speaks well for your survival."

I let him think about that while he continued to pull on his clothes.

"Here's another thing, Danny," I said as he fumbled with his tie. "I'm going to give you my word of honor as a gentleman that I won't kill you, provided you follow my orders to the letter. It is my hope that I will be able to keep that word, and set you free when this is all finished. I will take particular pleasure in having introduced you to what honor is all about. It's something men have between them, something the business world and government keep trying to kill."

"You see, Danny Boy, that's why you're here. I want you to live. I want you to go back to your former life, your former job. I want you to face things the way other people have to face them, that's all. Suddenly hurt, suddenly without money. With the memory of things you can't discuss, and that nobody would care about anyway. I want you to know what it feels like on the other end of the line."

A little bit of light came into his eyes.

"Is that why you're doing this?" he asked. "Because I work for the IRS?"

"No," I said. "Because you are cruel in the exercise of your duties."

Shock went over his face like summer lightning. I could see how amazed he was to think that I thought him cruel.

"The Nazis didn't think they were cruel," I said. "Little boys don't think they are cruel when they pull the wings off butterflies—but hurry up, Danny Boy. My life is not long enough for me to waste much more of it on you."

I said the last with underplayed contempt and I lifted the transmitter just a little, indicating how easily I might walk out on the game with all the chips.

He put on his coat, and the proper order was restored.

I took him out to the garage blindfolded, put him in the back of a rented van, and chained him. Then I went in to get some sleep. In the morning I dressed like a normal person and drove

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him downtown.

I parked the van, unchained him and told him to sit facing backward. I set a small kitchen timer and told him that when it went off he was to take off the blindfold and leave the van.

"Here's your paycheck," I said, forcing the envelope into his hand. "I picked it up when I got your clothes. You'll go to your bank and cash it, then you'll withdraw everything from your accounts. Small bills; you can think of a good excuse, I'm sure. Maybe a new car, or a classic car; something you need the money for. When you have it all, come back to the van, get in, and put the blindfold back on. Face to the back and wait. I'll get it, chain you, and we'll go back to my place. Do you understand?"

"Yes," he said, and there was a quiet resignation in his voice that I didn't like.

"Remember, I'm somewhere near you. And remember that I won't kill you if you do what I tell you to."

I got out and walked down the street toward his bank.

It wouldn't be fair to say that the scheme worked because Daniel Smyth was a coward. I didn't give him any chance to be brave.

Bravery requires a reward, even if it is only the comfort you give another in dying next to them.

I worked hard to set things up so that his death would mean nothing. I made sure he couldn't identify me, had no way to get revenge on me after the fact. Keeping me from getting the money might provide him a little satisfaction but not enough to risk having his balls chopped off.

He did everything just as I told him to. He got every penny he could, even in the small bills, and the closest thing to a hitch in the scheme came when the bank teller told him he didn't look well. I knew about that because I was cashing a check on my account in the line next to him.

He told the teller he had been on a binge, and then, with admirable elan, said that he needed the money to pay off gambling debts: a very nice touch of verisimilitude for an amateur.

He returned to the van, got in, blindfolded himself, and waited.

Later, I sat by his head as he lay stretched out on the plywood table, stripped and spreadeagle, the little mechanical devices finally removed and put aside. His expression was almost one of calm. He had been through the worst moments of his life, and whatever happened, he felt, nothing could touch him now. He had resigned all authority to me.

"I am an honorable man," I said at last.

"Then you are going to let me go?" he queried.

"Oh yes," I laughed. "I always keep my promises. All of my promises."

The calm vanished from his eyes as he leafed furiously through the file cabinets of his memories. He knew there was something I had promised him, something terrible, but he did not know what. I let him worry about it while I took out a cigarette and smoked it. He began to sweat, not from the heat but from fear.

Now he understood how to fear me.

Finally I reached under the table and brought out the huge dildo that I had shown him when he first awakened.

"I told you that I was going to shove this up your ass," I said. "And that when I did, you would thank me because you would know that it meant I wasn't going to do something worse to you. Do you remember that?"

He licked his lips, and I had the final satisfaction that I would have with him. The fear in his eyes, the fear that betokened years of waking in nightmare; that was better than the fucking I was going to give him, better than the screams he would momentarily utter.

"Do you believe I can do worse things than fucking you with this tool?" I asked.

"Yes," he murmured.

"Then you do want me to fuck your ass with this dildo?"

"Oh, yes," he said.

It wasn't the assent of a gay man who will enjoy every last inch of the tool being shoved into him. It was a true and genuine submission out of absolute fear.

"Beg for it," I said softly.

"Oh...please fuck me with that thing. Please..."

He was crying, of course, and he continued to cry as I brought the hoist over and attached his legs to it. I like them upside down.

I twisted him, so that his cock faced downward, then I released his wrists and turned him over the rest of the way. I rebound his wrists, hoisted him a little higher, then went to work sucking his dick. When I had him hard I put a tight cock ring on him, so that he couldn't go soft.

I took out a sterilized needle and jabbed it through each of his nipples, drawing the silk thread after it. I knew he would remove the piercing as soon as he could, but that didn't matter. I just wanted to hurt him.

I lowered his legs and when he was face down, flat on the table, I manacled his ankles securely, legs spread. Then I opened my codpiece, took out my hard and throbbing meat, got up on the table, and shoved it into his ass.

I fucked him royally, taking my time and enjoying it because I knew it would be the last time I'd do it. I rammed and caressed and did everything I knew to that tight ass of his. When I felt the wave building I wrapped my arms around his massive chest and hugged him until there was no wind left in him—and pumped my hips harder and harder—and thrust more and more violently, making him try to cry out against the assault. And then...

"Thank you!" he moaned as I shot it into him. "Thank you!" I pulled slowly out.

I stood there, dripping and shaking for a moment, then I took the dildo in hand. I had done a lot of things to him but, carefully, nothing to prepare him for this. I put the huge head against his hole and pushed.

I don't know just when he understood how bad it was going to be. He was screaming and thrashing long before that, I am sure. It took a long time to get the whole thing in securely enough to fasten a leather strip across the end, then fasten the strip so that he couldn't push the dildo out.

I refastened his ankles to the hoist, lifted him up, and standing at the foot of the table I started to suck him. I sucked him like he'd never been sucked before, by me or anyone, and eventually, despite the pain, maybe because of it, he came.

But when he shot my mouth full, bitter with the alkaloids of fear, I didn't stop. I kept sucking, taking him past the point of possibility, past where he had ever been. When there was no more semen to pump into my mouth he shot piss; and all the while he thrashed and screamed and went out of his mind with what I knew would be the most intense orgasm he would ever have.

When it was over I took him down.

There was no fight left in him. He could barely walk. I hosed him off, ordered him to dress, then drove him to the garage where his car was parked. It was the middle of the night, so there was no problem changing out of my leathers, putting them into an athletic bag, leaving the van at the rental service and slipping the keys in the mail box.

When I got home I cleaned up the dungeon, thought for a while about what I'd do with the money, then drank a Budweiser and went to bed. As I dozed off I thought of him as I'd last seen him, standing beside his car, his eyes glazed, his three-piece suit all rumpled.

In the morning he would go to work, perhaps.

Perhaps he would wait a couple of days.

But when he did go in, there would be a question behind his eyes as he looked around.

Who else?

And everywhere he went, for the rest of his life.

Who? □



Dear Larry,

I am writing this letter to thank you for writing the Leatherman's Handbook, which has greatly influenced my life, but also to ask you a question.

You seem to indicate that a guy should start out in the leather scene as a bottom, and eventually work his way into being Top. I'm only 21 and I haven't had too much experience, but I find that I am always Top in the few scenes I've had. After moving to the Midwest from Oakland, I have been trying to experience every aspect of leather life, and have been hitting the bars, looking for the bigger, rougher, tougher men. I find that I can not and will not be bottom. I am very aggressive and can dish it out extremely well, but can not take it. This is what bothers me. Also, being 6' and 210 pounds doesn't help either. Occasionally I have the urge to be passive as a bottom in Greek, and that is as much bottom as I am able to be. As a result, I am very puzzled and feel somewhat isolated.

Can you offer some helpful advice?

Blue Monday, Nebraska

Dear Blue,

Although I have written extensively on various aspects of the leather scene, it is impossible to describe every case that every individual is going to encounter. Each of us is unique in his sexuality—a point I think I made more strongly in the original Leatherman's Handbook than in the sequel. Although I have tried to depict the basic attitudes that most guys reflect in their approach to SM, or to the specific sets of activities that interest them, there are always going to be exceptions to the "mainstream" modes of behavior and attitude that I mention in my various books and articles. Your situation would appear to be one of them. If you are happy being Top, and the guys who get it on with you are satisfied with your performance, more power

to you. As you note yourself, you are very young and have a good many years ahead of you. I would suspect that somewhere in your future contacts you will find a guy who is capable of topping you, and whom you will wish to have do this. But even if this should never happen it should not be of any great concern. Good Tops are certainly in great demand; if you can qualify as such without ever having been bottom...enjoy!

Dear Larry,

I have been reading Drummer for a long time, and this magazine has opened my eyes to quite a number of things. I do have one question. I am interested in getting my tits pierced, but I don't know where to go. I haven't been in Los Angeles very long, so I don't know of any place. Can you direct me?

David, Alhambra, CA

Dear David,

As an avid fan of Drummer, you should also take a look at the ads. Gauntlet Enterprises, which supplies the materials to places all over the Western World, is headquartered in L.A.: 8720 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood 90069. They are very experienced, and will be happy to help you.

Dear Larry,

I live in Los Angeles, and I frequently go to the more popular leatherbars in the area. I have recently encountered a situation that bothers me, and I wonder if you'd like to comment on it. There is a bartender in one of the busiest bars who dresses all in leather, even to a stud in his left ear. At first glance he looks like everybody's fantasy of "Mr. Leather". But when he opens his mouth, he is all girl—even carrying on as to how he can't wait for Halloween, because he has his drags all ready to go. Now, I know that everyone is entitled to his own "thing," but this isn't what I go to a leatherbar to hear. Am I out of step? Old fashioned?

Rob, Los Angeles

Dear Rob,

I think that many of us would agree with your reaction to this situation, at least at first impulse. Of course, our house has many rooms, and there are some pretty heavy SM scenes going on that involve transvestites, transsexuals, etc. I guess I'd say: If the guy can make a decent drink, he's doing his job. If too many of the customers feel as you do, however, it might be a smart move on his part to butch up his act a bit. If he can't do this, there are plenty of fluff bars where he'd probably be more in tune with the customers.

Dear Sir,

Let me assure you from the outset that this letter is written out of curiosity. I am not judging or finding fault. However, I

do not understand why you are so rigid in your definition of "slave" vs. "M" or "bottom." I am reacting particularly to your comments on the letter from the slave who didn't want his Master to shave him. You didn't ask if the guy had a job where he couldn't appear completely shaved, or whether this shaving might have violated some basic set of limits. Likewise, to carry this line of logic to its extreme, would you also say that a slave should submit if his Master comes home drunk with a hammer and bag of nails, and says he wants to do a little piercing? I think that this attitude on your part may tend to keep a lot of people from getting into the scene, for fear of having to give up all control, including the right to safeguard his own well-being. Comment please!

Curious, Anaheim, CA

Dear Curious,

Your letter was quite long, so I hope I've paraphrased it to include the most important points. I think you have failed to grasp the true sense of a Master-slave relationship. (But don't feel bad; you have lots of company.) When a guy responds to a "Master seeks slave" ad, he really is not responding as a slave, but rather as a bottom who may or may not become the slave of this Master. Until he has convinced himself that this man is qualified to be his Master, he has no business offering his total, unqualified submission. Likewise, a Master assumes the responsibility for his slave's welfare. Since the contract is completely voluntary on each side, it can be broken at any time by either partner. But if the slave demands his freedom, it will generally result from an overall deterioration of the relationship rather than fear for his well-being.

A man who is qualified to be a Master would not come home drunk and commit mayhem on his slave. A true Master-slave relationship involves a very deep, long-lasting affection on both sides. But it also demands complete submission on the part of the slave. If the Master shaves him, and he loses his job as a result, the loss is actually the Master's. There are, of course, very few of these relationships that ever develop into the complete "ideal," because there are not very many men who are fully qualified on either side, to say nothing of the difficulty in finding a proper match-up. For most of us, the conception of full and complete submission is as elusive as the conception of infinity. You can accept the idea intellectually, but you can't visualize it. And if you're not cut out to be a slave, it really doesn't matter.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.)

THE DAYS OF BLOOD! THE NIGHTS OF TORMENT!

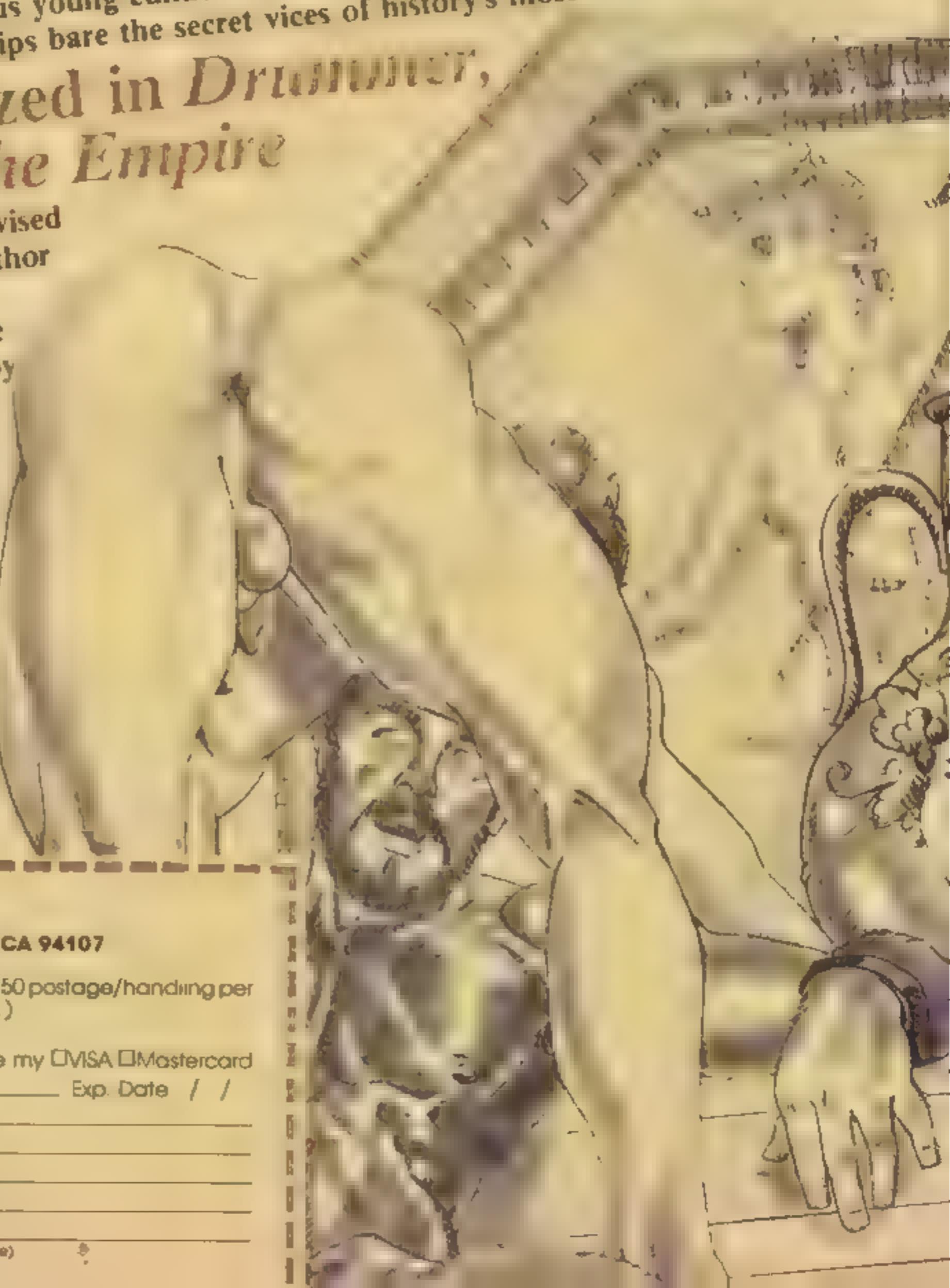
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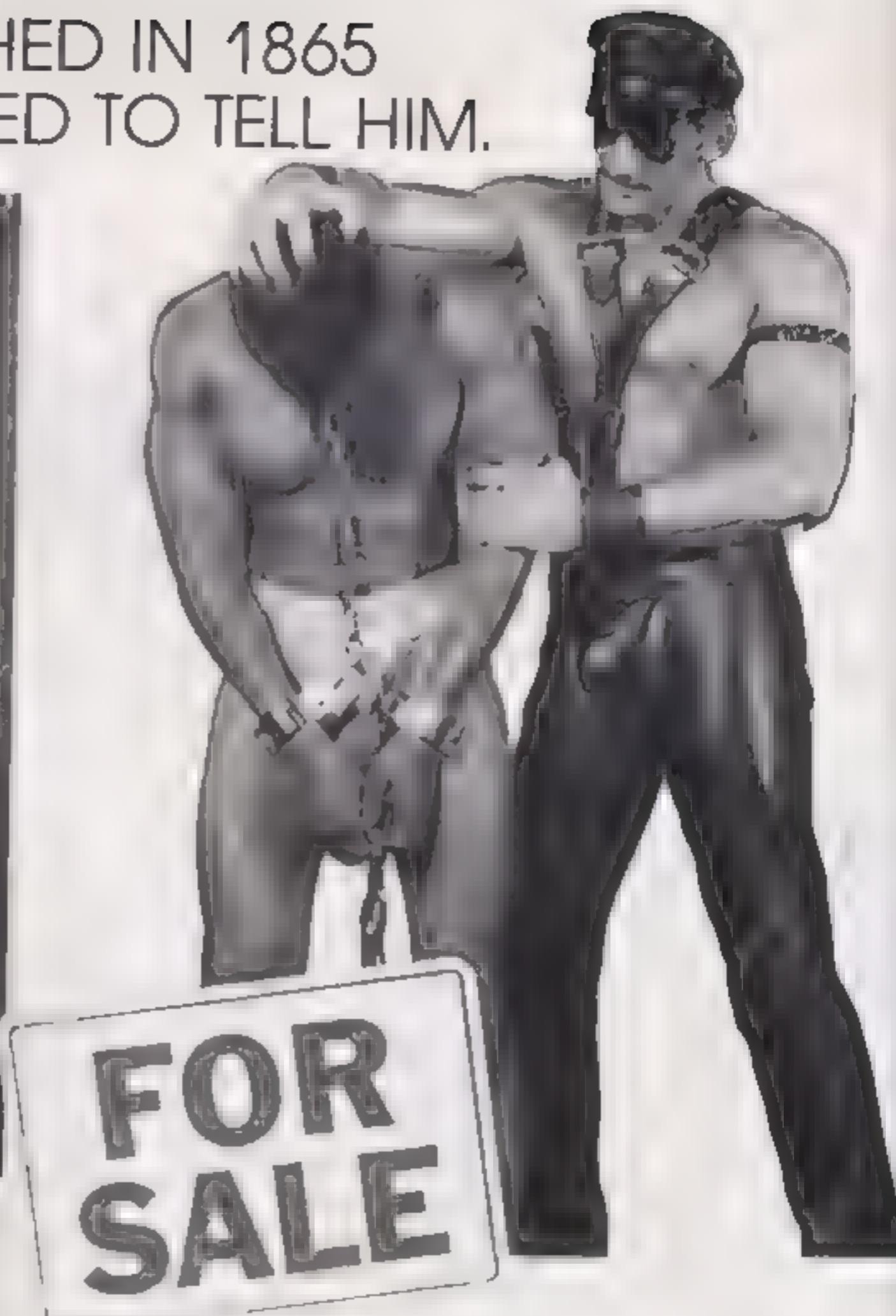
DRUMMOMOR

WE ARE FOR GIFT

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A close-up portrait of a person with a mix of brown and blonde hair. The person has dark eyes and is looking slightly to the right. The lighting is warm, creating soft shadows on the right side of the face. The background is blurred, suggesting an indoor setting.

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Consider, for instance, the photograph on this page. The man in charge is wearing leather officer's pants in black with a grey and white side stripe, along with officer's boots. Both are from the Studstore in San Francisco. The fellow who proudly presented these magnificent gifts is on his knees, enjoying the thanks he gets.

His jeans are from Worn Out West (San Francisco) and boots are from Safco. We have the feeling that both will be shed soon. Torso is by Nautalis, we assume.





GIVE OR GET THE SPOKEN WORD

Harkening back to the old radio days when your imagination soared farther than either movies or television, Audio tapes are becoming more and more popular. Starring at our left is Brutus, whose three Compound Tapes entitled "The Interrogation," "The Training Begins" and "Punishment and Reward" are all best sellers. Each is an hour long, which is unusual.

Also available is one from Tom of Finland's catalog, "Sgt. Ranca's Dirty Talktape." Man To Man tapes have a catalog of almost two dozen as does Hot Talk Tapes, a few of which feature porn star Al Parker.

The best way for listening is with earphones, which makes the dialogue very real and intimate as well as leaving the hands free for other things.

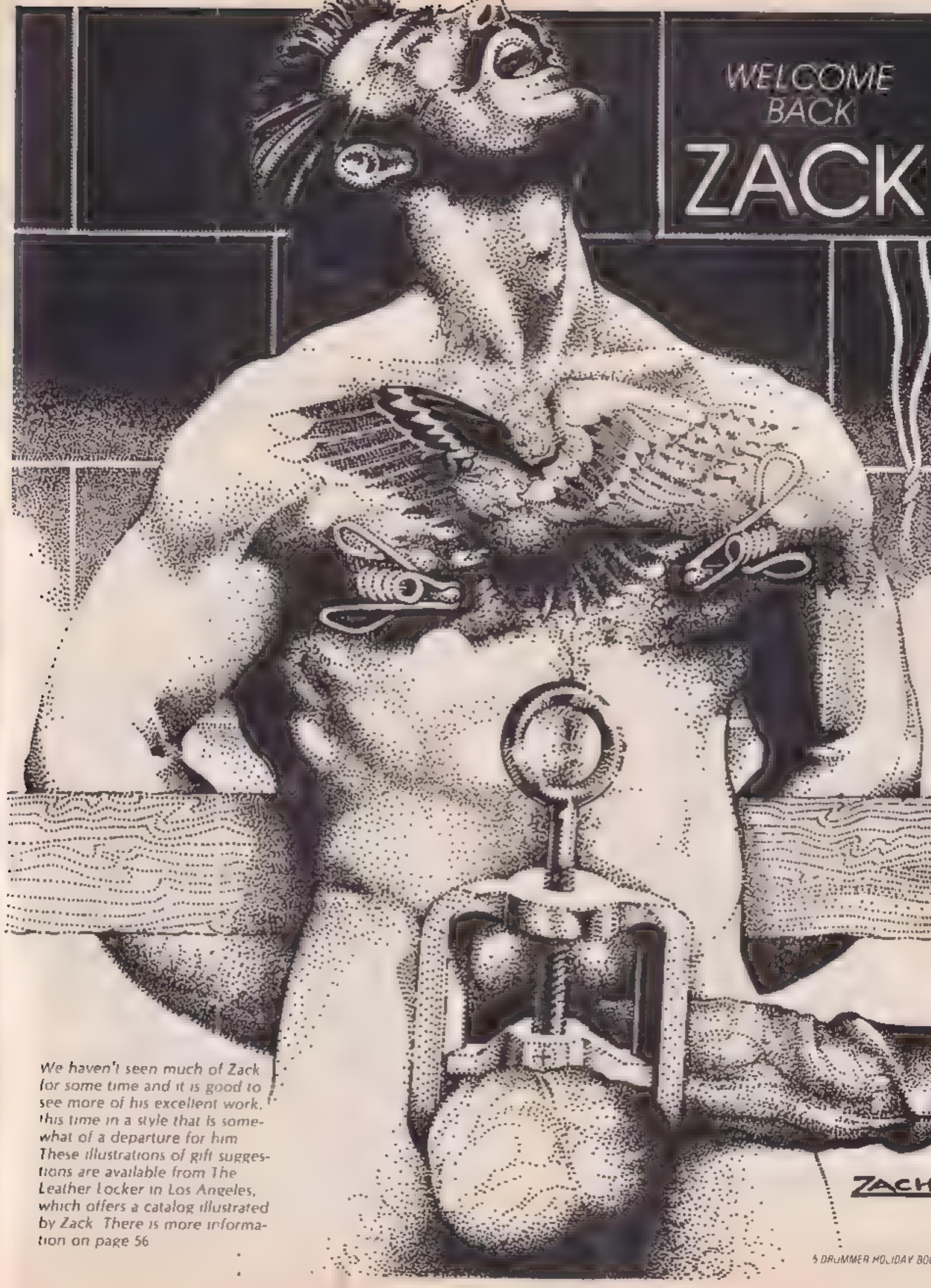


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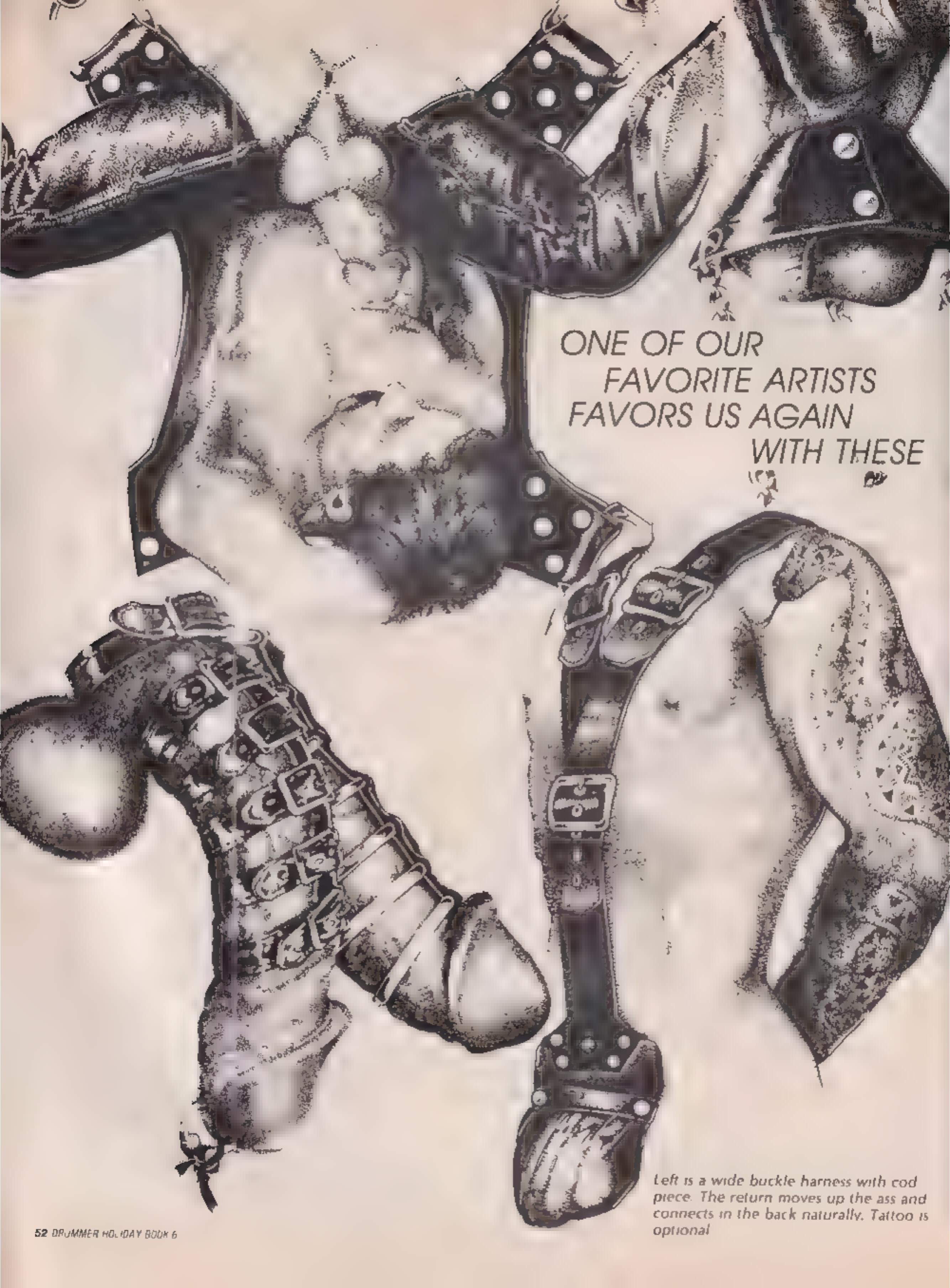


WELCOME
BACK

ZACK!

We haven't seen much of Zack for some time and it is good to see more of his excellent work, this time in a style that is somewhat of a departure for him. These illustrations of gift suggestions are available from The Leather Locker in Los Angeles, which offers a catalog illustrated by Zack. There is more information on page 56.

ZACK



ONE OF OUR
FAVORITE ARTISTS
FAVORS US AGAIN
WITH THESE

Left is a wide buckle harness with cod piece. The return moves up the ass and connects in the back naturally. Tattoo is optional

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

There are plenty of things you can use on a favorite body and Zack shows us a few. From the heavy leather sling, going clockwise, there is a laced cock sheath in tandem with a cock ring/ball harness, a slave collar in leather which connects by chain to a metal and leather cockring ensemble. The leather leash is an accessory.

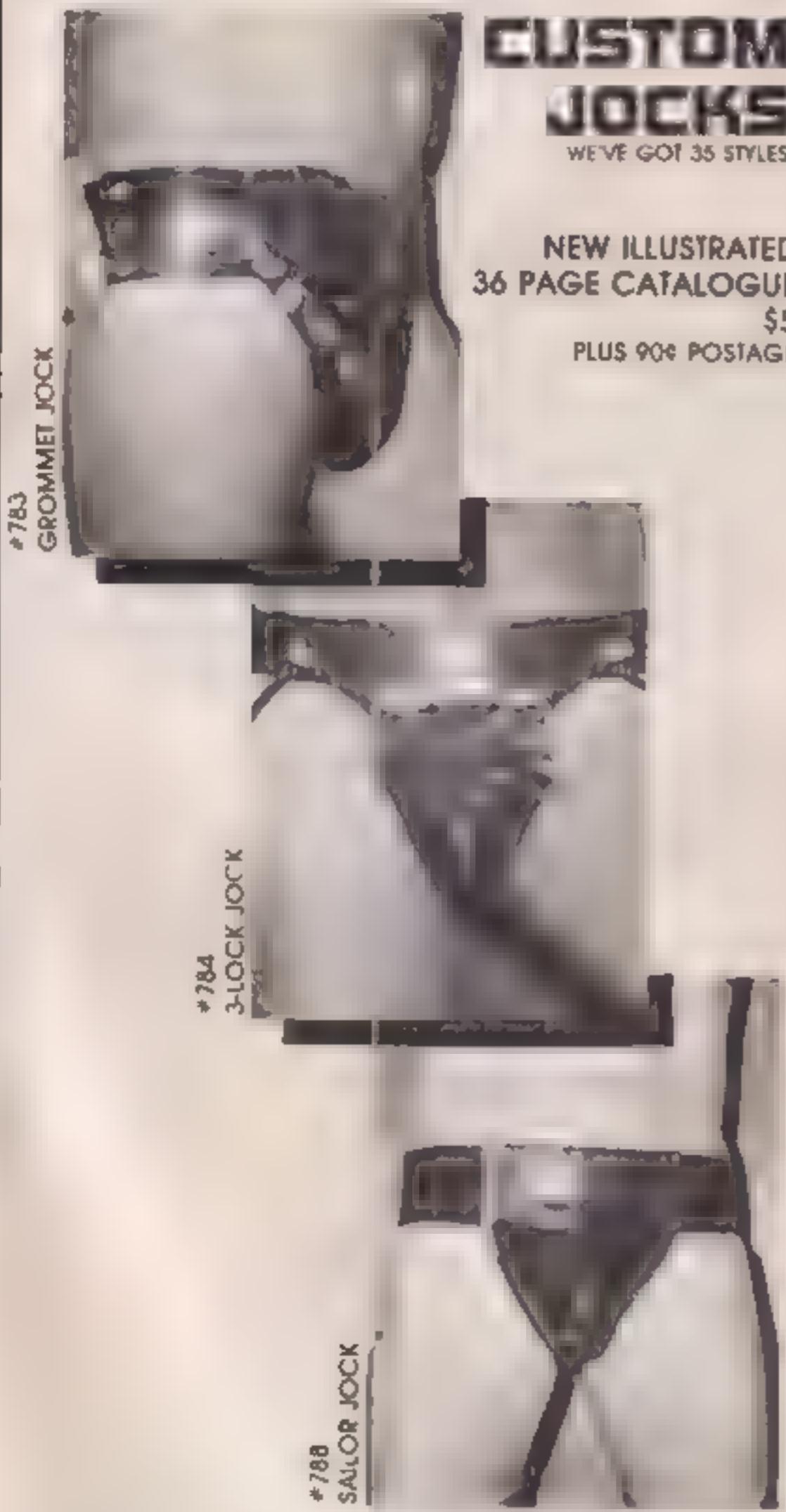
Moving right along are beautiful leather restraints dripping with metal buckles and rings and chains to keep your slave in his place. Ankles attach to thighs for a good kneeling position and the accompanying belt has rings for chains. He'll love you for it!



ZACK

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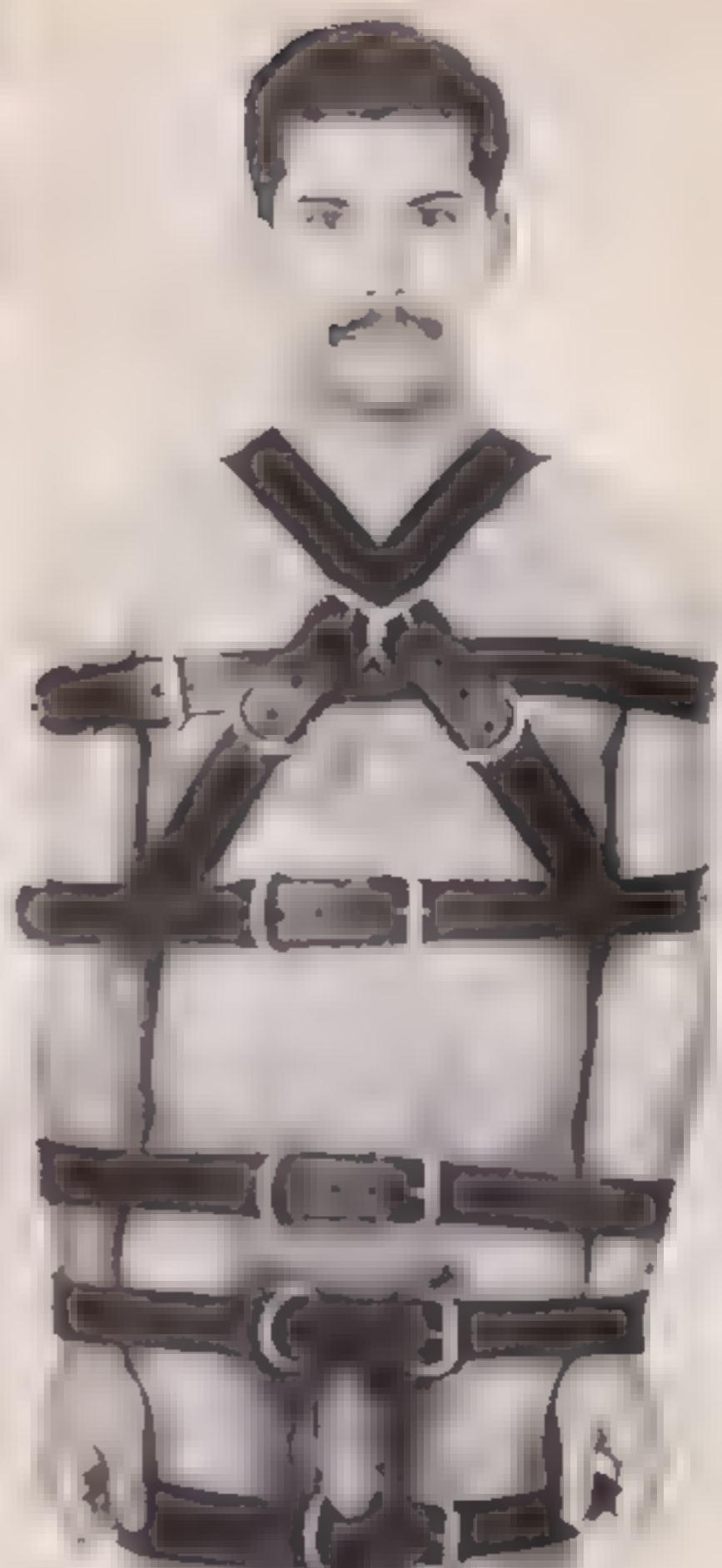
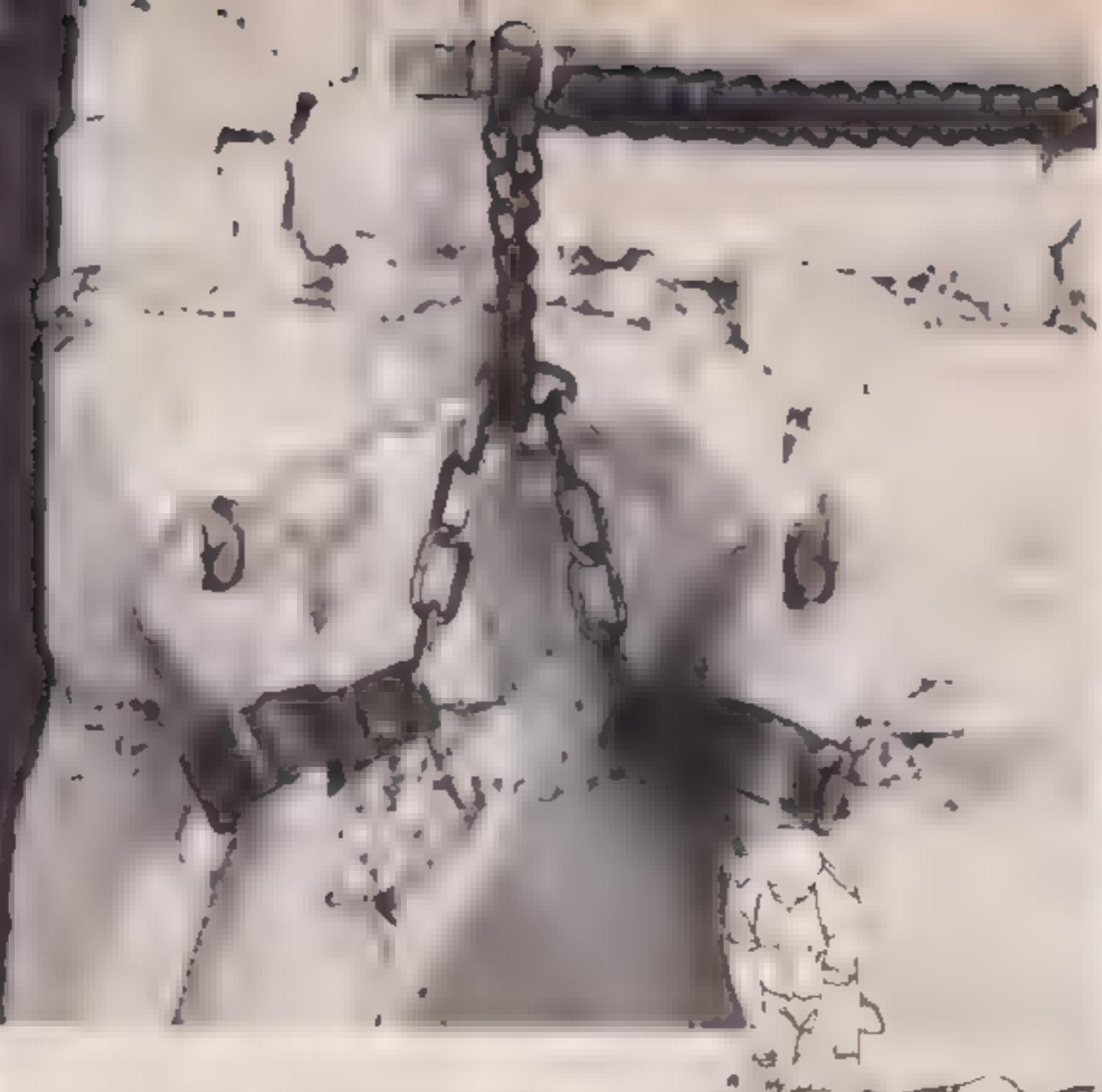
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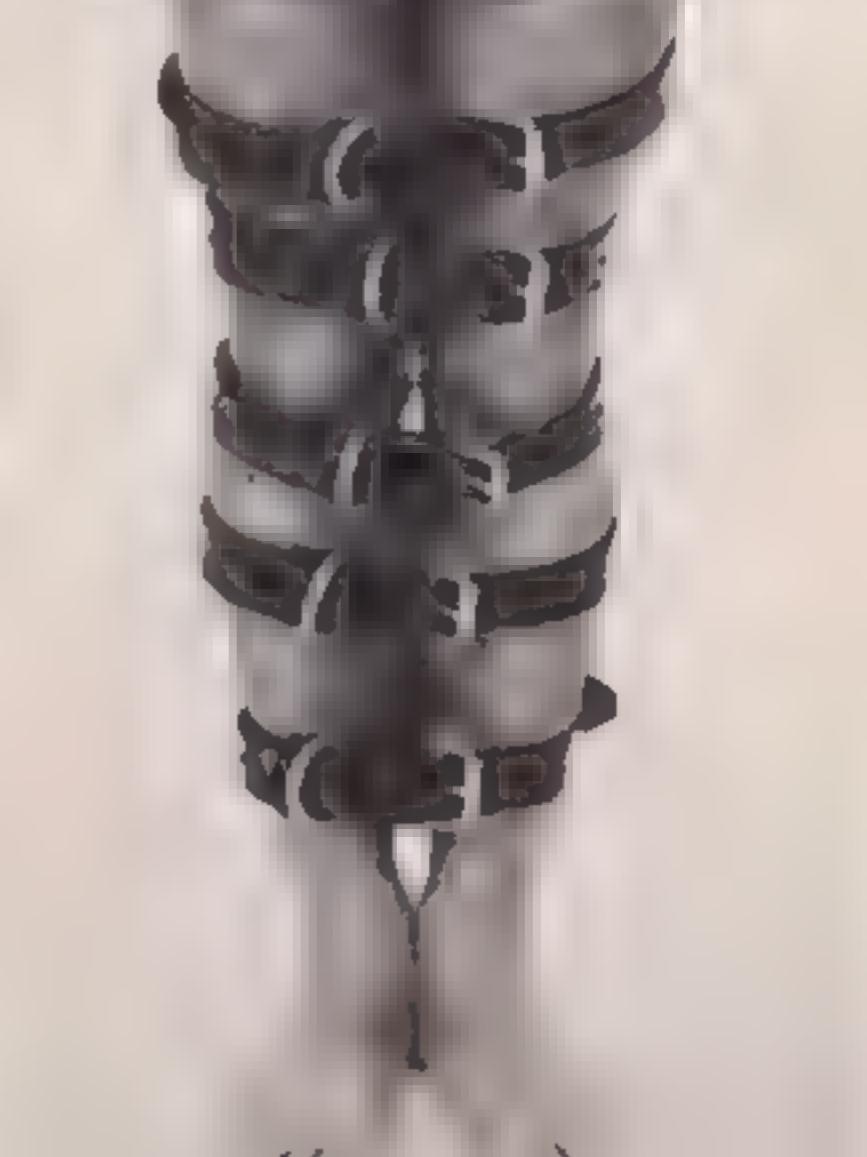
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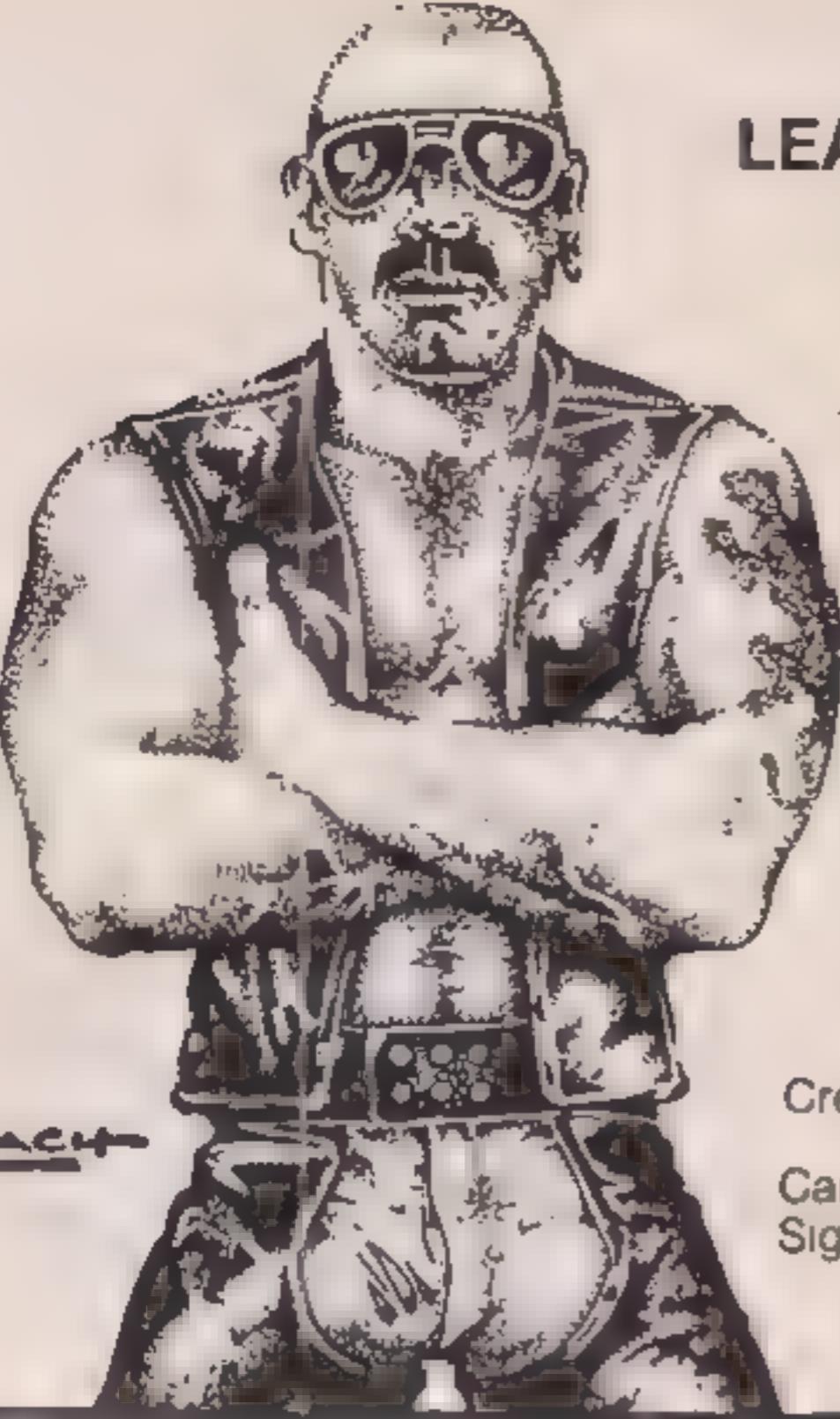


SHOW A LITTLE RESTRAINT

Fetters shows us (above) how to keep track of a slave. Steel wrist shackles, chain connected. Right is a unique bondage harness from The Pleasure Chest, Los Angeles. It takes a while to install but believe us, it is well worth the effort.



Also from The Pleasure Chest is a latex and chain bondage ensemble that adjusts to most any size. Keeps legs up and the subject can release himself in any emergency. The rubber bit is akin to a horses and will keep him quiet. Collar matches bondage equipment.



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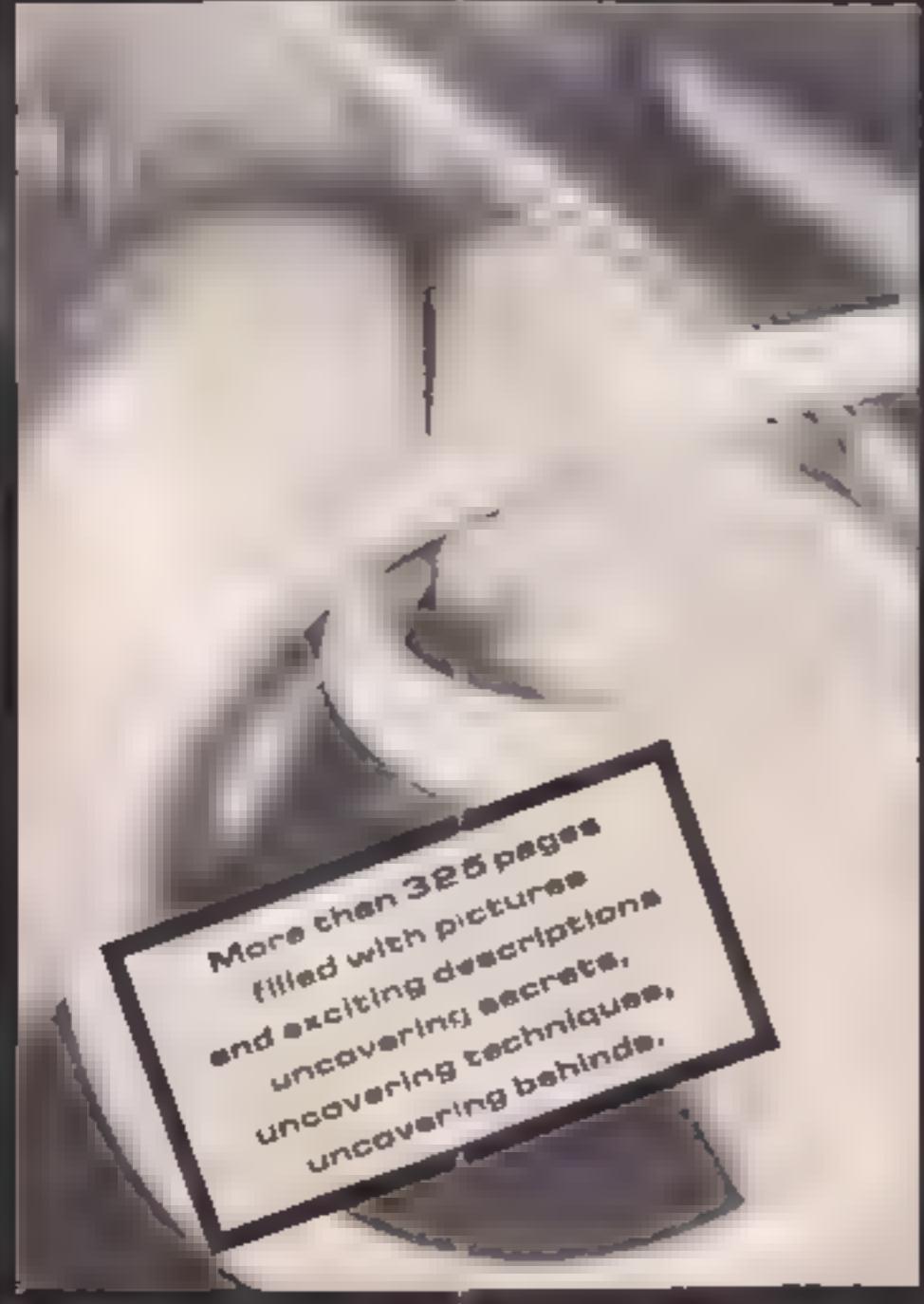
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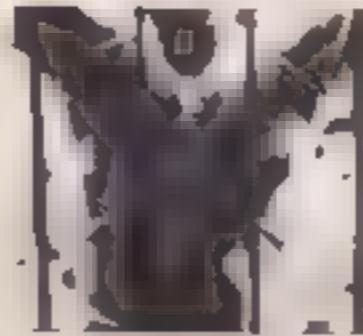


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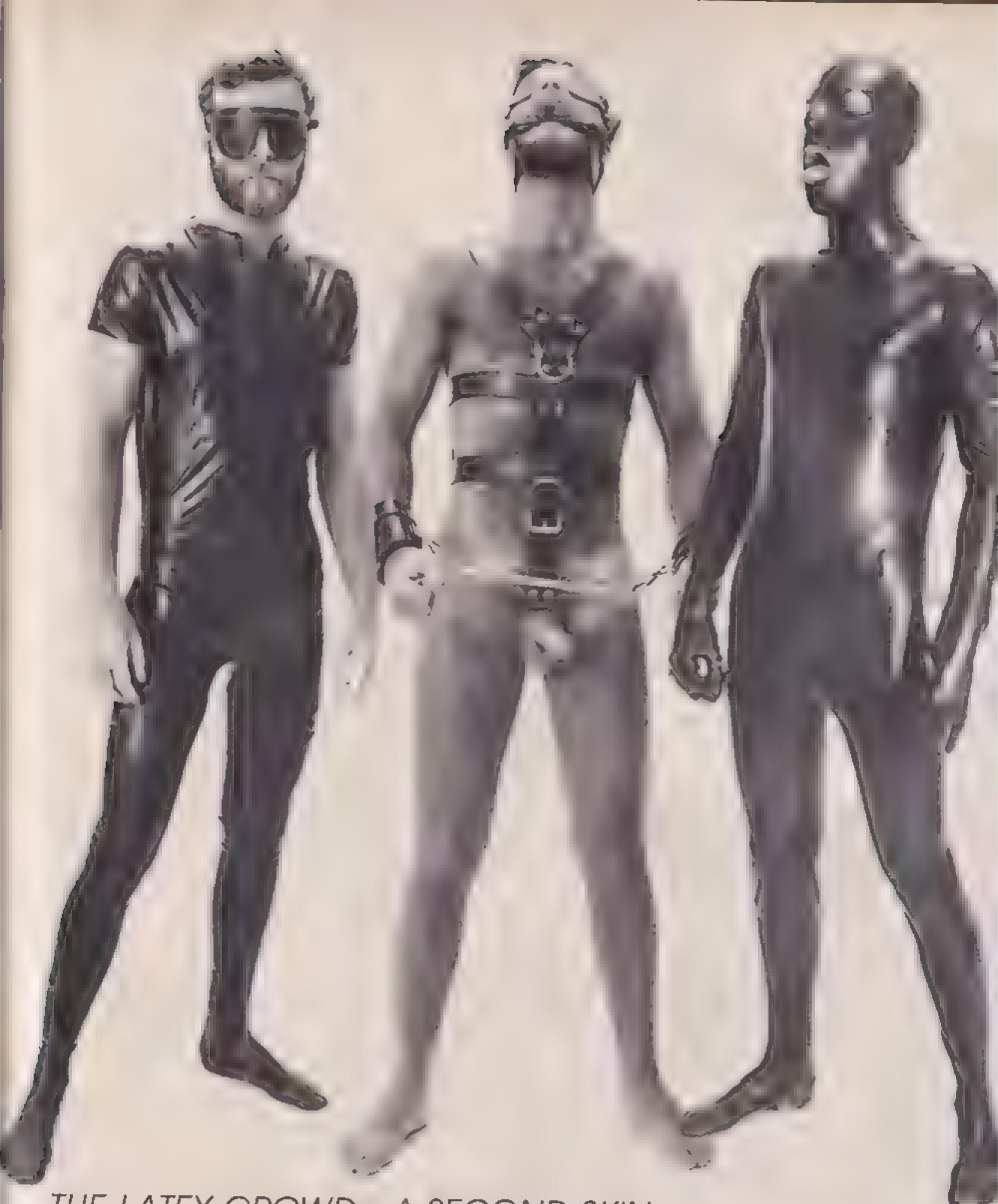
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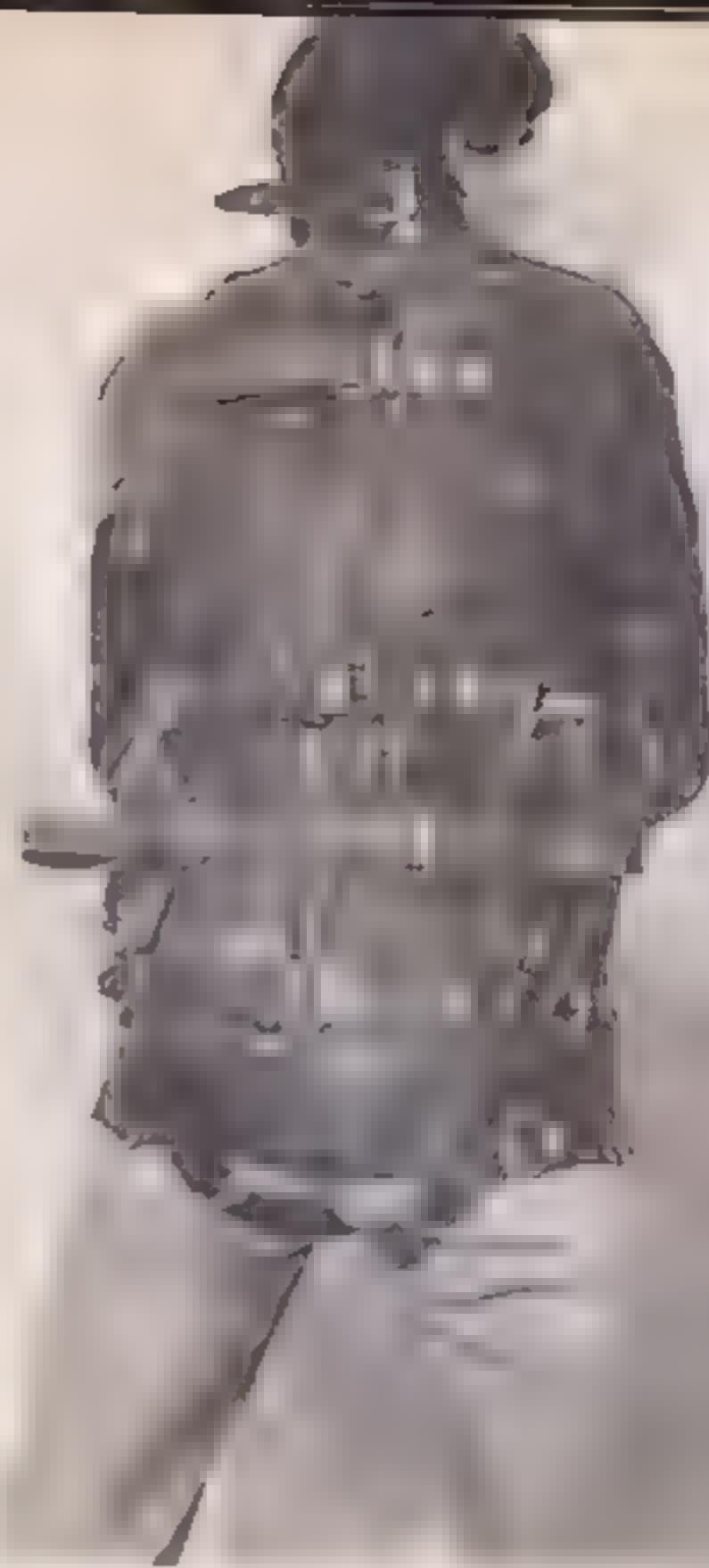
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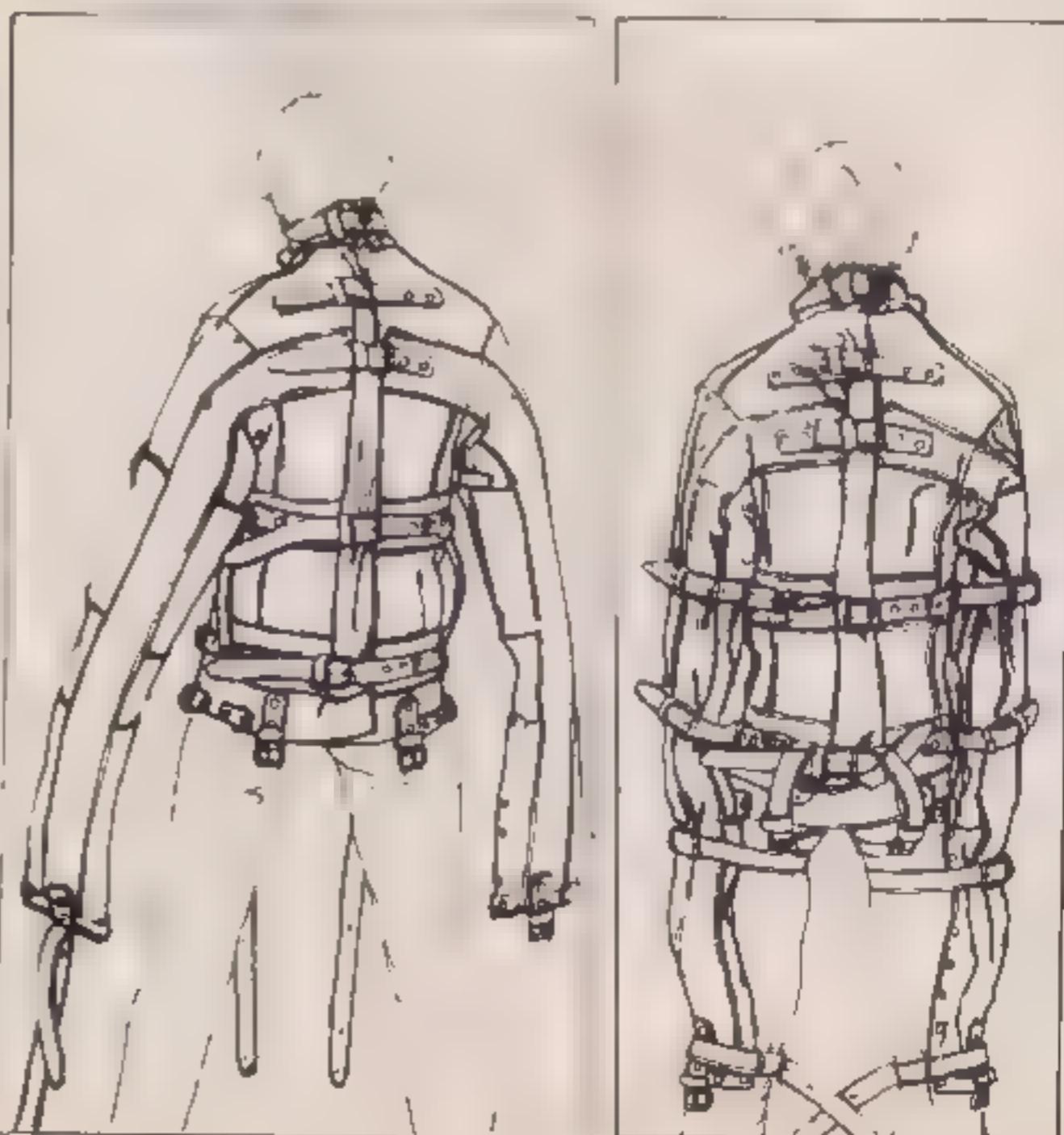
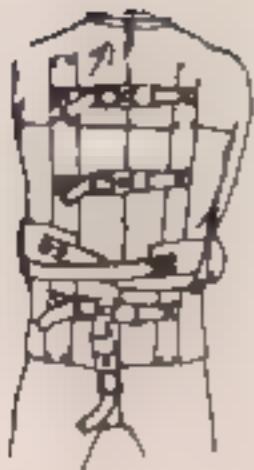
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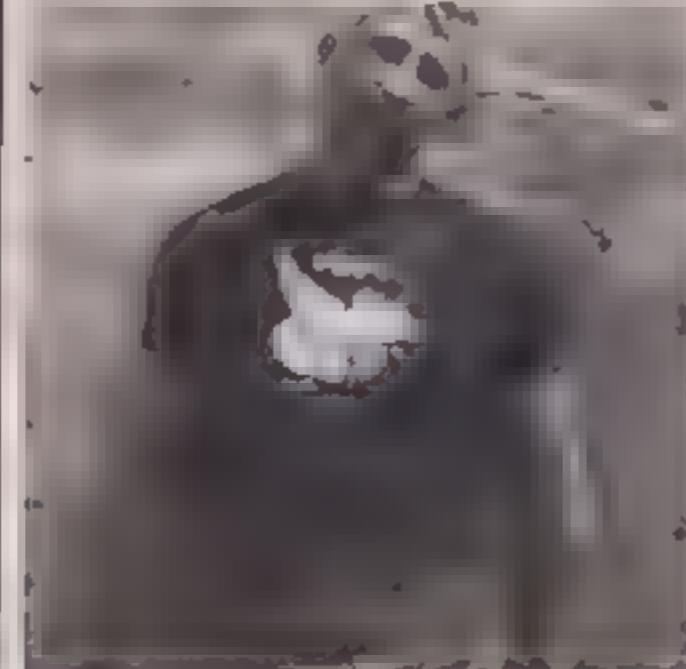
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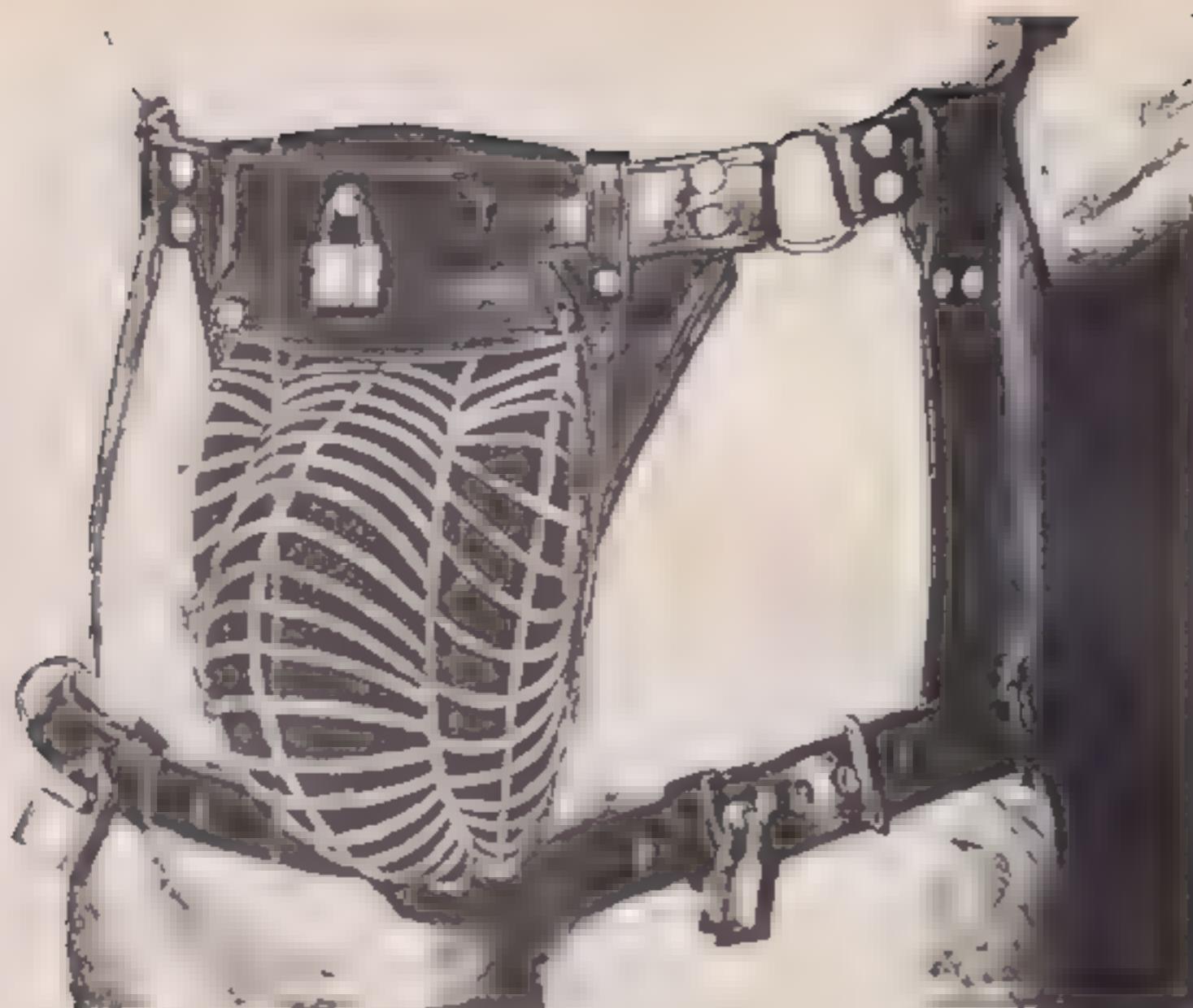
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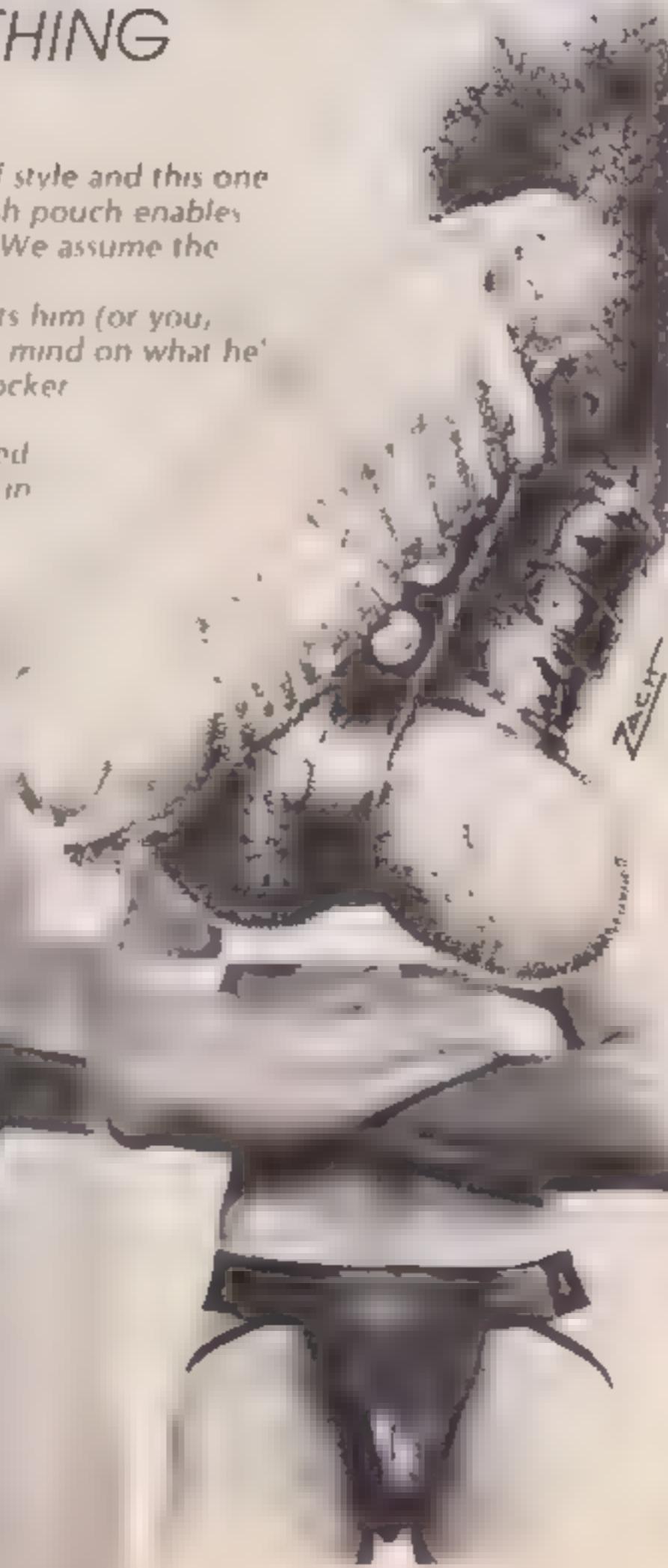


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CHIPS RUBBER RIDING BOOTS

Sizes 7-12
(Full sizes
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SLEEVE! IT DOES PAY TO ADVER-
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BOOT TOPS AT THE COMPOUND

Transform these shorter boots
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look as this young recruit has.
It's not that he's been
confined to quarters
but that doesn't stop
him from looking sharp. Boot
tops are available
in New York at the
Sectars.

BODY BAGS PACK 'EM IN!

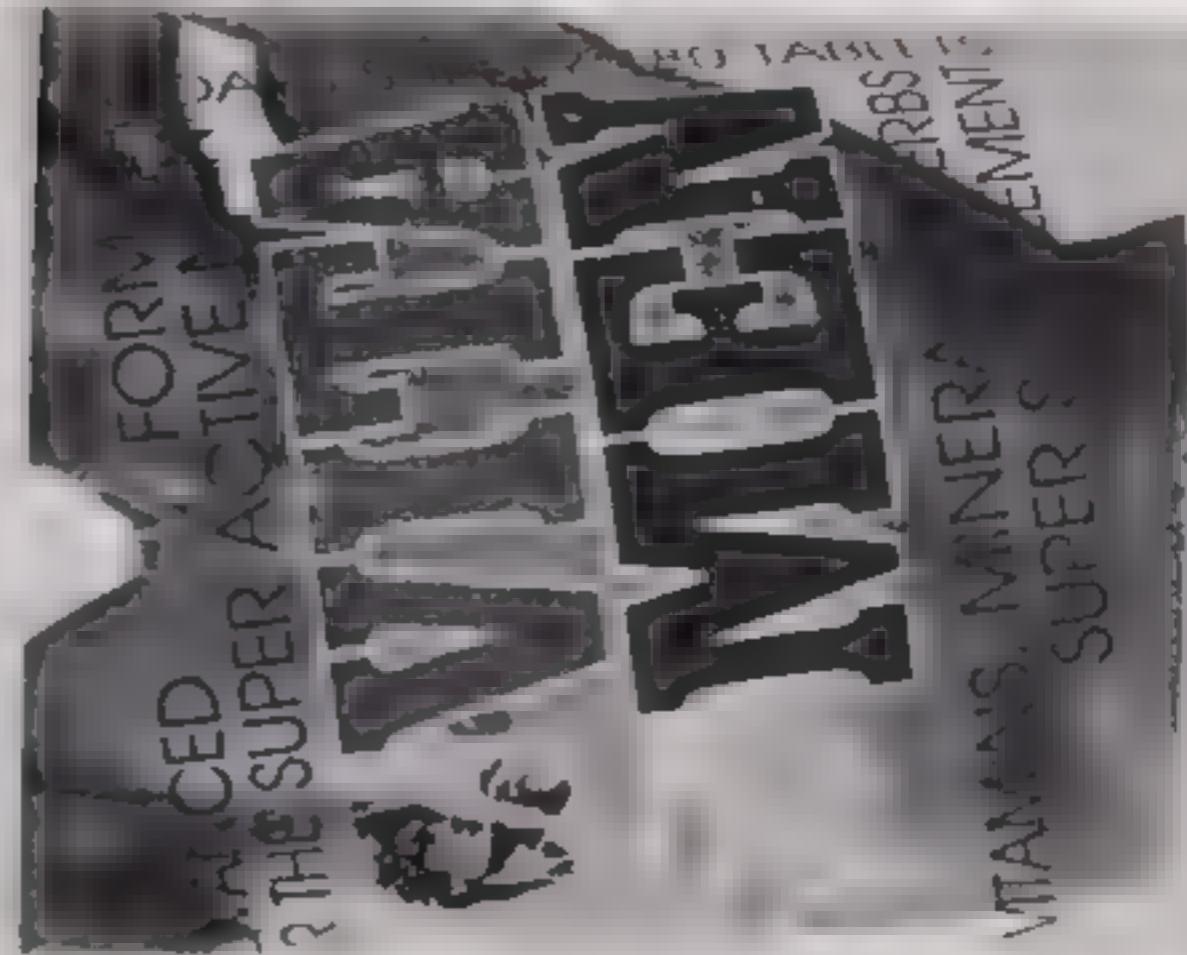
FOR THE COOL—The man here
is a boot-topper to boot. Plenty
of breath space, and a mix
of leather and cloth. It's
back on again—get it before
you for it.

ON PAGE 47—The illustration of
Se-1a with a hard-on is by none
other than Tom of Finland, of
course. Tom has a whole catalog
of prints, cards, T-shirts and
teleographs available. There has
never been a year like him.



NEW PACKAGE

A NEW LOOK FOR AN OLD FRIEND! VITA-MEN now comes in a new white bottle with a smart new label. Gone is the plain brown bottle and the black and red label. But more important than the new package is what is in it. We challenge anybody to give you a better or more advanced formula of vitamins, minerals and herbs designed for men. Get it and take it. It's important!



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	D	N	R	A	T	P	O	POTENCY	RDA*
Vitamin A (Beta Carotene)	100	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
Vitamin A (Palmitate)	30	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
B1 (Thiamine)	10	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
B2 (Riboflavin)	10	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
Niacin	40	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
H. Nicotamide	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
B6 (Pyridoxine HCl)	10	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
B10 (Inositol)	10	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
B12 (Cyanocobalamin Concentrate)	10	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
C (Ascorbic Acid)	500	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
E (D-alpha Tocopherol)	400	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
Folic Acid	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
Biotin	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
Choline Bitartrate	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
Inositol	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
Magnesium	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
Calcium (Amino acid chelate)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
Magnesium (Amino acid chelate)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
Silica	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
Vanadium	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
Iodine	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
Zinc (Amino Acid Chelate)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
Potassium Aspartate	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
Selenium (Amino Acid Chelate)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
Molybdenum (Amino Acid Chelate)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%
DHEA Complex (Disodium Villate)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100%	100%

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HEAD TRIPS

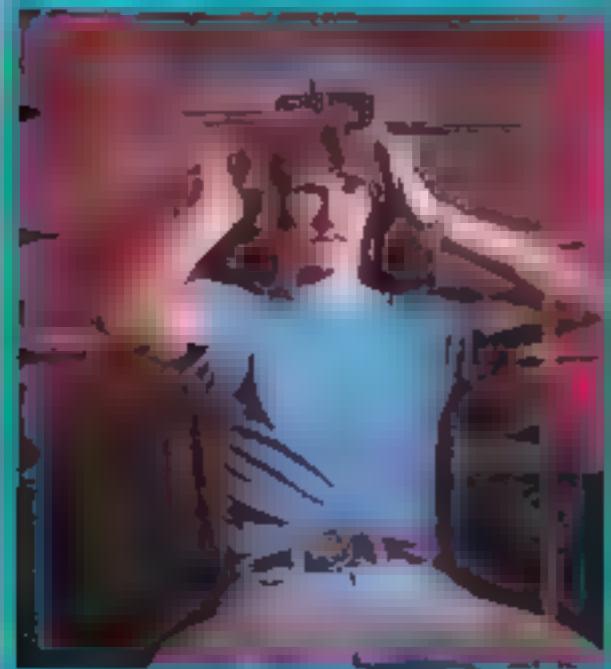


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PRICE: \$79. I will add \$2.50 FOR POSTAGE & HANDLING.

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BY MY SIGNATURE I STATE THAT I AM AT LEAST 21 YEARS OF AGE

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PHONE ORDERS: CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-227-3444 M-F 8:30 AM-5 PM (PACIFIC TIME). RES DENTS OF CALIF., HAWAII & ALASKA CALL COLLECT 1-415-431-7474

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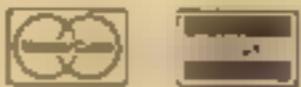


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Must be 18 years or older



515 BRODERICK SUITE 2 SAN FRANCISCO CA 94117

GOOD HEAD

60 6'2" 190 blue eyes white hair reddish complexion. Handsome & excellent definition and lg nipples talented hole expert mouth. Desires Master who commands sexual servitude & S/M. Bald cigar smokers a + (not required) SM groups OK Can travel P.O. Box 90110 West Station Nashville TN 37209 LF3986

ARE YOU MY MASTER, MY LOVER AND MY SLAVE?

Creative intelligent booted hotman 35 6'1" 175, mustache need the right guy to share his life and leather w/ him. Offer my mind and body totally up the man who can dedicate his to me in return. If you require and can give discipline service, obedience, training, respect worship and submission then write me real fast, fucker! I will make a present of my nutsack to my ball keeper demanding his ass as the other half of the contract. The accent is on mutually supportive deep masculine love and loyalty, with the knowledge that this will be strengthened and enforced with punishment, whipping and pain when necessary. Are you man enough for a longterm heavy-duty commitment, is your head beyond roleplaying (though able to be a real top and bottom) are you ready for true responsibility of owning my body and soul and the humanity required to become my property to do with as I see fit? If you know how to wear boots and need rough malesex for your body and heavy involvement for your mind, then jump to it. man. Box LF3755

OBEYENT SLAVE

34-5'11"-175, not used very often needs strong experienced Master. Open to all his desires. Can travel UPJ. P.O. Box 3231 6000 Frankfurt 1 W Germany

29 YO NOVICE-TAMPA

6'5" 195 lbs 9" cock. Want to expand my limits in TT, C&BT, shaving, piercing, ball stretching. Write with detailed techniques. Want to hear from everywhere. Maybe meet. No FF or scat. Replies to P.O. Box 882 Ellers, FL 33531. Please, I want to learn.

BUTTHOLE BUDDIES

W.M. 35, 150 lbs. not butt into F/F, dildos spreaders, butt-eating assholes and shaved balls. Bearded mustache big eight inches, hairy (brown hair) wants to swap hot pictures and letters. Your hot polaroids get mine in return. Write David Monroe c/o Box 5966 Wellesley St., Auckland, New Zealand

PISS FREAK

Thirsty GWM 33, 6'2", 190, brown hair, 8" cut thick, hairy, hard chest, huge nipples looking for hot, wet action with other piss oriented men. Indoors or outdoors. Enjoy giving and getting loads of hot man's piss. Travel the USA & Europe. Uncuts & photos get immed ate response. Box 4212

SLAVE WANTED IN RENO

For leather action, SM, C&B&TT, B&D more I'm hung trim, 33, GWM. You're similar but submissive and obedient. You want frequent attention or a permanent Master. Live-in or nearby required. LF4015. Write Box 20835 Reno NV 89515

FACE SITTER?

WM has hot tongue and mouth to satisfy the most insatiable other healthy white male. Write Dick with your needs. Box 4223

HOT HORNY WHITE MALE

Versatile (top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fistng, WS, rimming, SM more. Am 29, 150 lbs., 5'10", brown hair/eyes, beard. Bridwell, Box 7686 Atlanta, GA 30357-0686

LET'S SEE IT SPURT

Canadian J/O stud seeks masculine men for raunchy handjob sessions. Goodlooking 33, 5'8", 130. Visiting USA winter '85 and want to set up contacts now. Letter with photo to Box 4222

TORTURE

WM 33, sadistic biker pervert, beard lean, raunchy J/O freak want dirty old man correspondent, top or bottom. Box 4225

PROSPECTIVE SLAVE

This 35 5'11" sm hairy s ave into SM & BD & TT wants to give almost virgin ass into FF. Seek daddy leathermaster in 30s up with hairy chest hung/please Sir teach me total mental body control in degradation humiliation I need to serve respect obey & worship a master. Awaiting your command Sir. Can travel USA. Box 20648, Atlanta, GA 30320

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

HOT DUDE

No humiliation and CB torture. If you want it write Box 4206

SLAVE

WM 32, 6'4", 210, bodybuilder seeks heavy training by young Master(s). Total domination sought. No one negotiates. Photo appreciated. Serious only. Box 4213

OLD FASHIONED

Bend over pants down spanking, give or take. Call Dad (415) 826-8705

HEY, BOY!

You Daddy is looking for you! (916) 391-9755 or write Box 22402 Sacramento, CA 95822

SF LEATHER BAD-BOY

Leather Motorcycle-riding Dev I needs demon-slaves for full leather drool action. I'm tall slim build 40s. Will put the leather screw to your hooded face, tied with my leather straight jacket. Privacy assured in the well-gearred black room. S&M, bondage sanctum. Video recording a possibility. You are younger no-nonsense not-fat slave. Apply w/photo to Boxholder Box 99030, San Francisco CA 94109

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept verified telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary please indicate to us the best times to call the number. Commercial ads, Services, Models, Travel, Resorts Employment, For Sale, etc. may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

TWO LOOKING FOR TWO

SF BAY AREA
Or fo... 415. 40, 130 5'4" #2 MS 30 180, 6'1" Both w/ hot w/o attitude and like rough sex & old standards. No hang-ups about sex except fear of AIDS. We want to form a 4 or 6 way closed sex party the SF w/ 1 or 2 stable couples. You should be GWM under 50 in good shape healthy not looking for a lover into hot sex and able to keep closed partnerships commitment. If interested lets meet & look one another over. Write Box 3937

TALL MELLOW TOP

Wants an easy going, independent Buddy with a healthy hairless body and a hot fuckable ass. Photo, letter, and phone to Box 3767

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

Is looking for men who are dedicated to a lifestyle that only leathermen experience and appreciate. Age, locale, nationality top, bottom, versatile not important—dedication to the special sights, sounds, smells and tastes of a leather lifestyle are. Benefits include Drummer Subscription, free classified ads, discounts on purchases and more! Send SASE for a confidential application. The Leather Fraternity 864 F. som St. San Francisco CA 94107

RECENTLY DIVORCED

Seeking buddies (1 or more) for mutual enjoyment & expanding my experience in fucking, light S&M, B&D, WS, toys, dildoes, polaroids, playrooms, & fantasy scenes. Not into scat, heavy pain. Reply with photo to Box 3797

VERBAL ABUSE

W/m 28 5'10", 155 lbs., wants trainees for TT C&BT and most important verbal abuse. You must crave someone to tell you exactly what to do, and then be able to do it exactly as told. Must be excellent cocksucker and G/P, as my B/W hot tool needs special attention. Box 3917

W M, 37, 6', SLENDER

Good looking, bottom, seeking heavily muscled daddy 25-45. Into it TT B&D, WS. Let me worship your sweaty muscles. Use your muscles on me. Outdoor scenes? Ric, 1632 J, #3, Eureka, CA 95501.

BLOND COCKSUCKER

Bodybuilder has spit and suction for men with good muscles and healthy minds. No dick too long. No muscles too sweaty. Box 1536

SAFE SEX

No fluid exchange sought by W/m 5'11", 150 lbs., blue/brn blonde moustache "cute", personable. Mutual masturbation, vanilla sex &/or C&B work, bondage and wrestling. Looking for boyfriends—not one-nighters. Ron P.O. Box 14413, SF, CA 94114 LF4145

VERSATILE WRITER

No SM and you name it, seeks man under 45 with good body. No JO phone-calls 861-3183.

PHONE J/O

6', 165 lbs, W/m needs verbal abuse and hot JO phone calls between 11 PM—6 AM only. Dick (415) 626-1385

WM 45, 6', 275 LBS., 7½", UNCUT. Genuinely very exp. Masochist seeks genuine exp. sadist for mutual satisfaction. Your power, domination and pleasure are my pain, humiliation and submission. You set the limits and decide the scene. I am very exp. in heavy bondage and whipping. Piercing CBT TT watersports body worship. Total service and want to continually expand my experiences. What this body may lack in muscular perfection will be more than made up for by what it can give in true sado-masochistic pleasure. Poss. perm relationship. Box 3875.

HOT LONELY BOTTOM

W/m male 40 seeks gentle hot topman with hot rod. In only Ah Area. Box 385

W/MASCULINE HEAVYSET TOPS
Age 35-50, wanted by W/Masculsive Bottom, 34 6'1", 195 lbs. into TT, C&BT WS+. Photo & phone gets immediate phone response. All letters answered. No fees. Box 3874

W/M, 34, NOVICE

Seeks bearded Master into patient serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. No one rulers. Prefer hirsute, baldish, anally oriented, 38-55. Seek man whose life reflects and merits self respect and who gets off on sharing self. 863-9756

31, White Male, 160

Looking for correspondence and/or contact with men willing to expand my experience with C&B, TT, WS, FF. Picture appreciated. 584 Castro, #279, SF 94114

ME—NATURALLY MASCULINE MAN

32, 6', 215, serious weightlifter, handsome YOU—Naturally masculine attractive man with a good heart. No sissys, phonies, free loaders. Photo phone Box 3886

W/M SON SEEKS W/M DAD

Son is 28, 153 lbs, 5'11". DAD is someone who knows how to take care of us both. Must be able to administer corrective punishment when necessary over the knee etc. I will obey your parental guidance. Send your guidance to David Box 18891, San Jose, CA 95158

FAIRFIELD/CONCORD

Masc hairy BB 29 yrs. old looking for same. Into dirt bikes, backpacking and snow skiing & BB. Also like bondage, C&BT and outdoor scenes. Write to OGB, 1647 Willow Pass Rd #40 Concord, CA 94520. No fem, fags or fakes. Photo if possible

BLOND SLAVE WANTED

Good body no abs or tempo. Skinneys looking for permanent slave only. Most tolerate w/ sport. It's a time in here gejea doing what service and doing it right is all about. If you fit above requirements write with photo. Only one will be selected. If you're lucky it will be you! Box 4216

ARE YOU MY MASTER

MY LOVER AND MY SLAVE?

White male, 40, 5'10", 165 lbs., bearded into patient, serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. The accent is on mutually supportive deep masculine love and loyalty with the knowledge that this will be strengthened and enforced with punishment, whipping and pain when necessary. Are you man enough for a longterm, heavy duty commitment? Must be able to be a real top and bottom. Are you ready for true responsibility of owning my body and soul and the humility required to become my property? If yes, write with detailed letter and photo to LF 4003

WANTED

Hot experienced men 25 to 45 for versatile sexual expression. Am 33 6'2", 175 lbs, blond/blue, 8½" into deep throat sucking, fucking, verbal WS CBT TT spanking groups. Am an obedient bottom or experienced top. Photo or accurate description/photo to 584 Castro, Box 209, SF, CA 94114

PERMANENT MASTER

Looking for permanent Master intelligent, committed, young, forceful empathetic Renaissance Man. Limits determined by YOU. Submission and acceptance is mine. Box 14375, SF, CA 94114.

WILD DICK HEAD TICKLE

Smooth swimmer 37 will give you sensational erotic torture by rubbing your dick head with the palm of his hand till you cum or pass out. Box 881922, SF, CA 94188-1922

HOT LATINO BODY BUILDER

Looking for other bodybuilders and men with hard defined bodies for man-to-man bondage games, tit work, C&B torture & slow masturbation. Phone (415) 569-7649

SF ASSHOLE SPECIAL

Get your white-hot asshole serviced. I have all the right equipment. Call "Peter" (415) 285-8390

HOUSEBOY SLAVE

Willing to train the right 21-35 husky amenable man for complete service. All board, room, spending money taken care of. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men older than yourself. Strong discipline training. No phone-ies, no bullshit! (415) 285-7018 eves. Call me Sir

2 HOT LEATHERMEN

We're 2 young guys (25-30) into hot action with other guys into leather. S/M B/D scenes. Hot fags or men who want to serve one man while being served by another. Write with photo & phone P.O. Box 99688, SF, CA 94109

HEAVY DUTY

Construction worker type wanted for hard physical labor. Tough attitude and muscular build a must. You will be sensuously whipped, pumped, tied, chained and worked up till you break. I'm into bikes, SM, BB, CB&TT and have brown hair/eyes, 5'11", 170 lbs, 45, good bod, healthy moustache. Send photo & letter with phone to Box 145001

FRESNO KINKY J/O DADDY

44 seeks tops in 20's for creative J/O scenes. Whipping, hot wax, W/S U/A. Work me over and we'll both get off. My place. Discrete. Photo phone it to Box 4226

ASSHOLE BUDDIES

W/M 42, 6', 165 lbs, hot built into FF dildoes, enemas, spreaders, stuffing. Wants men into mutual creative & uninhabited ass play. Let's open them up & make them talk. Photo appreciated. Jim, 610 Guerrero #3, SF 94110

TATTOOED SPANKER

W/m, 48, good body, tattoos, like to spank men any age. Don 552-0744

HOT MASCULINE PUSSY

No verbal abuse while you and your ds use my pussy/cunt for your pleasure. Tender nipples need sucked and chewed. Phone J.O. David (415) 648-1485, 7pm-12pm

SPANNING PADDLING

W/M 30 gives/receives hand paddle strap, etc. Write P.O. Box 147, 584 Castro, SF, CA 94114

PHONE SEX

(415) 346-8747

HOT PIG FIST HOLE

Seeks big heavy mutual FF with fun drugs. I'm hunky hairy 37 5'10", 150 lbs, with double-wide deep hole. Come on buddy, let's feed our big sloppy bulls and punch each others' guts out! Hot letter & photo to Box 4068

HEY, DADDY'S BOYS!

Very hot daddy, 6', 170 lbs, 39, well built, muscular, good looking, seeks well built, smooth, 18-32 daddy's boy with excellent attitude! Phone & photo to Box 4221

MEDICAL

Take-charge doctor wanted by YWM for advanced medical procedures involving catheters, enemas, intubation, B&D, and submission to other clinical procedures. (415) 885-6770

SHORT HANDSOME BODYBUILDER

San Francisco native, discreet, even intelligent, experienced in SM. Expert at balancing pleasure with pain. Safe non-damaging, genital torture, restraints, mechanical and electrical stimulation to deliberately stretch your limits. I don't just assume a dominant "role"—I am sadistic, dominant and no amateur. Roger (415) 864-5566

APPLICATIONS BEING ACCEPTED by hot top 34, 5'10", 150 lbs, 30" waist, 30" chest hung for a 30-35, good-looking, in sch. slaves, who will submit to SM, B&D, WS exhibitionism and education. Slave will enjoy leather bodybuilding and cigars as well as the arts and romance. Call for an appointment to present yourself for inspection. (415) 626-1670

HOT NOVICE

Guy 30, 5'10", 170 lbs, new on the block, hot, hairy, def. ned body, moustache, hung, juncut, straight looks needs training, VA, discipline scenes from hot topmen into good bodies, leather uniforms, att. lude, light SM. Delta fed replies with photo (photo if possible), get immediate response D.M. Box 2511, SF, CA 94126

SF LEATHER SADIST

Leather motorcycle riding dev. I need demon slaves for full-leather crotch action. I'm tall, slim but 40s. Will put the leather-screw to your hooded ace tied with my leather straight-ace. Privacy assured. In the well-gearred black room SM bondage sanctum. Video recording a poss. billy. You are younger no-nonsense, not fat slave. Apply w/ photo to Boxholder, Box 99033, San Francisco CA 94109

TESTICLE SLAPPING

55 yr old beauty grey hair great body 5'9", 150 lbs, wants lover who does the slapping of sacs, ass paddling. Affectionate aware higher concio less. Lightly punching balls, strap pulls. Psychic Meditate (415) 863-0342

WANTED

Hot and Horn Lat n man to sit on my face and service their cocks. Hot Blonde-B. Je eyed W/m 5'10", 150 lbs. Call 6-12 PM 415-931-2161

COMPLETE BOTTOM

All the way out, into feet and shaving would like to belong to a sensitive man. Tony (415) 928-8900

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

STUD OFFERS HIS

Big Juncut Cock & G-lobes for C&B Torture Box 5001 El Monte CA 91734

FLOGGING & DISCIPLINE

Tall hot hung daddy 38 needs beating & flogging from younger studs 18-30. Your limits in my playroom. Write to Gary Box 254, 7869 Santa Monica Blvd, LA, CA 90046

B/D, C/B, FF

GWM 5'10", blue eyes, brown hair, 240 lbs, uncut novice to B/D, C/B, FF. Call (714) 774-6778 or write occupant 1585 W. Bell Rd, #G, Anaheim CA 92802

CONTROLLED BEHAVIOR

SUBMISSION, BONDAGE TRAINING LESSONS PROPER MASTER BOX 432 LOS ANGELES CA 90078-0432

LEATHER ACTION

Leatherman, 6', 175 lbs, goodlooking seeks same for hot, healthy leather/uniform action, discipline, SM, outdoor bike scenes. Box 4148

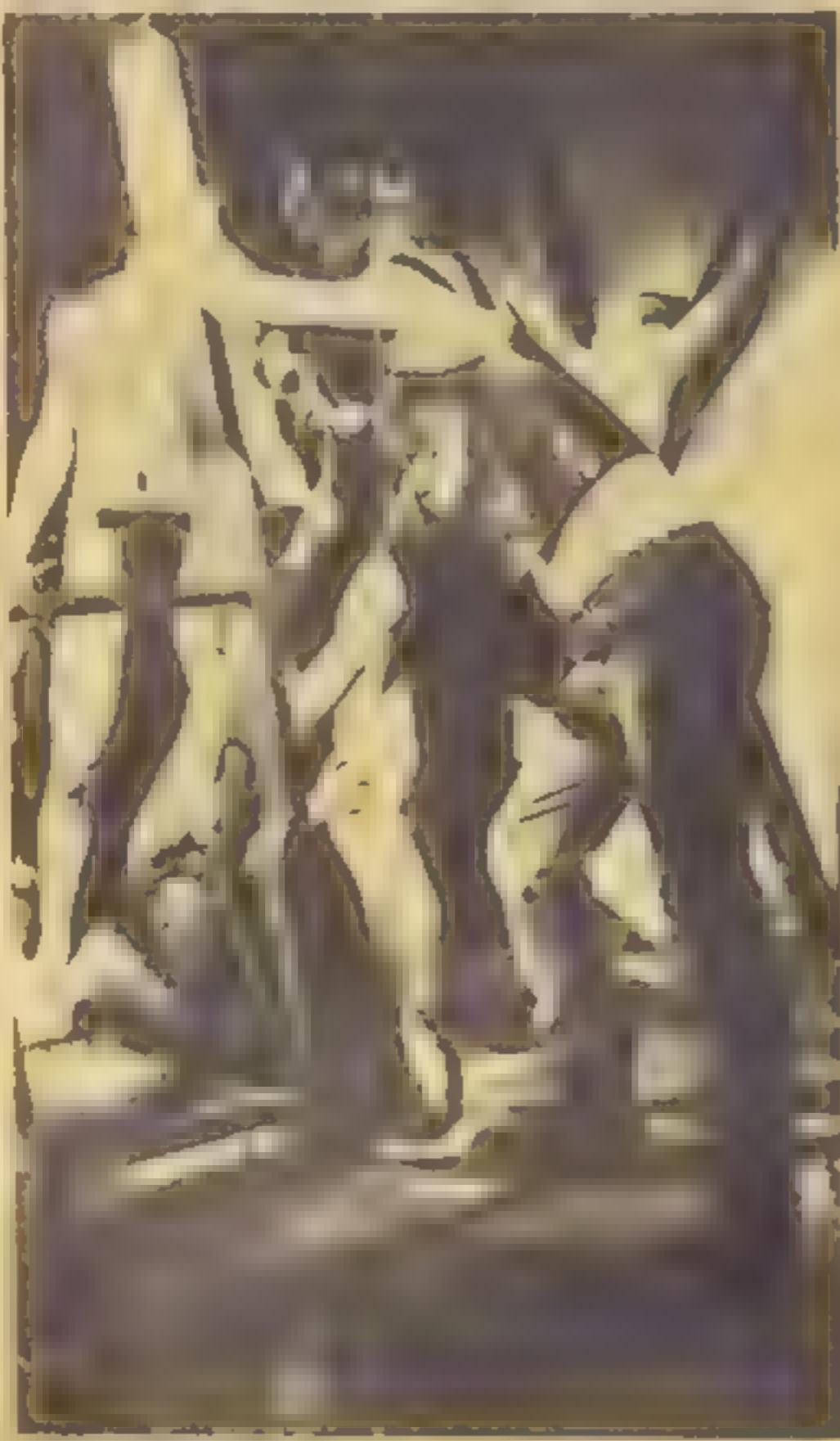
BIKER

42, topman looking for same to put me on bottom to test me, to challenge me, show me what my ass is for to show me I'm too pre-occupied w/ my cock to be my friend and ce brate and share my growth. Box 4164

SLAVE TRAINEE WANTED

Daddy (White, 46, 6'2", 230 lbs.) and his boy (Black, 19, 5'11", 155 lbs.) are looking for a slave to train. Novice okay. Dad will teach his boy to be a Master. Only full-time, live-in, long-term SERIOUS need apply. Complete description and photo/phone to Box 4177

BEFORE "BORN TO RAISE HELL"



NOW YOU CAN SEE IT!



THERE WAS
**NIGHT OF
SUBMISSION**

THE FULL LENGTH THEATRE VERSION
**A BOLD, UNFLINCHING LOOK AT
LIFE IN AN ACTUAL DUNGEON...**

This is the first big production of leathersex and shows a dungeon that was the talk of the leatherworld. It's hot, hard-hitting and this is a print from brand-new theatre film. DRUMMER featured it in a very early issue and even published a picture book (now unavailable). Showing time is sixty hot and exciting minutes and the price is modest.

VHS/BETA **39⁹⁵**

BORN TO RAISE HELL is a seventy-minute hard on. At least that is what I had the night they screened it for me. It is a classic in Leather SM moviemaking.

Robert Payne DRUMMER

Now, see for yourself the film that made a star of VA. MARTIN. Originally in four parts, this videotape is the complete theatre film and includes The Bar Scene, The Shaving Scene, The Dungeon Scene and the Cops Revenge Scene. No collection is complete without it and we are extremely happy to finally be able to offer it for home viewing. Running time Feature length, 70 minutes

VHS/BETA **79⁹⁵**

WINGS VIDEO

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Send me: VHS BETA NIGHT OF SUBMISSION @ 39 95
 BORN TO RAISE HELL @ 79 95 VISA MASTERCARD

No _____ Exp _____

Name _____

Address _____

City State Zip _____

Age _____

Phone _____

(I am over 21)

SHORT BLONDS, BIG REHEADS

Two wealthy Masters seek 2-2 hard-working slaves with steel balls, age 20-25, tough scrappy dudes into BB, wrestling, karate, gymnastics. Will sponsor competition mate a solo boy, health minded. No dopers, drunks, smoking no bal shit or damage. Age looks cocksize unimpressive. Seek obedience, loyalty, discipline with Yes Sir attitude and capacity for correction, punishment, having balls whupped, butt paddled. Don't fight, do it over. Not looking for 2nd best. You will wear chains and leash with, be eat from dog bowl w/ attitude. Long with our 3 dogs, familiar with white men, you have an idea of the obedience and discipline we look for. Your strength known in and intelligence will be totally committed to our exclusive benefit, comfort and pleasure. We're looking for a avemen who work & sweat hard for their Masters. Will spit-shine Masters boots like pride in doing it well. I require thirsty slaves who can relieve me of 3AM piss. This is permanent, the real stuff. You will have your butt in gym every day, train in martial arts, perform strength and endurance routines, will be pierced and tattooed. Duties will be house slave, personal attendant, run Owners various business enterprises. Like washboard abs, gynoic forearms, heavy vascular. You will be greek passive, french active, will help design your own leather and steel gear. Limits entirely up to us, but no scat or FF. I'm partial to redheads, my lover likes blonde not required. I like em tall, my hair short. Beard and moustache desirable if aperian hairy, you're practically home free. Also not required. Desire some background/interest in cooking, carpentry, gardening, vagabond oriented. Must be able to get driver's license and passport. We like to travel, need driver, baggage handler, etc. If you think you're in the ballpark, let's talk. Photos. Remember—no limits, no excuses. Your attitude is everything. If you're good we have latitude. Now read this again, very carefully. Box 3866.

LOOKING FOR

EXPERIENCED TOP MAN

Must have nice body, not hairy, no beard. Prefer no moustache should be into all clean scenes, maybe with we're equipped playroom. I am 42, 6'3", 180 with piercings and many tattoos. Experienced in some scenes, novice in others. Some limits. Disease conscious? Is there a doctor into piercing? Please call Mon-Fri 9pm to midnight. Ask for Ron and be discreet. Leave number and time to call if not home (213)254-3038.

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM

G/W/M 23, 5'10", 150 lbs, short brown hair, moustache. Seeks hot, dominate, X-hung, hairy. Leather/Cowboy-Masters/Daddies, who need service and cuddling. I am G-P FAC (Deep Throat) will try most scenes. Clean healthy! (619)231-4496

HUNG UNCURT DOG

6' 180, strong-legged specimen handsome and eager, offers mouth, ass, C&B for punishment and mutual pleasure. Dog's mouth/ass eager cunt/urinal. Seeks cock-centered, natural dominant, preferably shorter white, tan, black. Polaroids, groups, dog-food ok. Animals possible. G.M. P.O. Box 26081 L.A., CA 90026 Swap pix.

WANTED L.A.

Two uncut, hairy, Daddies w/donkey dicks and low-hangers to force-feed 27-year-old stud. Need VA, WS, juicy but meat, sweaty balls. Call anytime 213-556-9813.

HEY BOY!

Want a Daddy? I mean a real Daddy! A Daddy with lots of love in his heart and a big bulge in his crotch, and all just for you! A Daddy who won't abuse you, but still a Daddy who'll show you the ropes and then use them on you as he makes you his slave/boy and takes you as his son. DADDY W/M young-looking 45 145 lbs, 5'8" moustache, all his hair dominant and butt fucking topman BOY Quiet, trim, young smooth-faced, boyish, totally-obedient, thoroughly submissive, affectionate, loving, and completely bottom. Any nationality or boy and beginner OK. Short & trim, boy welcome. So small and skinny, or well-built. Size not important but boy's desire to really be Daddy's Boy is boy's photo get Daddy's photo and Daddy's phone number. Box 3862.

LONG BEACH, ORANGE COUNTY
Masculine, white man, 45, 5'9", 155#, seeks same to 45 as FF Bottom. Must have good head and body. Reply with photo and phone to Box 3869. Skiers welcome!

THERE ARE NO LEATHER BARS IN MISSION VIEJO

Slave/prisoner looking for Master(s)/guard(s) Me WM-34-6-170-Lite brd Tan, FA, GP B&D, verbal abuse, ball & tit tort. W.S., travel LA-SD You. +6 white, dominate, under 45, healthy, good shape Photo & phone to Box 2142, Mission Viejo, CA 92690-0142

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For part es photos, groups or one Master (818) 864-9486

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS
Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P gear and uniforms with tall hot black boots, all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs. Any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well hung, good looking and in a FF WS, VA boot service GB and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony (213) 777-0122 Box 47552 Los Angeles, CA 90047

JOCK BOY SLAVE

24 old in jockstrap, brown hair, blue eyes, 6', 170 lbs, 7% Normally enjoy fucking blonde surfer boys, occasionally wish to serve young hung masters. Enjoy bondage, spanking, assplay and punishment. Picture if possible with description of what you want to do to me. Box 4216

WANTED

Healthy male slave, any race, 21-35 must be willingly disposed to total service in any and all means, without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding His slave's whole mind and body in a fully subservient existence, dedicated to its Master and His life style. Send appropriate application humbly to: Master Conrad P.O. Box #938 29 Palms, Calif 92277 include a complete mailing address and telephone number. BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable

LEATHER DISCIPLINE

Hot bds w/m 40-61 190+ Sadist/c Experienced and widely respected seeks unfettered muscular masochists. OBJECT: Enlarging the S&M spectrum by satisfying mutual needs. Rawhide and steel will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons, contact Frank A. bright Box 84085, San Diego, CA, 92138 or call 619-260-8196 (after 11 pm)

PIERCED, TATTOOED

LA TOP

Bearded, 6' 155#, w/m, mid 40's, looking for L/L, boot-lickin', piss-drink'n, grease/oil-lovin', bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos, C/B/T/T, W/S, shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks, ok. Photo/ phone replies answered first. Box 3741

LOW BLOWS OK

Goodlooking tall tough young proud fuck gets off on hard contact. Gives-lakes no mercy. Workouts w/ 1's & knees. Street fight experience. Two on check Fan out, etc. Send phys caldes photo pic a d phone. Describe scene. Box 3864

38, W/M MASC. SEEKS

Mature, assertive men for good, hot sex. Call till 3 AM (202)547-9273

SAN DIEGO

Top, 6'3", 195 lbs., 42 complete game room, tubs, chains, rim chairs, stocks, sling, ropes, clamps, collars, cross cuffs, hoist harness, hoods, movies, dildos, gags, leather boots, urinals, video, whips, weights, mirrors, wax vacuum, colonic. Blk (619) 420-8967

LITTLE BOYS WANTED 18

Dad GWH 35, 6'2", 180 lbs, br br beard wants boys 18-29 into hot JO and cock-sucking to service dad's dick. Call All (213) 650-0720. No fat, fems

DENTURES LICKED

Oral service for uniformed sadists only CHP/LAPD pref 818-913-3819

WANTED TOP

For bondage and water sports sessions W/M 48, 6'-0" 220 into SM FF shaving, Ball and Tit play, etc. Have playroom and toys. Tel. (213) 223-9348

FIND DADDY HERE!

BIG FAT PIG

Los Angeles. Pretty-faced hog—30 6'4", 300+ lbs—seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed jello-bellied slave with huge tits and ham-hock thighs. Not much experience but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girlie, come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig! Write Box 3179

HOT HANDSOME FISTER

Climb on top and get inside of this insatiable 5'9", 26, 160# dark haired, moustached man with deep, wide hungry hole. Seeks similar together hot trim FF buddies for mutual plowing and stuffing each other into good times, flexible roles, expanding limits. Photo/phone to Box 4242

FIND DADDY HERE!

S/M LONG RELATIONSHIP

WANTED

Bondage: S/M leather 31 years old 145 lbs. 5'10", well-built, owner and operator of small business in Sherman Oaks, lost my lover over a year ago. I love to play top and bottom, want to find someone sincere and honest who has the same interest as me in bondage, leather scene, slave and master working out. No scat or piercing. I do not want one night stands or to go bar hunting the rest of my life. I want to dedicate my soul and body to only one man. I am looking for a truly long SM relationship with someone who knows how to play and want to explore the world of the leather scene. You should be 25-35, caucasian, good looking, self-employed or financially secure, ready to build a long relationship-monogam st. Send picture and resume to Box 4232

WHIPPING BOY WANTED

by WM 33 w/ a mean streak. You will be subjected to long sessions where I whip you a while then fuck you a while, on and on. Sometimes I'll just tie you up and use a bull whip on you. You'll beg to be untied to service me. Your room and board and pocket money will be supplied. I'm very straight acting, built level-headed. You: firm or muscular able to relocate immediately. Send photo, phone and respectful letter to Box 4229

TOTALLY SUBMISSIVE

Inexperienced white, 28, 5'9", 140, 9" cock, sleek, good looking, intelligent student NEED! experienced leathermaster-lover 25-45, healthy masculine, good-looking w/ner to serve and be trained in bondage, discipline, toys. Explore limits, permanent relationship. Serious! Inland Empire. Please Sir, letter phone to Box 4224

BODYBUILDER HUNK

Into Bondage Sweat Shaves Leather CBT Hot Ass Toys, Enemas w/Gameroom. Cooking for hot creative TOP-MAN who can get into heavy serious sessions. Belt Poss. #2458306 Wishbra Blvd. Beverly Hills Ca 90211

ALABAMA

HELP WANTED

We are two men in our mid 30s who are stuck in the South among the peaches and similar fruits. We happen to like playing with men—real men. We are (1) 6'2", blonde/blue, bearded w/ 8" uncut tool (2) 6'1" brown fur and 7½" uncut protrusion. We are looking for men living in the South for mutual visits or visitors who would like to get in while in the Mobile area. If you think you can handle two male-starved men drop us a resume of what you have gotten into and would like to get into along with a recent picture (returnable) that shows your assets. We will get in touch w/ you for a very personal interview. Write MCS, Box 16341 Mobile AL 36616

BOTTOM SEEKS TOPMAN

(Daddy) 21-45

To take charge of the situation verbally and physically. Me Prof. Blk 40 5'11" 148 lbs masculine discretion expected and received P.O. Box 1772, Montgomery AL 36104

ALASKA

HOT BOTTOM

Hot bottom man into hiking camping backpacking. Would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs 42 br/br, moustache, masculine good build, hot bums. Would like to meet men 25-45 masculine, well-built not fat, well-hung who know how to take charge of the action. Write letter with photo to P.O. Box 423, Kenai, Alaska 99611, or call (907)283-4879

ARIZONA

TWO GUYS SEEK YOUNG (18-35)
Dude for 3-way action. Top or bottom. We have private black room. Boxholder Box 9484, Phoenix, AZ 85068

PHOENIX TRASH

Two hot sex pigs in mid-30s looking for men into WS, VA, hot JO sessions, and other healthy but deranged activities. Box 4032

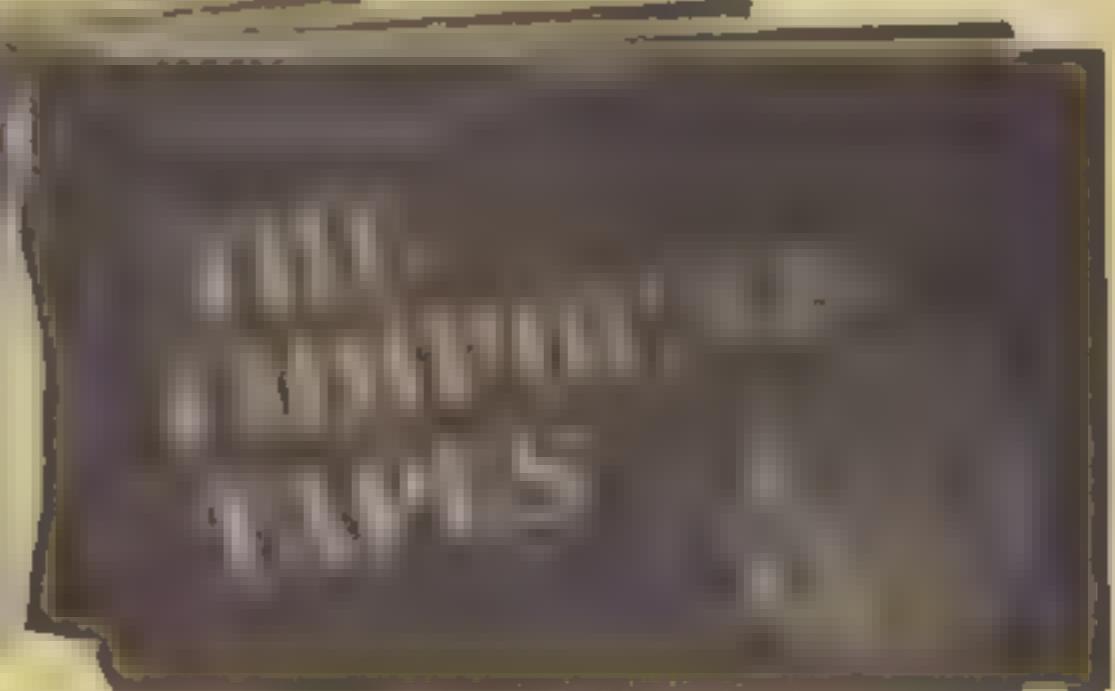
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THE COMPOUND TAPES



TAPE ONE—THE INTERROGATION

Like nothing you've ever experienced hear slavemaster Brutus take charge of a willing but novice slave who claims he can endure as much pain as Brutus can deliver. Listen as Brutus delivers more than the slave bargained for

995

TAPE TWO—THE TRAINING BEGINS

Breaking in a slave for the first time is only the beginning. Brutus starts a long and unrelenting series of disciplines and exercises guaranteed to turn the most untidy man into a whimpering slave. This second tape in the series goes even further.

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TAPE THREE—PUNISHMENT & REWARD

Brutus takes a fresh new slave through the entire spectrum of discipline and humiliation, from boot and ass kissing to bound and whipped. But this slave makes the grade, and Brutus gives him a reward he'll never forget

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MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders after a sweaty workout talk about their equipment and each other—then the talking turns to action as these pumped muscle machines give each other a ball busting workout

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MARINES OVERHEARD

Two hot and horny young marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss, and Mike takes it from there. If you like your action raunchy while a hot marine squats over your face, then

you'll love this tape. It's all men

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HOT TALK TAPES

HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck and the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off, then his dirty jeans. When the jeans hit the floor of the truck cab, you'll find out why this tape is called Hot Hung Trucker

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MASTER MARIO AS THE COP

Master Mario, porn star, slave driver, the ultimate top man, presented here as the toughest cop you've ever fantasized about. He puts a suspect through a domination trip that leaves nothing to the imagination.

995

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"I am your commander, your big brother, your daddy, every hot man you ever saw in your whole fucking life and beat off over!" That's just the start of the verbal abuse and humiliation the Commander is going to heap on you!

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GREASE MONKEYS

Mono and his buddy Steve apprehend a voyeur in the men's room of their auto shop. They get out the axle grease for a gang bang like you've never heard!

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accept verified telephone numbers in persona ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary please indicate to us the best time/sit to verify the number. Commercial ads, Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

UNINHIBITED MASTER
Sought by good-looking, in-shape leather slave. 37 5'6", 130 lbs. for obe-
dient slave. Box 3957

CLASSIFIED ADS ARE A BARGAIN!

YOUNG SLAVE SON
wanted by older experienced leatherman with well equipped training room offering discipline, love plus physique, college and career help. You must be 20-30 serious, have good slave potential and high goals. Rod, (303) 433-9587. Write Box 18876, Denver, CO 80218.

SLAVE WANTED
By W Master 39, 176 lbs 5'11". Slave must be 22-45 B&D, FR, & more. Must be willing to expand limits. Must relocate. Send letter telling how you will serve me. Incude photo. Write P.O. Box 816, Aurora, CO 80040.

MASTER SEEKS LIVE-IN SLAVE
Slave sought by 30-year-old master for live-in position. Must be between 18-25 years old and willing to give of body & soul. Forward detailed letter with photo to Master P. On your knees & ave and do it now. Box 4211.

CONNECTICUT

FIT TO BE TIED

Seek someone to share interests in B&D, TT, CBT. Flexible top or bottom. No FF or WS. AI. Box 2001, North Haven, CT 06473.

SM BIKER

Leatherman wants leather bottom/slaves for man to man leather SM sex B&D, C&BT, TT, WS, etc. Limits respected. This experienced leather master wants you to perform on demand. Send me your application and photo including your willingness to be a good slave. Box 3957.

C&BT

With v ces, electric cat BenGay punching/sapping while in bondage and gagged. For sane but very heavy scene call (617) 256-2968.

DELAWARE

WESLEY SUE

Demanding 48, 5'11", 145 G W Virgo. Male seeks obedient thin bottoms (16-32), at my location. Reply w/photo & resume to WHB P.O. Box 251, Wilmington, DE 19894.

SLAVE AVAILABLE

Looking for Master for training. Needs to be disciplined, into bondage and SM. Confidentiality must be assured. Write Box 113, Suite 113, 402 N Union St, Wilm, DE 19805.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

UNCUT MEN

36-6, 165 lbs, hot handsome bearded stud looking for men with big, dirty, uncut dicks. WS, B&D, SM. I'm tired of always being on top. Make me beg for it! Box 4195.

WELL BUILT

Unruly military type W M 5'11", 37, 180 lbs. 8" cut responds only to very experienced handling. Chained by the balls, worked by the strap and prod until you get what you want. Service from a highly intelligent animal. No FF or hard drugs. Box 3866.

BOTTOM WANTED: SHAVING
Me 5'11", 175 lbs, muscular. 33. You no B&D ass work, dildoes, listing being shaved. Box 4145.

FLORIDA

MASOCHIST

Seeks sadist for ritual. Can travel. Box 3867.

TAMPA MASTER DADDY

Seeks slaveboy, son, or houseboy. Daddy 48, 5'10", 180 lbs, hairy, hung, big strict, loving. Son boyish smooth, uncut, obedient, ready for love, commitment. Box 4146.

YOU CAN NOW LIST YOUR PHONE NUMBER \$1 VERIFICATION

BEARDED MASTER

Trains serious novices with understanding and disciplines muscular bad boys. Reply with photo to Box 4214.

USED SLAVES

Under 25, accepted for recycling. Beginners trained Ft Lauderdale area. Box 4230.

SLAVEBOY WANTED TOP

White Master 34, 6'4", 190, bearded. Wants slaveboy 25, under 35, masculine, submissive. Novices accepted. Limits respected. Sale—hot—real. P.O. Box 76003, St. Petersburg, FL 33734.

APOLLO

Lifeguard Bodybuilder All scenes & all equipment. Dungeon available for slave training. (305) 940-9485.

FLORIDA

Orlando houseboy—Slave applications accepted from slaves 21-30 with right attitude will be trained by 33Y, 5'8" bearded master. Serious only. Send resume & photo. Box 4055.

INTELLIGENT, AMBITIOUS

Non-smoking, versatile young man with swimmers, smooth body sought by attractive and successful young professional. Friendship and possible monogamous relationship. Box 4102.

THIRSTY MAN

GWM 34, 6'2", 190, brown hair, 8" cut, looking for other hot men for hot wet scenes. Photo gets same. Box 4212.

LIVE RENT FREE IN FLORIDA

I am tall, masculine and submissive late 30s. Loves wearing rubber and lingerie w/o g/s. B&D. You must be aggressive and wear rubber or leather any age. Sweaty, uncut, hairy men preferred. Call Gal. 1-904-496-2070.

GEORGIA

ATLANTA SLAVE

29, needs limits expanded by demanding master or group. Very versatile. Write Bobby. All answered. Box 4080.

MANLY BLACKS WANTED

By white male pussy 29. Call me and talk dirty or come over and sit on my face and let me smell kiss and tongue clean your Royal asshole. I receive golden shower, scat, verbal degradation, light whipping and slapping. Masculine Latinos. Ethnic types okay. Davids Atlanta 404-876-2251.

VIDEO

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HOUSTON, TEXAS
(713) 524-PIGS



ATLANTA MASTER

Stud 25, seeks stud slave 18-25 SM B&D WS CBT TT FF Scat face sitting, shaving wax. Don't call if you can't take it. 907 Piedmont A2 (404) 892-4113

BLACK SCAT TOPS

wanted by Greek passive white bottom 26+ g ve funky rear French to and get gangbanged (w th rubbers) by rough trade ex-cons Latin dirty blue collar Free beer for eager Go down Shower givers No JO phone call Cal White Pussy (David) Atlanta (404) 876-2751

HOT MAN

W/m 34 6' 165 lbs totally masculine and athletic seeks 5' m or w/e muscled masculine w/m only who w/retrain me and fuck my face Letter with your interests to MSI Box 8375 Atlanta GA 30306 Discretion assured

ATLANTA 2 GWM'S

28 and 35 into leather SM B&D TT WS and more All replied answered Photo appreciated. Travellers welcome Box 4142

W M, 37, 6'1", 180 LBS, BB 43" chest 32" waist red hair beard seeks very muscular Gr Act man My place only Traveling? NE GA? Your letter photo info gets mine. Must strong, sincere please Roy 124 Mulberry St Athens GA 30601

ATLANTA

Seeks men into leather and uniforms for hot sessions Top or bottom single or group Lets make fantasies no really Your photo gets mine Box 4078

ATLANTA

S M age 30 seeks men into leather and uniforms for hot sessions Top or bottom single or group Lets make fantasies no really Your photo gets mine Box 4078

**EXTRA HUNG
BROOKS BROS. TYPE**

Change quick to very demanding ball & nipple torture Top freak I am 32 170 lbs 10" cock cut & hairy Am interested only in men like WS/FF/piercing and total shaving of cratches Interested in men with Silicon dicks. Photo gets me Box 4074

HOT TOP

25 y/o 6' 155 lbs 8' br/bl team hard & defined looking for bottoms into spanking diadoes. B D JO light S&M etc Send letter with photo to D Johnson 975 W Peachtree St N E #9A, Atlanta Georgia 30309

ILLINOIS**HORNY LEVI LEATHER TOP**

Aggressive GWM 6' 185lbs 34" waist brown hair & eyes, short beard and mustache looking for bottoms/slaves into hot sweaty times Fucking sucking FF, WS bondage etc Reply w th photo Box A3810 Chicago, IL 60610

DOM NANT DADDY

37 190 lbs with gut 6' 7 1/2" wants very submissive slave. 22 35 heavily into infantilism Daddy's little boy enjoys piss, pacifier, dirty diapers being fed enemas, diadoes, 1/2 work and pain Toddler can expect potty supervision and complete control Obedience and worship bring cuddling disobedience and disrespect bring pain Punishment Object total domination erect development North Box 4146

BOTTOM 22 Y CUT

g man I'm heavy into a big er telling me what he is going stock J O Sullivan 841 bridge IL 60517 (312) 985-

GENUINE MASOCHISTS

sought by W/m Sadist for extended sessions and possible relationship Your agony is my pleasure and your pleasure is in keeping me happy Must be in good shape! Call Sir (312) 261-3912

W M DAD SEEKS W M SON

Son wanted 18-plus, who can look and act boyish Write Jay No. 179 606 W Barry Chicago, IL 60657

SUPER HUNG

Too big to be taken care of right? Let one of Chicago's best slave throats show his incredible talents on your incredible cock. I have a proven record of satisfaction Box 3842

EXHIBITIONIST

G/W/M—35 to correspond with other exhibitionists To exchange fotos & experience of public hot act on & nudity esp at Mardi Gras & rock concerts Write Messina Box 10499 Chicago, IL 60610-0499

YOUR AD GETS RESULTS!**YOUNG STUD WANTED**

GWM 5'11" 165 brown hair mustache seeks stud who enjoys having cock balls, ass and boots licked Send photo & I will grovel Box 4073

CHICAGO AREA DADDY

W M 40 plus, 6' 170 gal kg, wants to lie gag suck & fuck cute slim W M 21-40 Send phone number photo Box 4075

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK

23 year old novice moving to Chicago in June, and is just breaking into leather scene. Seeks contact with Chicago leathermen (28-32) for an introduction into the lifestyle Show me how you became leatherman Box 4064

Wants brown and yellow bottom red hanky bottom—Send info & photo Jay P O Box 8032, Chicago, IL 60614

GET YOUR FANTASIES

Chicago Master 42 6'3" 190# w th well equipped dungeon/playroom wants submissives or bottoms for Obedience training bondage humiliation discipline, paddling C&B work, S&M etc All limits respected Novices accepted, race no problem will be Drummer Dad to deserving studs. All replies answered Send photo if possible Box 2630 Chicago, IL 60690

HORNY LEVI/LEATHER TOP

Aggressive GWM 6' 185lbs 34" waist brown hair & eyes, short beard and mustache, looking for bottoms slaves into hot sweaty times Fucking sucking FF WS Bondage Etc Reply with photo/letter P O Box A3810 Chicago, IL 60691

W M DAD SEEKS SON

Want son 18-plus who can look and act very boyish. Write Jay No. 179 606 West Barry Chicago, IL 60657

FOOT TICKLING

Hot, dominant stud into bondage and sensual foot tickling seeks submissive with ticklish feet Submit letter/photo Moustache a plus Box 1594, Chicago, IL 60690

CRYSTAL LAKE

A small town worth mentioning—McHenry County Box 4219

INDIANA**TRUCKERS WELCOME**

Chicago area cock sucker W/m 26, 6' 175 lbs goodlooking, bl/b, mustache, willing to please Box 142 Crown Point, IN 46307

Jewelry for exotic piercings

Gauntlet
1720 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, California 90065
Phone (213) 857-5577

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BAD BOY COMIX

The first issue of *Bad Boy Comix* is here! The most uninhibited collection of new erotic gay adventures (some suitable for coloring, some suitable for stamping) on the market! Full-color and 12 pages of ranch, satire, wit and uncrossed buns! You must be 21 years of age, and you better rush \$2.50 (postpaid) for the first issue to:

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The original club for men into watersports:

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Tom Boire

584 Castro Suite #265D, S.F. 94114
for application

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Los Angeles, CA 90019

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- 40-page book for adults only
- extra-large 11 x 15 format
- art suggestions
- stories to get you started

For information, send SASE,
signature, age 21 statement to

HUNHAUS, P.O. BOX 19240-A
LOS ANGELES, CA 90019

BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

Submissive W M 38 5'8", 135 lbs., brn /blu., mustache 6-7" cut, with hungry mouth and ass, seeks older Top/Master to serve and service Photo/phone appreciated. Bottom, lives in S W Indiana Box 4065

REPLACEMENT SLAVE

sought by Black Master 34 and alone because previous slavedog was a fuckup. WM to 40 and send SASE for application on P O Box 122 Terra Haute IN 47808

BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

Submissive W M 36, 5'8", 135 lbs., brn /blu., moustache. 6-7" cut, with hungry mouth and ass, seeks older Top/Master to serve and service Photo/phone appreciated. Bottom, lives in S W Indiana Box 4065

IOWA**HOT HORNY**

Bearded W/M 35, 145# 5'7" Ready for SM leathersex, with safe & sane FF action. We can't afford to wait any longer. Forward photo, specs & to Box 3998

NEED TO BE DIAPERED?
28 year-old married Dad wanting to form lasting relationship with a baby 18-25, small to medium build. Love to wear diapers, plastic pants, cuddling masturbation? I am looking for you. Write to Paul P O Box 184 Ottumwa IA 52601

NEW TOP IN DES MOINES

Hot allbet c 5'11" 165# 37 top wants slim bottom 20-40 for BD, CB/T/T. Married? Lover? Profess ona? Never answered an ad? Answer this one. Absolute discretion. Limits respected. Send photo, application with favorite fantasy to Max Box 8103, Des Moines IA 50301

KANSAS**W M, 29, NOVICE SLAVE**

Seeks master to explore and expand my limits. Need hot top into B/D CB/T shaving, piercing. Topeka, Lawrence Kansas City Sir I'm waiting Box 4852 Topeka, KS 66604

LOUISIANA**NOVICE SLAVE**

WM 28, Bl/Bt goodlooking, needs training by sane demanding daddy/master. Eager to be used to please right man P O Box 71313 N.O., Louisiana 70172

NEW ORLEANS

Young White/Oriental wanted for light bondage. No SM. I'm GWM, 47 (504) 831 9298

MAINE

Two extreme north woodsmen looking for fun. Your pix gets ours. Jack/Wal. 1 Forest Ave Ft Kent ME 04743 (207) 834-5649

MARYLAND**HUNGRY TO SERVE**

Attractive, WM 31, 175 lbs., gentle submissive, with hot, hungry mouth and ass seeks to serve tall aggressive, dominant, but loving man. Box 48 Joppa, MD 21085

**FIND HIM
IN THE CLASSIFIEDS!****DADDY'S LITTLE BOY**

Boston, 28, 5'2", 115 lbs. needs Daddy diapers bottle feeding baby food boot licking puppydog collar toys, lts. JO rubbers discipline dirty talk cuddling. Seek big tall, attractive straight looking & acting Daddy. Like beards and moustaches. Proper non-smoker. Photo Box 4166

BEARDED MASTER

40, 5'10", 165 lbs., hung thick experienced, understanding. Seeks clean, healthy slaves for long sexual sessions in my fully-equipped Den. Any age, any scene—but scalp. Novice slaves get T.C. I am in the Annapolis/Baltimore area. Other Masters welcome to share slaves. Letters with photos get answered fast! Box 3893

SPANK ME

Good and hard, take me over your knees and administer firm corrective discipline. Whack the seat of my pants good, or redder my bare ass. Seek attractive, masculine master. First ad new to scene. Tired of living in fantasy time for the real thing. I am 32, 5'7", Greek passive, muscular, cute, boyish great ass. Photo and letter. Nick One High St., Box S-130, Medford MA 02155

TRAINABLE

Hairy white male dog slave. 31, seeks training and discipline. Enjoy bondage very Greek passive. Please expand my limits. Travel California & Nevada. Box 4174

MASSACHUSETTS**HOT BOTTOM MAN**

Young professional moving to Boston. Open to most scenes. Interested in meeting men for apt. info., workout buddies friends etc. Steve Box 12341 Gainesville FL 32604. (904) 371-0054 ABSOLUTELY NO LATE NIGHTS OR J/D

FIND DADDY HERE!

MASSACHUSETTS LEATHERMAN
Lean, muscular, hung leatherman seeks same. I'm mid-40s 6'2", 165 lbs and versatile. You are into leather, hot horny and hairy. No fats items. Write Box 170 Sagamore Beach MA 02562

ARROGANT WRITER

Strictly top 33 w/bald moustache if ws if right bottom man. Box 3799

MICHIGAN**PONTIAC AREA BOTTOM**

Muscular WM 5'10", 165, 33, moustache, beard. Hot ass wants to be bound and fucked. Tisted. Also into B/D W/S, shaving, enemas, polaroids, toys. Uniform a great plus. State troopers and police. I'll worship your boots and submit to your every need. Box 3864

MINNESOTA**NOVICE MASTER**

25, seeks submissives for country weekend retreats P O Box 10354 Minneapolis, MN 55440

SLIM MALE WOULD

Like to meet bearded bears for hot sex. Is there any hairy bears in the Twin Cities who can handle this arrogant son of bitch? Please write and let's get down to fucking. Serious sex only. Force me to service you. Box 3861

NOVICE SLAVE

Submissive GWM 27 needs training by sane demanding daddy/master. Eager to be used to please right man. Box 4133

SLIM BOTTOM MAN

35 has tight ass that's in need of fucking. Would like to meet muscular Daddy's who would like to be sexually serviced on a regular basis. Box 3863

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship. Daddy Master 6'1", 165 lbs. 41, stable, sensitive since a loving dominant/leather Son slave is smooth 18-30 (youngest given preference all others considered), submissive, obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and

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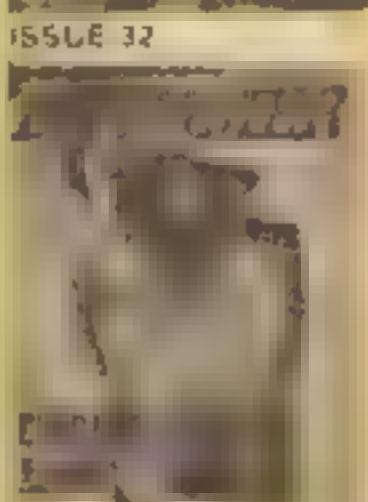
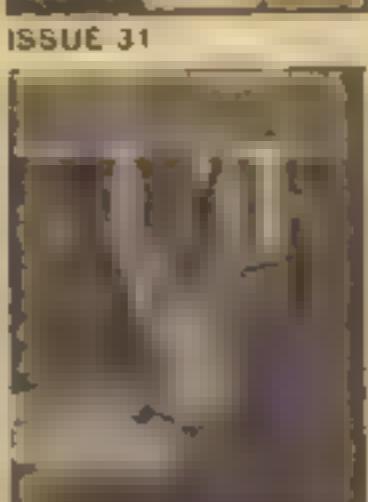
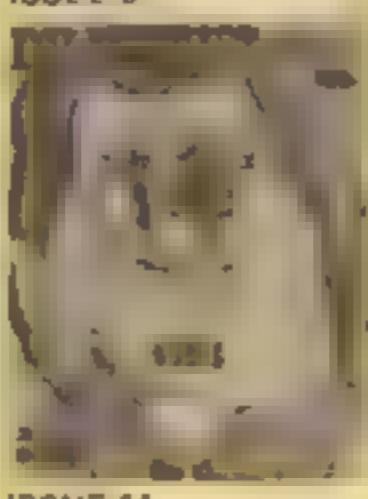
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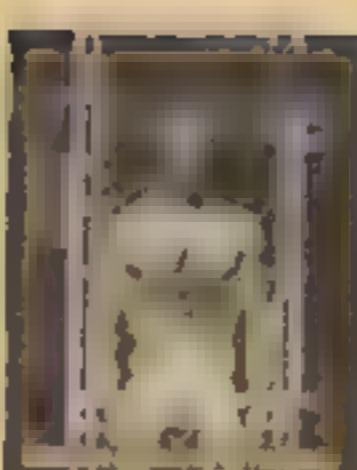
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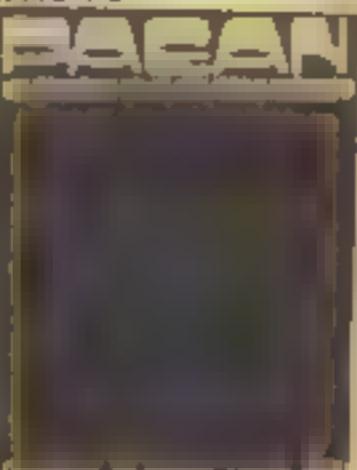
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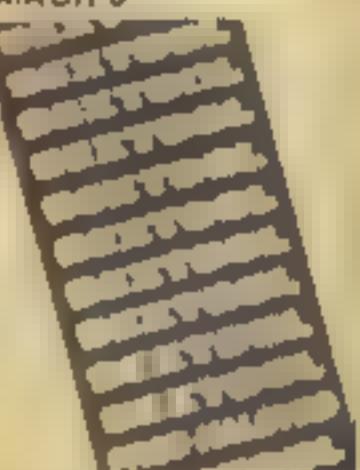
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Jockstrapper novice bottom seeks experienced help in ball training-pit exploring 5'8", 143#, 41yo 8'5". Please. Sir, convert my leather fantasies into sweaty reality Box 3855

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Seek young butch bottom for hot bondage—S/M sessions. Any scene. Have equipped payroom. Description—experience—photo. Weekend sessions good. Live-in apps considered P.O. Box 3931 Springfield MO 65808

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Older guy "dad" type experienced youth leader, interested in young, masculine, trim "son" trainee to 30. You can expect affection, encouragement and discipline in bondage. Your letter with picture gets me Box 3872

MALE BITCH IN HEAT

Expert mouthfusy tight ass cunt ready to be stuffed by the right stud St Louis area Box 4233

SLAVE SOUGHT

Handsome white master 25, new to KC/MO/KS area wants an obedient slave 18-35 (Healthy and ready to per-

form) Write respectful letter detailing history, experience, and what you will do for my pleasure. Race unimportant. Possibly permanent if you have proper attitude. Prefer large cock and balls for torture but not mandatory. Photo and phone (I'll answer all with) Box 4245

MONTANA

LEAN, WELL DEFINED SLAVE

Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S&M bondage, armpits, tits, cock & ball torture, shaving, photography. Your trip, your way. Am 28 5'9", 135# w 8". Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 786, Conrad MT 59425

REAL MEN WANTED

W/m 22, athletic, goodlooking and virgin ass needs introduced to the all male world. Gets off on muscular, hairy men. Would love long oral session. Prefer Eastern Montana or vicinity Box 4162

NEW JERSEY

SLAVE WANTED FOR NY/NJ AREA

To serve two masters in early 30's. You will serve masters needs and home. Willing to train. Rewards/Salary with service. Call 201 241 0655

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Experienced sadist seeks young, 18-30 captives to chain up and torture. Limits respected but expanded. Man enough? Call (201) 874-6725 after 8:00 p.m. EDT

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FOOT FETISH

Mid-30s 6', 155 lbs., smooth body exec type with very solitary lifestyle looking for dominant Latin man to take care of. Should be into wearing exotic boots, boxing boots, army fatigues and army boots very hot, sweaty socks. Box 4207

TEANECK AREA

Healthy W/m, smooth 6' 172 lbs. 42 masculine seeks similar honest partner. Top/bottom trade offs. Light SM, bondage possible. No drugs or fms. Box 4138

TALL, MATURE MASTER

Accepting applications from slave sons who are anxious to serve and obey. Hot mouth and a good build a must. Clean shaven, Ivy types preferred. Generous Daddy will reward with affection when earned. Spankings, bitwork, kink VA. No tats, fms, hard drugs. Possible live in Al areas welcome. The Master is 6'2" 185 lbs W/M and hot. Box 3856

MASTER NEEDS SLAVE

A number of slaves have written but no slave has been chosen yet so now is the time to submit yourself. Your body and your application to this Master. Master is W/M 45 190# 6'2", hairy, straight acting and appearing. No nonsense type but understanding of a slaves needs. You are W/M, 25-40 know how to behave, want to serve a Master on a permanent one-to-one basis, have a good body that enjoys a work up and want to live in the Masters house in the country. No drugs, fms or fms. This is the time for me and it is for you then get off your ass, get on your knees and do something about it. Write Box 291

REAL MEN

Looking for a real man in NY or NJ. Me 29, 5'7", bodybuilder bikerider, jogger, FR, GR active and passive. Brown hair, eyes. Will serve right man well. You 18-45 good body & mind dominant and ready to take a clean bright guy as yours. Send photo and letter to Box 4210

NEVADA

SLAVE WANTED IN RENO

For leather action, SM, CBTT, B&D, more I'm hung trim 33 GWM. You're similar but submissive and obedient. You want frequent attention or a permanent Master. Live-in or nearby required. LF4016. Write Box 20835, Reno NV 89515

NEW YORK

LEATHER TOP

G/W Leather Top, 8'6" tall, 38, uncircumcised, orange hanky left, confined to wheelchair needs G/W leather bottom 21 50 for permanent long-term relationship. Rent \$100. a month/free heat and hot water. Send application & picture to Box 3121 1B-Kubasek Trinity Manor, Yonkers NY 10701

SCORE YOURSELF

Are you 1) Young 2) Goodlooking 3) Muscular, 4) Healthy, 5) Submissive, 6) Obedient? Are you prepared for 7) Slavery, 8) Training, 9) Punishment 10) Two tall, good looking blond men in their 30s—Master and slave? Add one point for each YES. If you score a 10, send details for each YES accompanied by recent photo for verification of first three questions. Extra points will be given for essay detailing additional qualifications. Box LF673

MACHO HOMO—NYC/LI

W/M 42 to suck Puerto Ricans. Wants P.R. men/boys gangs to fuck me over, especially cops, firemen, correctional officers. Likes to eat cock balls, tits, piss, assholes, legs & feet. Call "Queer" at (616) 285-5181 between 8PM-8AM into SM, TT, BD, WS, body shaving. Available 24 hrs weekends. Write Box 3092 Grand Central Station NYC 10017. Honest/hungry.

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W/M hairy Master 38, 5'7", 150 will own train & punish the right dog ass slave. Apply with rear photo phone & teeds Box 3889

DRUMMER DADDY/TOP
interchain 5181 Seeks obedient son bottom for training and discipline Must be masculine and serious. Photo Box 3876

HORNY ITALIAN RAUNCHBAG
And hung like a horse into unconventional scenes with creative body builders, black dwarfs, deal-mules and animals. Write disgusting letter with photo to occupant #8, 218 E 11st NY NY 10003

MATURE MACHO MAN TITS
Bare your chest with mine for sensual nipple action. Write Box 649 New York NY 10156

SLAVE TO PLEASE
rough Master W/M 5'9", 130, brn, grn 23-year-old. Everything goes. Photo & phone detailed after to Box 42

COP SCENE
Uniformed cop into any cop fantasy W/M 45, 160 lbs looking for same. Also collect cop uniforms RA Box 689 Brooklyn, NY 1120

CAPTIVE MUSCLEMEN
Zeus pub bondage-coe choc scenes! Seek athletic/masculine into elaborate verbal rough man-to-man B&D, leading to your cock, balls, tits / ass being chained, whipped, clamped, waxed used any way your master/captor sees fit to bind you to admit what you really are/want/beg for. Mirrors rock filthy dungeon await your capture & humiliation as Hercules/Tarzan by strong demanding mag/nat ve glad alor/ sex master. Photo phone, address, detailed description of what you're man enough to required. Apply now for night. No hustlers/ fakes/ fems Box 3666

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Enjoys wrestling with his well built boy either in fun or to punish his disobedience. Slapping, hits, leg hum, lat on at part of it. Hot I occas onaly beats the big man. Let's hear from you boy! P O Box 655 NY NY 10008

MID-HUDSON VALLEY
Masculine, bearded master 33, 6', 160 lbs. with hot dungeon and thick cock will restrain you and explore your limits if you're hot, firm and under 35. Reply with photo and phone # J. Miller POB 3086 Kingston NY 12401 LF4092

TOTAL LEATHER BONDAGE
W/m 40, 5'10", 168 lbs. looking for Master who is into prolonged bondage with masks, hoods, strait-jackets, total leather encasement etc. into long scenes or permanent bondage. Ilesly e Box 4118

ANYBODY LIKE TO PLANT
His big manass onto my asseating face? Like heating up this daddy's (5'6", 190#-resembles Lloyd Bridge) cocksucking mouth with your bee before he sucks you off? A removable denture assures a velvet BJ I'm hot for nippie play, will pig out on your pits, crotch balls, feet service you you & your buddy(s) without reciprocation. Turns muscles tattoos skinheads big pecs, thighs & asses, facial and body hair and especially beerguts. But no really horny stud refused. Will travel (212) 684-3582

SWEATY HORNY JOCKS
Dad Daddy boy sweaty feet 5'7", 170 lbs. Pubes hot W/m 29 yrs old who is very alluring since e7. Then call me at 2 PM to 1 PM for play.

HOUSEBOY SLAVE SON
Under 25, boy next door type wanted by sane business professional. No losers. Send application and photo to Box 421

FF TRAINER WANTED
NY W/M 33, 5'7", 140 slim. Seek a trim & fit body, 110 lbs. Novice to pro. Photo & phone to 312-447-1110. No duds.

SA

NYC OR LI
W/M 45, 5'9", 165 lbs, 46" chest, 34 waist. Born to serve in leather. A Master over 30 who can take control and show me he's boss. Sir, I am into B&D. WS FF body shaving and body piercing enemas, humiliation, verbal, trios, plenty of ill work. Look for long time relationship with relocate for right Master. Serious and sincere. Please send order form & photo to J.H., PD 534 Long Beach, NY NY 1156

NORTH CAROLINA

ROUGH LEATHER DUDE
into bondage, C&B, ill work, electrical, good mean ass time. Fuck, hit. Heavy leather and abuse. Most always top but will satisfy. Leather top man Box 291, NC 28606

GOOD HOT SEX
Woolsey NC 36, 5'8", built, heavy uncut man. Seeks 25 to 55 masculine well built, not fat, well built, that get into a hot ass & throat. Toys & dildos, assplay. Most scenes except heavy pain & FF. Answer all photo and phone answered first. Come visit Pred on NC. You won't forget it! Will travel Box 3660

BODYBUILDING LEATHERMASTER

OHIO

HOT EXPERIENCED COUPLE
W/m couple into hot 3-4 ways 33, 6' 170 lbs. 9" uncut 30, 5'10", 160 lbs. 8" uncut, 25-30s hung hot WS & toys, poppers, Gr, Fr, Nostalgia, tatts, fems. Only letter w/ pix ans w/eld. Box 4180

SLAVE WANTED
W/M 18-30 years old into L, L, B, D, etc. Permanent possible. Photo & phone a must. Box 4244

DADDY MASTER WANTS SON SLAVE
W/M Daddy Master 38, 5'7", 200 stocky build seeks son/slave for fun and games. S&M, B&D, FF, shaving, training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4113

GWM AGE 37 TIRED OF BARS

And usual net ie queens. Looking for a real man who is honest, trustworthy and sincere. Willing to serve right man. Am Greek Passive and French A/P and love to receive recycled beer. Travel to NY and Chicago often. Hair & tattoo a plus. No fems please. Box 3873

MASTER WANTED
Good looking guy 22, 6'2", 180 seeks similar master. Humiliation, verbal abuse, etc. P.O. Box #236, Galloway OH 43119

OUR SELECTION SAYS IT ALL

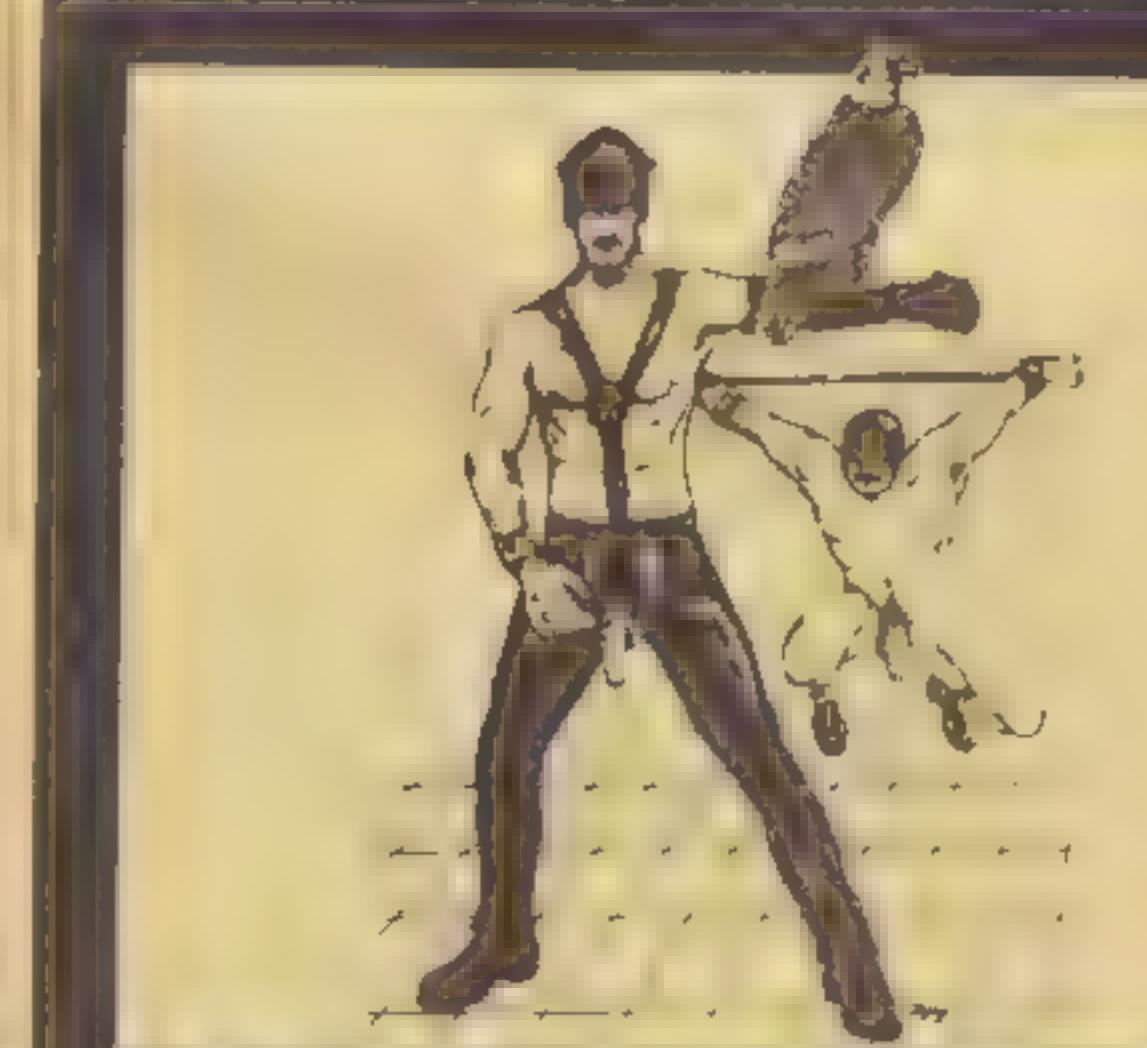
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Dominant GWM, 50s, likes outdoors, camping, boating, sunbathing, etc., shaving, etc. Need clean active companion. Nude photo desired, all answered. Box 4131.

SHOVE YOUR BOOT
into my leather crotch and I'll serve and service you and your boots. Boxholder Box 48 Columbus, OH 43216

OHIO MASTER
seeks live-in slave. Bob (419) 749-4150 Box 251 Convoy OH 45832

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2 young w/m need to a v. submiss. & slaves to frequent workouts. Igt I to heavy B&D WS. Greek. What are you into? Columbus area. Box 4161

OWNERLESS TEDDYBEAR
craves bondage tit, assplay. Hang me up, stretch me out, flush my gals clear, enjoy my hole. I'm 32 stocky bearded, hot looking. You hold key to my wi sts, cage heart. Box 3578, Cincinnati OH 45201

STRICT DADDY NEEDED
Need stern Daddy for correction of bad habits and obedience training. Son is 5'6", 125 lbs, m d 30s, smooth chest. Daddy should be W/M under 50 with firm hand, wide leather strap, and hot nipples for son to worship. Reply Drummer Box No. 3884

CINCINNATI DAYTON AREA
51 yr old 160# 6'1" Looking for "boy who is hv into Boot and Leather subservience. No heavy pain scal torture. Ph evens until 11 PM 513-423-5159

OKLAHOMA

WANTED SLAVE
TJ sa Leathermaster wants a sm slave for hot action. Limits expanded or respected. Phone Rod at (918) 665-1885 or reply with photo to P O Box 54760 Tulsa, OK 74155. No phone jacks!!

YOUNG
experienced 22. Tulsa slave wants discreet Friday-night leather master. Light B&D, SM no drugs ass-fucking. Photo. Chris, Box 70 881 Tulsa, OK 74170

OREGON

SLAVE
Seeks dominant leather Master. Into much humiliation and willing to try most scenes. Letter & photo gets mine. P O Box 19759 Portland 97219. Sir I'm hot!

ASS WANTED
Lovers 28 & 46, want ass to play with and use. No relationship just fun with our buns. Box 19671, Portland OR 97219

ATTENTION RUBBERMEN
W/m 32 175 lbs 6'3", seeking intelligent, honest friends with clothes fetishes, rubber, PVC, plastic jackets, pants, wader boots. All nylon athletic gear. Your interests? Discretion assured. Box 4168

MEAN STREAK
Good fucking slave, 41, seeks caring master with mean streak for B&D & does enemas, etc. but no fucking or sucking. Box 4151

UNCUT BOTTOM
32, 140 lbs bearded W/S submission, boots, leather scal. Box 3871

PENNSYLVANIA

SUBMISSIVE
needs dominant top, but hairy stud who is into discipline and sex. Now w/l scenes, only fucking, sucking and warming my ass. Men to 50 write with photo to Box 25345, Pittsburgh PA 15242

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX
I'm 30, 6', 170 lbs., br hair, gr eyes, swimmer's build, straight appear goodlooking. 8½" cul, dig real men SM CBT poppers, JO, GR/FRT a/p, rough, wild & kinky sex. Send hot photo for quick reply. JC, Box 1454, Uniontown, PA 15401

YOUNG STUD WANTED
Who's—into leather B&D light S&M. Must give me your mind as well as body. I am W-6-175# all man. Have leather fuckroom with racks-sling & toys—Can't handle it don't answer. Just fuck off. Box 3887

SLAVE NEEDED
Experienced or novice to service GWM 37 B 160 lbs. Learn your limits and expand them. Box 341, Emmaus, PA 18049

DILDOE FUCK HOLES
Male animals wanted for heavy dildoing. Slaves also should have aptitude for toys, verbal abuse, spankings spit, humiliation, head trips, smoke, amyl and general use as male cunt. Bearded GWM master 32 w/l train to suit. Send application to Code 3412, 254 S 11th St., Philadelphia, PA 19107

BOY WANTS LEATHERMAN
Young clean-shaven boy, 24, 5'11", handsome wants to meet older masculine leathermen. Boy is novice, SM WS etc. Please write Sonny, P O 15285 P.O. PA 19125

YOUNG STUD WANTED
PITTSBURGH AREA
Who's into leather B&D light S&M. Must give me your mind as well as body. I am W-6-175# all man. Have leather fuck room with racks-sling & toys. Can't handle it don't answer. Just fuck off. Box 3887

RHODE ISLAND
HOT COUPLE
Well built 30 & 27 seek leather and uniformed men with no hang ups FF WS and ranch welcome. P O Box 8641, Cranston Rhode Island 02920

TENNESSEE
LEAN INTENSE, SENSUAL
Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long slow mind-n-soul fuckin is where it all begins. If you too need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6ft., 150 lbs., 44 yrs., greying black hair, beard, and mustache with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7 inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, lo-swingin' balls, and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no-bullshit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 0061

JERKING OFF FOR DADDY
I'm sitting here jerking off doing poppers sucking my Daddy was here watching me. W.M. 5'9", 130 lbs. Box 4220

TEXAS
"PRISON RAPE"
Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish"! Box 3853

GWM, AGE 45
New to S&M. Interested in receiving and giving light spankings and expanding my limits. Houston TX area. Box 3878

BONDAGE IN ROPES, STEEL, CAGES OR INCARCERATION
GWM, 32 5'8" 147 lbs seeks bondage Master to 40 for lifestyle of obedience and respect. You are tall, athletic and aggressive. I am slim, smooth defined. Fidelity desired; limits expandable. Photos please. Sir RHS Box 270069 Houston, Texas 77277

COUNTRY WOODSHED DISCIPLINE

Are you 21-34, 5'10", 150 lbs., or smaller and fantasize about total submission to a tough, stable daddy? I'm 40 B, 165 lbs, healthy, virile and well-hung. Long married. I'm expert at disciplining boys. Expect tough, but health-conscious, SM B&D and verbal abuse. Virgin ass to experienced should apply describing yourself, your limits (expected but expanded) and why you need to be taken to the woodshed. Revealing real photo a plus. Give two times when you'll be at Houston Dock or Drum and how you'll discreetly present yourself. Drummer 4167

W M 29 5'10" 140 lbs
Seeks slave for long term B/D. Leather Levi, No fats-items only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination. Mr Lenzo P O Box 34244 Houston, TX 77234

S.M. BOTTOM
Hot W/M 37 6'1", 185 lbs, healthy professional, masculine. Somewhat new to scene but eager to learn. Seeks hot dominant Top/Master for B/D, CBT/T, W/S, hot wax, dildoes/toys, V/A, etc. No FF, scal, shaving. Tx, Louisiana NYC. Please send letter and photo. Sir for prompt response! Suite 169, P O Box 66973, Houston Tx 77006

I NOW OWN THE HUMAN DOG,
Kai who's story appears in MACH 6. I am seeking contact with interested and knowledgeable parties who are also involved or would like to be involved in transforming and training a human mate to become a dog. Would like contact from gay professionals of all levels. (Veterinarians, lawyers, doctors, kennel operators or suppliers) who are into S/M. Objective goal—to found training center/kennel facility. Potential dogs, masters with human dogs or any serious party are welcome to inquire/share information. Write to W/B at P O Box 570791, Houston Texas 77257-0791

BOTTOMS WANTED: WHIPPINGS
Hung topman, 6', 160 lbs., 30s, good looks & body, works over young submissives. If you crave being humiliated & manhandled beg for it in letter with bare-ass photo. Boxholder #221, 2615 Waugh Dr., Houston, TX 77006

EXCLUSIVE
Relationship w/ h gentle topman sought by young professonal in Dallas. Tongue in domes, c/harmony is the goal. Beg for euqaled. P O Box 64405 Dallas TX 75206

BONDAGE MASTER WANTED
I'm 35, 6'4", 195 lbs. Photo appreciated. P O Box 330113, Ft Worth, TX 76163

THE TONGUE
THE ASSHOLE
Strong, well-trained tongue only for those wanting extended scenes. Hairy and smooth equally welcome. Prefer tight ass, but able to open up for thorough exploration.

THE COCK
Heavy suction used sparingly—no quick loads. Various strokes, techniques.

depths, rhythms, nuances employed. Deep throat. Uncut 8 inches and over especially inspiring.

THE BODY

Policy no spot left dry. Only for those wishing prolonged, sensual, connoisseur treatment but be worship worthy. If you have any two of the above, answer.

THE TONGUE

Write Suite 310, c/o P O. Box 191089, Dallas, TX 75219-8089

VIRGINIA

PISS/SHIT/SPIT/PUKE/CUM
Cover me in yours, Sir! Ex-NYC slave moved to Danville needs new Master to continue training in bondage, punishment, humiliation, C&BT, to let training, tripping, worship, have leather police uniforms, am 24, 7½" built. My photo was in Drummer 64, TC1070. Await photo, phone, orders. Sir Box 4158

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN
W/m 30 5'10" 148 lbs desires contact with others, both as bottom and top. SM FF Gr a/p. Espec a ly unit TT and WS Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110

NOVICE "M"

seeks experienced 'S'. Teach me to serve. Young built hung wing. I await your reply. Photo please. Box 4221

WASHINGTON

HOT MASTER
W/m 29 5'7" 125 lbs blk hair smooth body sk n moustache, wants slave/l-over, 18-30 only, sl/m, trusting, very obedient, total service, limits respected. Novice will train. Photo, phone Greg Box 71003, Seattle, WA 98107-7003

MASTER
Daddy, leather, hot and dominant seeks permanent son/slave 6' 155 lbs 30's, attractive, very energetic. You are sl/m, smooth, 20-35, submissive, obedient, hot hung excellent cocksucker. You will be fully trained to meet all my needs. Shaving w/a, tight b/d, loving sl/m verbal domination. Your pleasure derives from being my personal slave. Appropriate application and photo to Box 3866

W M NOVICE 30
interested in being broken in by Seattle area Master into all but scal. Will answer all replies. Call 206-329-1142 Days or midnight

SPOKANE AREA MASTERS
Novice slave W.M. 35 needs leaching/training. Please Sir, I will try hard to please you. Box 4241

WEST VIRGINIA

CHARLESTON TEDDY
Have you always wanted your own teddy bear to have and to bind? We have it. This teddy is searching for a trainer to train in the areas of CBT, TT, VA, FF S/M B&D and to service the complete desires of the trainer(s). Please write this teddy w/ h photo and phone Box 4246

WISCONSIN

WHIPPING BOY NEEDEO:
20 year old w/m maser 6'0", 195, muscular, hairy chested, LEVEL HEADED, is seeking a younger than master cute babyfaced sl/m, smooth, hunky or well defined slaveboy. Should be ready for him train on. B/D, CB/T, whipping (good and sound), and possibly some W/S. Nude and/or upper nude pictures wanted. No fats or heavies. Phone # appreciated. Athletic type studs especially. I am open minded. Race unimportant. Box 3890

BOOTTED LEATHER MAN

B 170 lbs, br b 9" seeks leather and boot buddies for man to man fun & games (biker cowboys, leathermen, etc) Leather and natural highs only discreet. Phone & photo please. Write to Box 9122 Green Bay WI 54308

DADDY 35, 6', 175#, 8" CUT

Men into C/B S/M B D T T / W Sand exhibition for fun and pleasure. Also accepting obedient and humbly slaves to be used for my total enjoyment. 18-40 photo and phone Box 4238

WYOMING

WYOMING HARD HAT

Into long hot sessions is taking applications for sons-slaves-partners 5' 155 B thick uncut inches. If you can handle a man giving and taking heavy action contact me with photo and letter. Be prepared to spend hours in a sing servicing construction workers, cowboys and truckdrivers. Punks, fags and fags need not apply. Box 3888

CANADA

SERIOUS SLAVE

Wm 58", 170 lbs wants Master for long term relationship. Slave into leather boots discipline CBT/ humilitat or dog training etc. Slave is handsome and of good company looking for hairy beefy heavy top who will instruct and punish me. Eastern Canada (Eng or Fr) Can relocate. Only interested Masters looking for serious ongoing SM relationship need to respond. Send pic & letter to Box 3984

BOTTOM 38, 6'9", 160 LBS

Bearded mustache will submit to strong beefy or muscular or medium fat men. Humiliation verbal abuse body worship, armpits etc. CB, leather rimming WS bondage shaving SM fantasies. Care, affection and know how will expand him to Please include photo P.O. Box 872 Station H Montreal PQ H3G 2M8

WANTED

Cys w/ 6' 1" -
W 170 lbs
B 175 lbs
H 32w, blue eyes
41, M, N, 2

TORONTO-HAIRY MALE

30, 140 lbs 5'8" Swimmer's build. Seeks similar age 18-35. Into asses, cocks etc. Jockstraps, sweat, versatile. Box 3854

BOTTOM MAN

5'9" 160 lbs br/bi worship and service hairy or muscular or slight to medium fat men. You demand, order, humiliate and punish me as is your right (please you as is my duty). If you have the know how and can also show affection you will make me better and expand my limits. Please include photo within. No terms no heavy SM that leaves damages P.O. Box 872 Station H Montreal PQ H3G 2M8

SLAVE SEEKS AND SURRENDERS
to Master for bondage, discipline, shaving, close confinement, verbal abuse. Slave s 38 5'10" 165 lbs Can Iavel Box 4217

SWIMMER DADDY SEEKS SON

Daddy 38, 5'11" 145 lbs hard swimmers body seeks young swimmer/cock under 25 with smooth (shaved?) body for training, workouts, support, affection and friendship. Box 4218

LEATHERMAN

Montreal Area—French Canadian versat. e. 40, 5'8" 160 lbs brown blue eyes, moustache, Levi cycle jacket, amyl travel Eastern USA for leather actions, hot weekend. No FF. Scat Shaving Box 4238

HUNKY M

Topmen any race, call me, talk dirty, give me orders. I will do what you say. At white BB awaiting your call sir. Peter (403)244-3295

INTERNATIONAL

STINKING GREASY BIKER

27 into dirty leather/rubber gear scar piss looking for mate, angel type, living in filthy house to help work with but really honest. Box 4144

HOT HUNKY SPANISH

24 years 170 lbs hot ass wanting to meet big dicks while visiting Europe. Write with Photo & phone. I am waiting Box 4238

BLOND GERMAN

38 year old blonde, hairy German wish hot letter-exchange with gay, bi-men—beginner in the scene but fan of adventures. Write please in English, with photo—direct to Roland Grimmer Lerzingstr 16, 600-7010 Leipzig E Germany. Thanks for your help—any many greeting from Roland

HOMMES FRANCAIS CULTURISTES
Lutteur pour l'Amour (x obligatoire)—pouvons facilement héberger Paris—Ecrire Alain Massé 33 Rue Henri de Villorin 94400 Villejuif-Seine France

LEATHER FRATERNITY

French bodybuilder leather Ian Inter chain member seeks muscular men into leather & cane toys. I go to NYC once a year. No drugs. No FF or mutilation. I can receive on French Riviera Box 4234

CANADIAN LEATHERMAN

Mr. British Columbia Leather 84 and national contestant in Mr. Drummer 84 (see Drummer 76) travelling abroad in 85/86 and looking for hosts/employers worldwide. If you're into leather and interested in getting together contact Bryan Anderson Box 4147

AMERICAN, 33, 5'11", 160 LBS

In Kaiserslautern W Germany. Leather and Uniform scenes. Looking for GI's, Tommies, Poilus, Krauts, Cops etc into same. No hard drugs FF or mutilation. All other options negotiable. Bondage and bikes a plus. Ollen back home, so stateside replies welcome. Complete discretion assured. I know you're out there and I know it's tough to make contact. I've got a lot to lose and so do you, but we'll never meet if you don't write. It's worth it. Box 3895

FOREIGN MAIL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 40¢ per ½ ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

SWITZERLAND

W M 40 blue eyes, good-looking moustache, 8" uncut, seeking hot raunchy sessions with guys 18-40 into fucking toys top or bottom leather man-to-man or 3-ways. Your photo gets mine. Fred N. Box 307 CH-8030 Zurich Switzerland

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Get off while verbally abusing & directing the hole to its knees to serve your cock & anyone else's you choose. Call the hole for your pleasure & amusement. 11PM-8AM (907) 272-7706

IF HE'S NOT HERE HE'S NOT AVAILABLE!

CROPPED SLAVE

28, London, wants to visit your playroom S-R. Experiences in S/M B&T, CBT torture, CP, buttplugs, experiments. Weight trains regularly. No FF. Brown Box 4208

SLAVE FOR SALE

Selling myself as a permanent five-in total slave to an extremely sadistic mean, brutal, raunchy sweaty, skinning, unwashed Master. Am 43, 5'9" 135 cut, dark hair, hairy slim. Expert in tongue-bathing, rimming and massage. Can cook. Live in Israel. Need financial aid to relocate (part of sale price). Am serious. So are you Sir. Box 4221

VENEZUELA

30, 5'7", 136 lbs. Have just moved to Caracas for one year. Seeks other attractive guy into Dad son-type scene. Letter with photo please Box 4209

AUSTRALIA

SLAVE NEEDED

30 yr old Master 6'0" 160 lbs Moving from U.S.A. to Perth. Attractive is seeking a young boy-slave 18-30. Slave must be sum or hunky and baby-faced or handsome. Mustache preferred. I want a HOT BOY SLAVE who is totally obedient and ready for B&D TT CB/T. Shaving and Piercing Master is level headed and caring. Upper-half nude picture requested with letter. Box 3865

HORNY LEATHERMAN

33 yr leatherman 5'10" 145 lbs beard hairy and athletic. Want to meet and correspond with other masochistic leathermen 25-45 both oral & internal into dildoes and FF and hot sex. Box 4236

BRAZIL

LATE 20's, 135#, 5'8"

Blond Swimmer's body in Southern Brazil into CB, BD, WS etc. Like to meet anyone passing through or exchange letters stories jocks etc. Box 4

GERMANY

LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES

Wanted by experienced man 43 5'11" 160 looking for top or mutual pigs. Piss, snot, scat, puke, enemas, oil, grease, rubber and leather gear. Jock straps, boots and tool worship S/M, TT, CBT and catheters. Hot wax, whipping, shaving and piercing. Interested in worldwide contacts. Box 3285

BERLIN, 40, 6'1"/170

Bl bearded uncut into L/L, F/F a/p, GR, fits coming to US wants to meet leathermen. Send Photo to Hans G. Brass, 74 Stresemannstr #1120 1000 Berlin 61 West Germany

EASY INSTRUCTIONS DYNAMITE RESULTS!

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In SM, BD, TT, shaving, kink (NO scat), games and gamerooms. Wants to meet interested and interesting men (into same). Age, race not important. Send photo, description of your scene to Lustfach 420 515, 1000 Berlin 42 West Germany

BERLIN, GERMAN

6'3/185, dk bld, moust into L/L and related activities, not just limited to bd sm, cbt, lsf, shvg experiments. Wants to meet men into some/all or more of the above. Traveling quite often. Send photo of your scene and photo to Box 3946

ITALY

ACTIVE SLAVE

Italian, 40, real sportsman, brown hair, green eyes, muscular macho type. Desire to see vice muscular master. I'm into heavy training whips, ht torture, FF, verbal abuse, etc. Prefer body-builders. Trained in USA. Hospitality in 1/4 an interchain member. Photo required which gets mine in return. Box 3838

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Top 28, 5'7", brown, brown 7" JC smooth, slim, 80 plus out. Old & new available. Ace (415) 864-1633

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S30 1415-398-6541 Marty

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Pau 21, 6'3", A tall drink of water, 160 lbs, 40c Harry, 32w black hair & blue eyes. Tight, hard body, warm form. RICHARD OF SF (415) 821-3457

MANLY ANIMAL

Dear 25, 6'2", 46c Harry, 32w, handsome well-endowed model. A of SF's gay about. Light Brown Hair-Green Eyes. RICHARD OF SF (415) 821-3454

WARM & FRIENDLY

B-II 25, 6'1", 160 lbs, 40c Smooth, 29w Brown Hair & Eyes. Easy going, masculine well-endowed. Available evenings weekends. RICHARD OF SF 415-821-3457

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Move Over Dirt Harry. Adam 29, 6'4", 44c, 31w, Hot as a pistol, cocked fully loaded 9, 1/2 inch barrel-ready. If you are. RICHARD OF SF 1415-821-3457

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TOM OF FINLAND

The Tom of Finland Foundation is looking to contact anyone who has an original of Tom's or printed matter of his art from the 1950s and 1960s (rare material). Send info to Tom of Finland Foundation Box 26746 Los Angeles, CA 90026

IF YOU LIKE TIEING UP YOUR COCK AND BALLS

For masturbation you're going to freak out with the Widget. It comes complete for \$20 or \$5 for X-rated photos of the Widget in action. State you are over 21 years of age. Money back if not satisfied. Universal Widget Box 42547 S.F. CA 94142 (449 8th)

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BONDAGE MATES

National bondage club. RS Box 3596 LA, CA 90078

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Information on joining the only amateur gay video club and exchanging member-made erotic tapes. Must state over 21. Light Fantastic 584 Castro St Suite 325, San Francisco, CA 94114

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Anyone interested in having a lot of fun, plus square dancing all over the Bay Area should contact THE BAY CITY RAMBLERS. Learn pattern and western square dancing. FUN for those who are serious about square dancing. Ca SKP BARRATT AND THE BAY CITY RAMBLERS (415) 474-1817

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Threatened with sexual exploitation in institutions everywhere, benefit from the work of The Prometheus Foundation, which also protects gays in society from rip-offs by unscrupulous inmates. For information on the Pen Pa Group and other vital programs and a copy of FIRE!, the Foundation's new newsletter send SASE to Prometheus P.O. BOX 12954, Pittsburgh PA 15241

PHONE JO BUDDY DIRECTORY

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Master Black Marine, Sarge, Coach Lineman, Trucker, Cop Men who know what they want find it in CHIRON PAGES. 44 pages of stories, art, and no-holds barred personals. Send \$3 to CHIRON Box 416E New York, NY 10014 for limited offer sample copy and club membership card. (Not a 350 Blkr)

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FOOTMATES

A national club for guys into feet and footwear. Info: RS Enterprises, Box 3596 LA, CA 90078

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Salute to John Garger, Mr. Drummer '83 □ The Road to Mr. Drummer '84 □ Portfolio of all the Finalists □ Leather's Big Night □ Sonny Cline, Mr. Drummer '84

To get your copy of the 42-page official MR. DRUMMER '84 CONTEST PROGRAM send \$3 per copy (plus 50¢ postage/handling. California residents add 6-7% sales tax) to Alternate Publishing/964 Folsom Street San Francisco, CA 94107

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\$40 a year (outrageous!)
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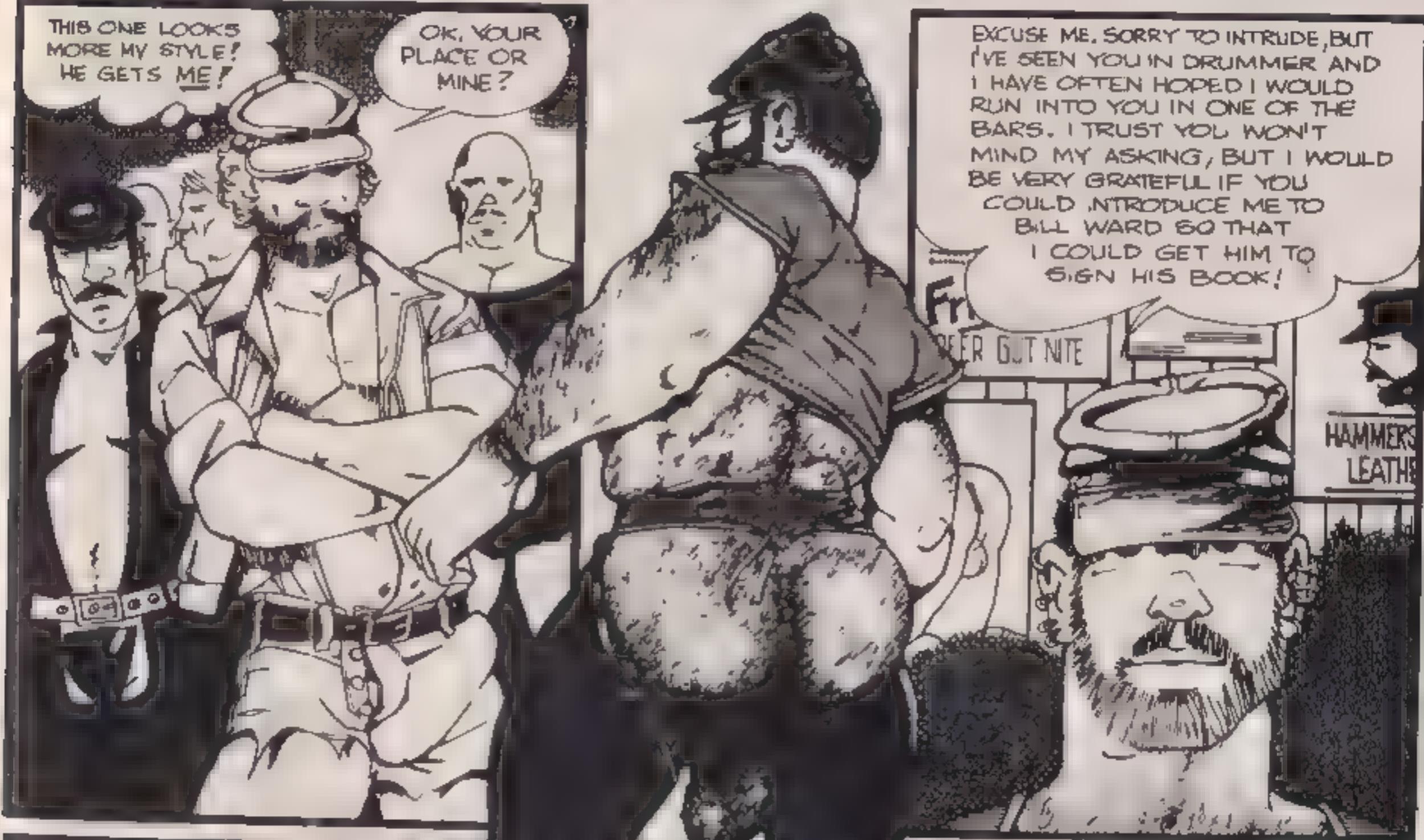
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Exp







INTERNATIONAL LEATHER SCENE



DADDY'S BOY: Daddies and their boys had a heyday at the San Francisco Eagle in October with the second annual Leather Daddy's Boy contest, sponsored by Interchain and the SF AIDS Fund (which reaped over \$11,000 in benefits). The winner, Dean Gibson, gets a fatherly hug from the city's reigning Leather Daddy, Christian Heran. The stellar panel of judges included Heran leatherman Paul Maver, Al Parker, two Mr. Drummers (Luke Daniels and Sunny Cline), and three International Mr. Leather titleholders (Ron Moore, Colt Thomas, and Luke Daniels again). Opposite page: The capacity crowd at the Eagle. Photos by Robert Pruzan.

FIRST FOR FOLSOM

San Francisco is a city known for its street fairs. Throughout the summer neighborhoods organize for the day that traffic is closed off and residents, tourists, merchants, craftsmen, politicos and entertainers hit the streets in a gaudy mix. Different street fairs attract different crowds (although there are those fair junkies who are known to hit everyone). Polk Street is heavily into arts and

crafts, Union Street is for Yuppies and straight singles, Valencia draws Third Worlders and resident lesbians. Haight is a *deja vu* festival for the Sixties set, and the Castro Street Fair is known all over the gay world as a one-day wonder of transvestites and Polish hot dogs, politicians and punk rockers—and a crash course in multiple cruising for the uninitiated.

This year saw the first-ever Folsom

Street Fair, held September 23 over several blocks of leather's Main Street USA. Crowds were bigger than most observers expected, and curiously mixed. There was certainly more leather in evidence than at this year's Castro Street Fair—and maybe more straights as well. The Fair was, after all, a neighborhood effort, not just a leather festival. As one spokesman noted, Folsom Street and the South of Market area is a neighborhood of minorities, the elderly and gay men—so, on the same block, visitors could shop at the booth of a novelty emporium selling "naughty" party items, talk seriously about SM to members of the Society of Janus, and view artwork in crayon by children from a local grade school. "Only in San Francisco," as the saying goes.

There were fewer politicians, craftsmen, organization booths and stops for food-and-beer than at the city's more established street fairs—which left more elbowroom for the crowd, most of whom came mainly to look at each other, anyway. The weather was terrific, spirits were high, and leather was everywhere gleaming in the sunlight.

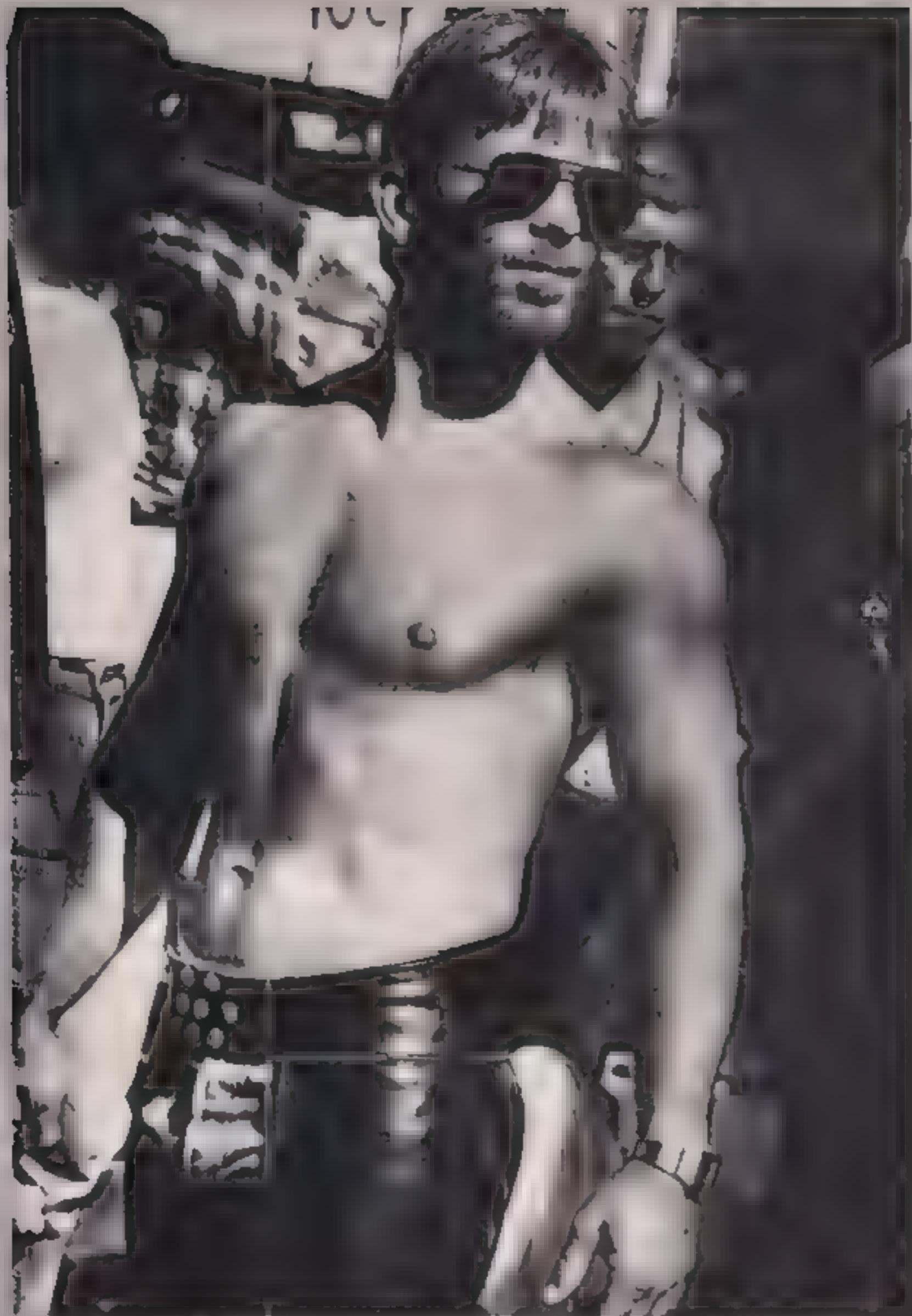
SWISS STEAKS

Planning a trip to Europe? If you're like a lot of gay American travelers, you're probably eager to see England, Germany, The Netherlands, France, the Mediterranean countries—and you've left Switzerland off your itinerary entirely. Perhaps you should think again. There may be more in them than Alps than chocolatiers, yodeling goatherds and international financiers, according to a letter we recently received from Drummer reader and occasional globetrotter Walt Pierce of Delaware.

"As a matter of interest for Europe-bound readers, I would like to report that sucking cock in public toilets is much more casual in Switzerland than in any other of the many countries I have visited over the years.

"On a recent trip I went to the mens room on the left just inside the Lucerne train station. There were about seven urinals on one side of the room, maybe five on the opposite. None had dividers. The room was busy, but two men stayed longer than usual on one side, both jacking off, looking from side to side for interested partners. On the opposite side of the room a young Swiss soldier had dropped his pants enough to show a huge cock, fully hard, which he stroked slowly for anyone to see. He and I hit it





TURNING HEADS: Bare torsos seemed drawn together like magnets in the crowd at the Folsom Street Fair. The weather was mild, the men were sizzling. Photos by Robert Pruzan

off right away and we went into one of the pay cubicles in the adjacent room where we sucked each other off in privacy, both enjoying the experience to the hilt'

"Later in Lugano, I went into a partially underground toilet in a carpark near the main post office. There were three urinals with shoulder-height dividers. I took the center one, flanked by young men on either side, both jacking off slowly. The man on my right had a big uncut cock; he was a dark curly-haired type, wearing a beautiful leather jacket with rugged zipper

I reached over to take his cock in my

hands—great! He backed away from the urinal and took my cock in his hand, then bent down and immediately took it full length in his mouth. He stood up for a minute and pulled our bodies together with our hard cocks pressing against each other. The aroma of leather from his jacket was truly cock-hardening. He then stooped down and again took my cock in his mouth, giving me one of the best blow jobs I have ever had. Meantime, the other man watched enviously, jacking off into the urinal. We were not bothered by others as no one came in until after we were finished. This toilet always had some sex activity whenever I

went there

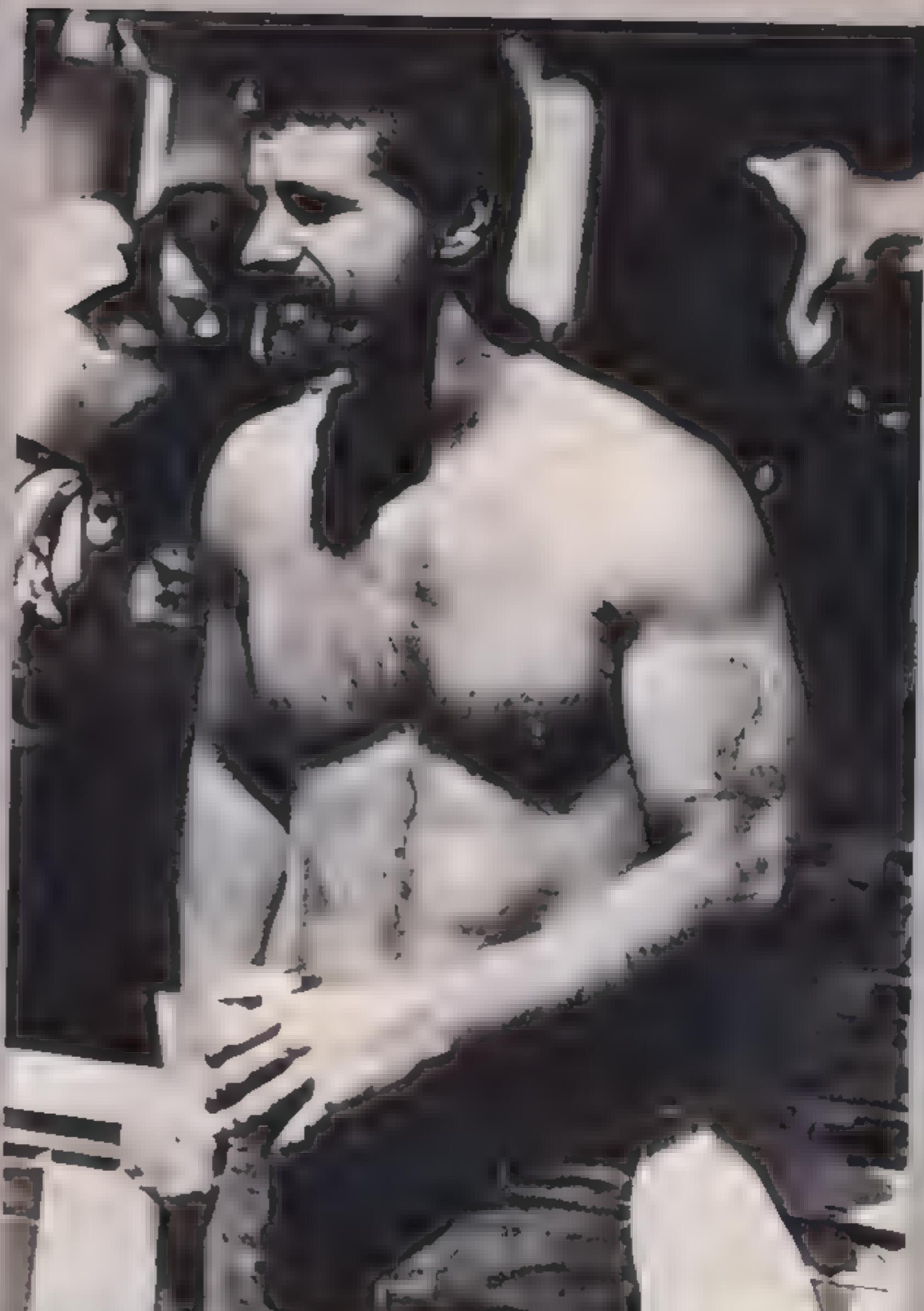
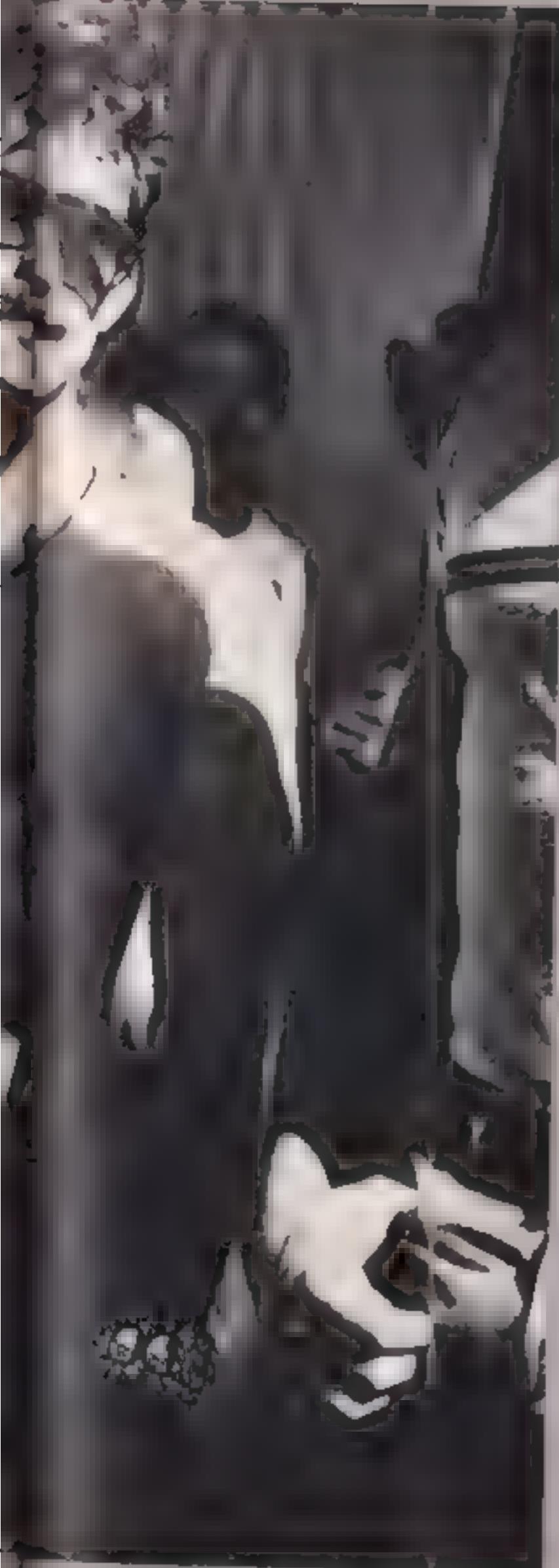
"Drummer is terrific, and I want to pass this information about my good cock-sucking luck on to your readers."

BASEMENT 1984

free enterprise seems to be hard at work in the basement at 30 Tenth Avenue in New York. Is it a legally licensed bar or sex club—or just the labor of a leatherman taking advantage of *laissez faire* and *caveat emptor*? We're not sure, but the details (received via mimeograph) are intriguing enough to pass on—strictly AYOR, buddy.

The Establishment Without a Name





advertisers "private weekly SAFE SEX parties for men into Leather Rubber, Uniform, Western—sucking and fucking with condoms as well as solo, mutual and group JO, every Tuesday night till midnight." Doors open from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m. Admission is seven bucks. Amenities include open bar, beer and soda, large-screen video porn, grease, a "well-equipped dungeon," and paper towels. Contact address is J.O.E., Box 294, Bay-side, NY 11361

But there are rules: "Only those in proper attire will be admitted. Violators of safe sex rules will be disciplined by uniformed enforcement officers." If

1984 is your trip, keep in mind that free admission is available for enforcers in uniform—your big chance to punish bad boys who insist on putting their things where their things shouldn't be.

GALLERY TALK

A couple of issues back (*Drummer* 76), we reported on the "Leatherman" art exhibit at Revolt Gallery in Hamburg, a tie-in with the Tenth Anniversary celebration of the European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs in August. Amsterdam photographer Michael Eisenblatter's work for that exhibit, which continued through September at Revolt

Gallery, has now moved to Eindhoven in the Netherlands, where it's on display at the popular leather bar Chaps.

Eisenblatter also reports that the two galleries where his work was frequently shown in the US, The Rob Gallery and The Basement, both in New York, are now defunct. "It's a pity that the large gay community in the US has no gallery of its own anymore, not even in New York. In that aspect much more is going on over here, where a town like Hamburg has at least two strictly gay exhibition possibilities, Berlin has three gay galleries, and of course there's Rob in our native Amsterdam."



THE MAINE THING: The Harbor Masters hold their second anniversary run—and each other. Photo by John Preston



BATTLE OF THE BUSH: Forests outside Stockholm heated up for the seventh Baltic Battle. Photo by Christopher Rogers

HARBOR MASTERS

A self avowed SM/leather/levi club *à la Hellfire*—in Portland, Maine? Portland resident and noted gay author John Preston tells us it's so. Preston, who's also Founding President of the group in question—The Harbor Masters, Inc.—cites a sterling record of fund raising and gay philanthropy. (The Harbor Masters are even incorporated as a not-for-profit corporation under the laws of the State of Maine.)

The Harbor Masters' Second Anniversary Run is scheduled for November 9-11 in Portland, with Friday registration at Cycles Bar, 59 Center Street; Saturday Festivities (people games, cocktails, formal dinner); and an Awards Brunch on Sunday. Donation fees range from \$65 to \$75, depending on membership and date of registration, and include lodging and meals.

For information or other communications to the Harbor Masters, write: The Harbor Masters, Inc., Box 4044 Station A, Portland, ME 04101.

BALTIC BATTLE

It's now a summer memory in the minds of European and Scandinavian leathermen, but the success of Baltic Battle VII lingers on. Hosted by Scandinavian Leather Men (SLM) of Stockholm this year's Nordic gathering of the clan was spread over four days (June 8-11) and included a number of thematic "socials," like the Battle of the Bush (see photo), where the assembled raised temperatures in the forests outside Stockholm. Rumor has it that at least one Olympic ice skater was in attendance.

The biggest event of this year's Baltic Battle was the selection of Mister Tomsson (named for the SLM newsmagazine), David Riseborough, a 33-year-old leatherman born in Great Britain but residing in Sweden for the last five years. The big triumph was that David went on to represent SLM-Stockholm in the FCMC Mister Europe contest—and brought the continent-wide title home to Sweden. (See our special coverage of the Mister Europe contest elsewhere in this issue.)

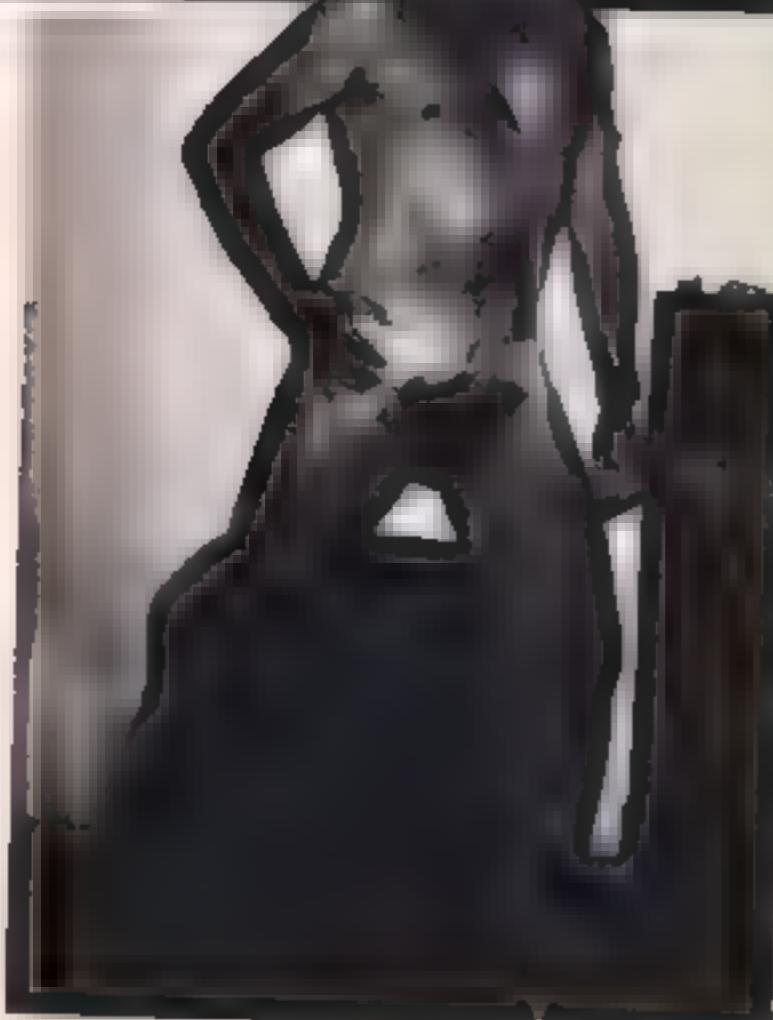
Information on next year's Baltic Battle, or on SLM-Stockholm, is available by writing this innovative and energetic leather club: SLM-Stockholm, Box 9239, S-102 73 Stockholm, Sweden.

SUBMIT!

International Leather Scene is our effort to keep Drummer readers informed about what's going on with leathermen in the US, Canada, Europe, Australia and elsewhere.

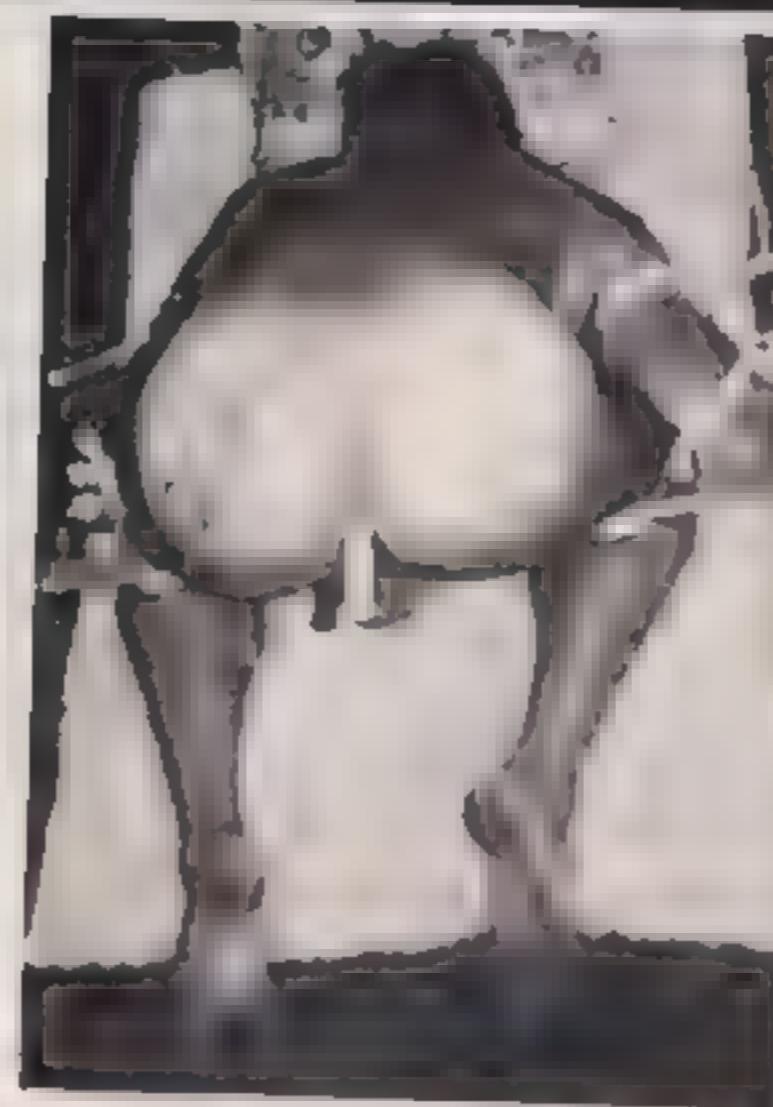
Have you got an event or inside information we should know about? Send press releases, announcements, photos, etc.—as early as possible—to: International Leather Scene, Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. □

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



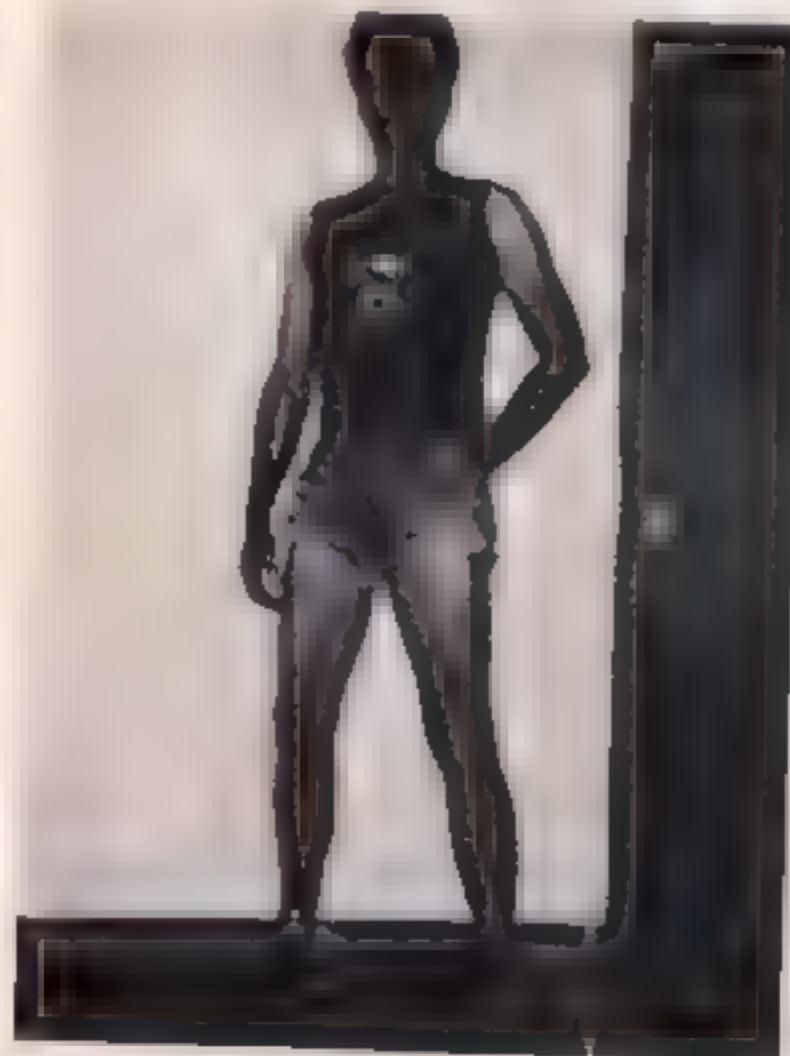
READY TO RIDE

The New Yorker in the Cobra helmet is 38, 5'7" and 140 lbs.; brandishes an uncut crank as reward for a young, small, docile houseboy who'll be trained in body worship. Applicants can get on their knees and write to TC No. 1088



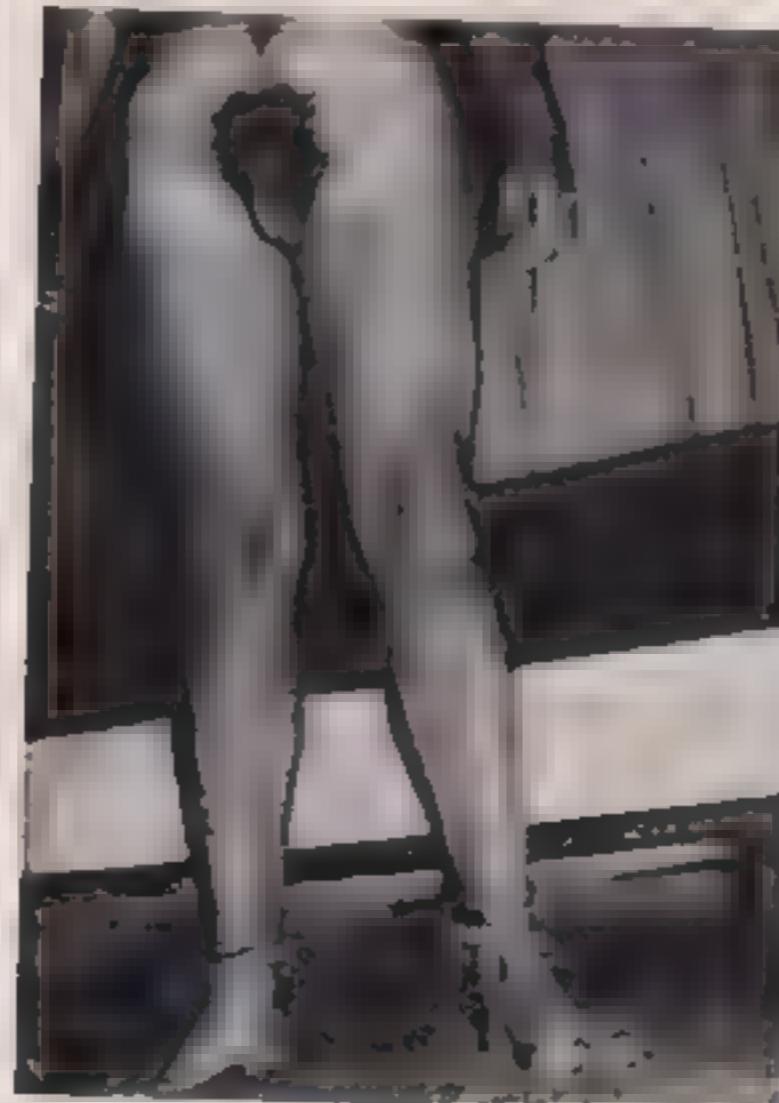
MIDWEST BONDAGE SLAVE

This slave can be tightly bound in any position and used by an understanding Master for "most any scene, provided there is mutual respect and trust." Masters may write via Drummer to TC No. 1087



RANCH/RAUNCH

This butch top-quality slave (185 lbs., 6'2") is looking for BD and shit work from a Master with a large ranch or farm. Has some farming experience (beyond simple ploughing), is responsible, productive and discreet. Have a stall in your stable for this Michigan mustang? Contact TC No. 1089



NEEDS HOUSEBREAKING

This TC describes himself as a 26-year-old puppy; needs to be locked in a collar and chastity device to curb his nasty habits. Currently boarded in Illinois. Masters with experience in obedience training may wish to contact TC No. 1090

WANNA BE A T.C.?

Think your stuff is hot enough to appear in Drummer's Tough Customer pages? Like to show it off? Send your photo (black and white reproduces best, dim color shots won't do at all), along with a brief description or message to: Tough Customers, Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo and include your name and address, and we'll give you a Tough Customer box number; interested readers can contact any TC in the same way they answer a Drumbeats personal. See ya around!



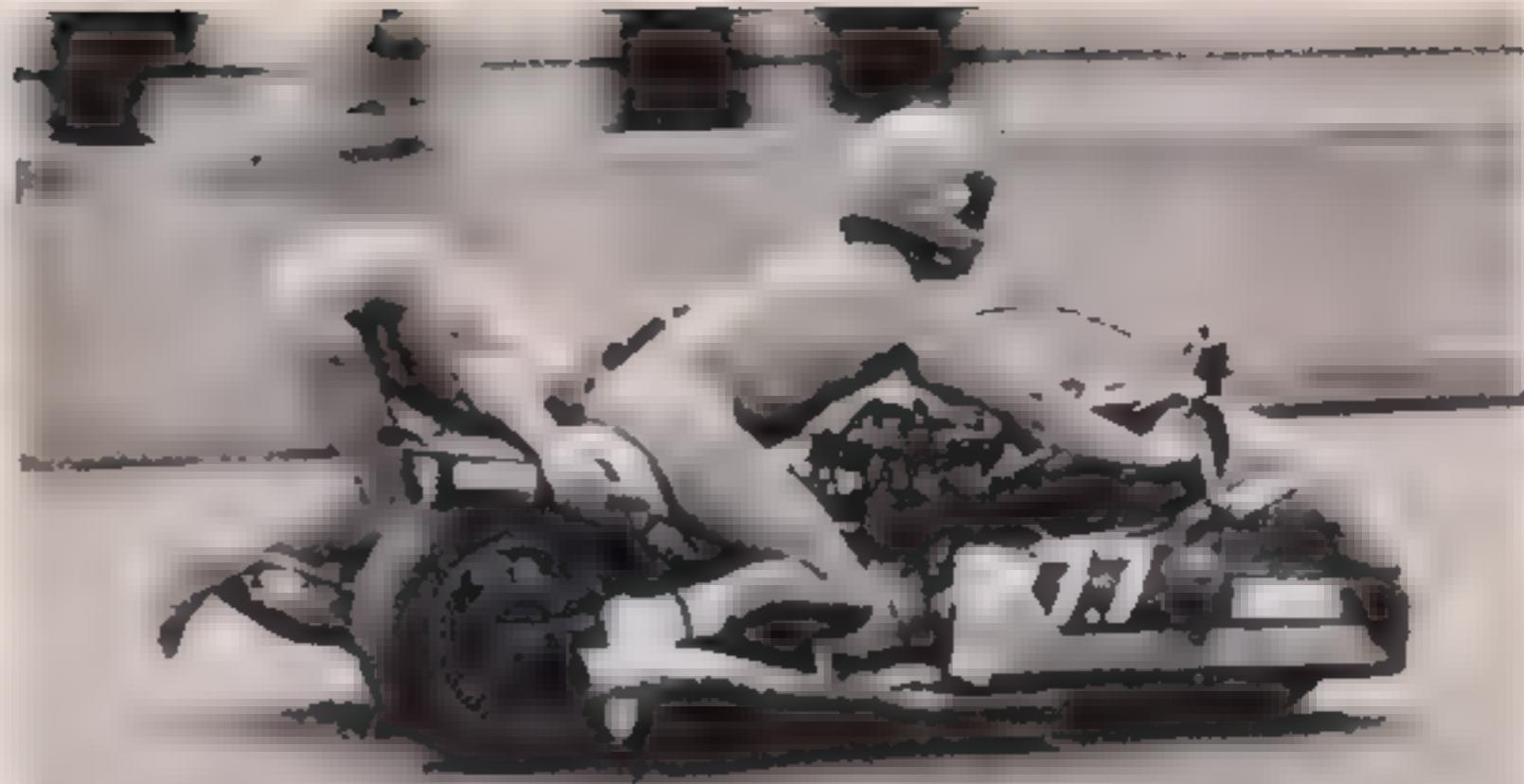
GERMAN LEATHER

This Deutschlander visited the U.S. last summer; still looking for Masters on either side of the Atlantic. He's 35, into leather, boots and levis, shaving, WS, spanking, feet and dirty jocks. Write Heinz Wolffmann, Neuriederstrasse 6, 8000 Munchen 712, Postlagernd, West Germany



GREASED LIGHTNING

During a motorcycle race in Mansfield, New Zealand, cyclists Peter Lewis and Craig Dempster stripped down to helmets and socks for a few breathless laps around the track. No word on whether they won the race, but the daring duo did take home a prize for originality. The two confessed afterwards that their only fear during the stunt was that



BLUFF CYCLING: Racers Lewis and Dempster take it off in New Zealand

they'd suffer an engine breakdown in front of the viewing stand, bringing their blurred rumps and cocks into still focus—and necessitating a very long walk back to the pit stop. Photo from Stern magazine, West Germany

TEA TIME

During a recent strike at Montfiore Hospital in New York, the number of routine urine samples submitted by resident (junior) doctors swelled to a suspiciously excessive flood. Senior surgeons on the staff, suspecting the extra workload was a ploy in the strike dispute, demanded that the residents stop the abuse: when stern lectures didn't work the senior doctors (according to the New York Times) "decided to take drastic corrective measures. They settled on a hazing-like prank as a form of punishment."

The senior doctors sterilized some urine containers, filled them with tea, and told the four chief residents to take sips and pass them on. One of the residents reported that he wasn't sure what the vial contained, but turned bottoms up: "We were unhappy about it and didn't feel we had much of a choice. I had invested five years and had only a few months to go."

Another of the chief residents, after a hesitant sip, realized the substitution and chug-a-lugged the entire contents, bringing a round of laughter from his fellow medics.

The hazing tactic ended the problem overnight. Word spread through the resident staff so quickly that not one urine sample was sent to the laboratory the next day.

DRUM DRAG

According to several eye-witnesses well-known British hunk Drum was spotted at the annual Halloween party at the Galleria in San Francisco. He was easily identified by his muscular build, short pants, cap and boots, but any doubts about his identity were dispelled by the enormous cock and balls hanging nonchalantly out one pants leg. (Made of rubber, we suspect, but amazingly like-like.) Anyone having photographs of this rare appearance should contact Drummer.

HANKY-FARBEN

	AKTIV	PASSIV
Farbe	Links	Rechts
Röt	Faustficker	lässe Faustficken
Senffarben	Sucht mehr als	Hat mehr als
Hellblau	20 cm	20 cm
Dunkelblau	69er	alles außer 69
Orange	Ficker	lässe ficken
	Alles, Jetzt	Nichts – Jetzt
	Jederzeit	Am besten nicht anmachen
Weiß	will pinkeln	läßt pinkeln
Nato Olive	Armee oder Marinefan	sucht und steht auf so Typen
Grün	Sucht Stricher bezahlt	ist Stricher kassiert
Braun	„Scheißerchen“	na was wohl?
Weiße	Mastrubiert allein	... bei anderen will gefesselt werden
Grau	will fesseln	sucht Schläge
Schwarz	Schläger	

Bitte ausschneiden und viel Spaß im „farbenfrohen“ Alltag

CODE BREAKING: Here's something Berlitz won't teach you when you're brushing up on your German for that trip to Munich or West Berlin—that old colored hankerchief code (or in this case "hanky-farben"). We reprint this list from the Ten Year Anniversary program of the Panther Motorcycle Club in Cologne. Compare with the hankie code in the Malecall section of Drummer 77 for an instant lesson in practical German.

NAKED PUSHUPS

The parents of a 14-year-old boy in Wooster, Ohio have filed a \$155,000 lawsuit against a junior high school physical education teacher, charging cruelty because he allegedly forced their son to do pushups while naked and wet.

The suit alleges that William McConnell, a teacher at Edgewood Junior High, told the boy to do the exercise and to make sure his "privates touched the ground." The parents claim that McConnell "was unusually and unnecessarily cruel, thereby causing substantial anguish, injury and insult" to the student and his family.

EXPERIENCE REQUIRED

As we go to press, the directors of the Miss America pageant are meeting in Atlantic City, no doubt licking their wounds after a very rough year—thanks to Penthouse magazine and its shocking revelations about the first-ever black Miss A.

But the people in charge of the pageant are looking ahead, and for ways to avoid any future embarrassment. Among the new rules: Having each contestant sign a sworn statement that she has "always been female." Otherwise imagine the possible consequences.

JACKASS OF THE YEAR

The U.S. Olympic Committee gave itself a bad name with gays around the world when it forced the "Gay Olympics" to become the "Gay Games"—and Olympic Decathlon Gold Medalist Daley Thompson seems hell-bent on doing the same for himself.

The flamboyant British athlete likes to raise eyebrows; when a reporter asked why he wears a wedding band when he's known to be single, Thompson explained that he bought it "to keep the girls off my back." But not, perhaps, off his ass—get a load of the Olympic moonshot at right, captured by a quick photographer for West Germany's *Stern* magazine.

Obnoxious stuff? Sure, but harmless—until Thompson appeared at a Los Angeles press conference sporting a T-shirt with the question: IS THE WORLD'S 2ND GREATEST ATHLETE GAY? When asked to decode the cryptic message, Thompson said it could refer either to American track superstar and multi-Gold winner Carl Lewis; to West German Juergen Hingsen, whom Thompson bested in the decathlon; "or to me. But Hingsen is married, and I'm not gay."

Thompson's flagrant innuendos about another athlete's sexuality, true or not, struck most reporters as another example of bad taste, and a little puzzling. Is Daley Thompson as homophobic as the U.S. Olympic Committee? Or just jealous of the superstar status accorded his fellow black athlete Carl Lewis by the world press? Or just an all-around jackass?

Tough shit, Daley.



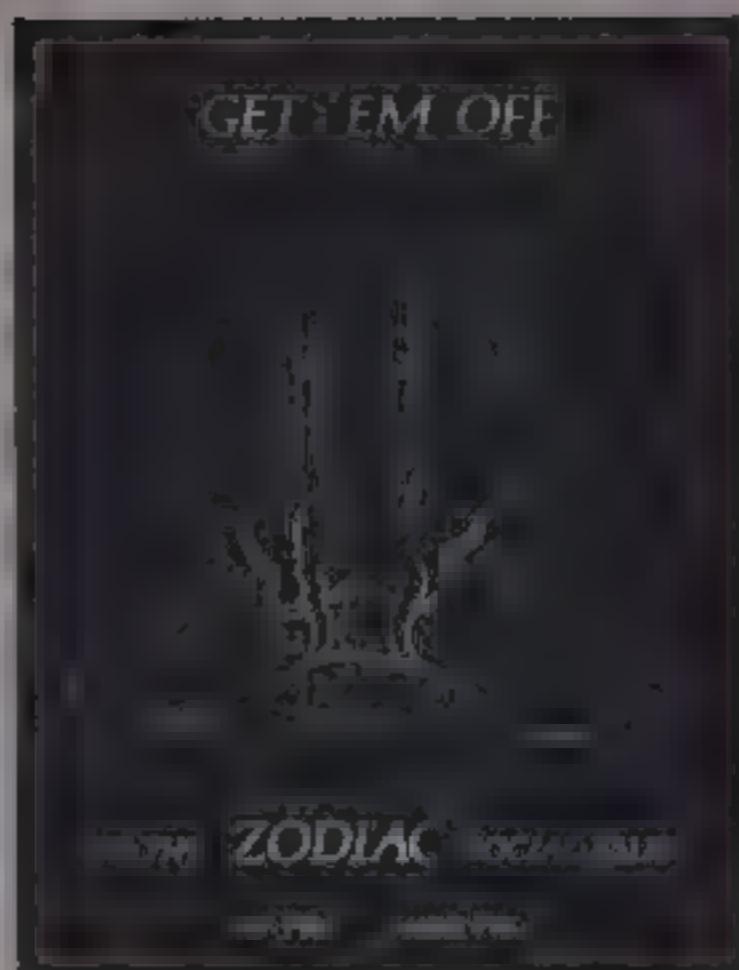
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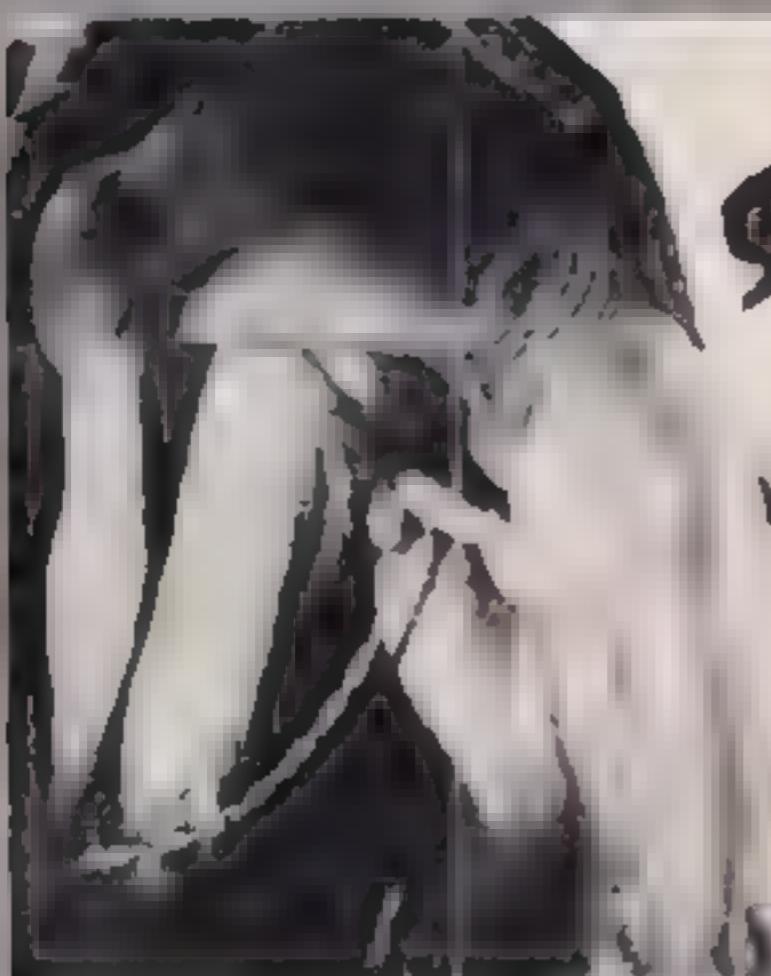


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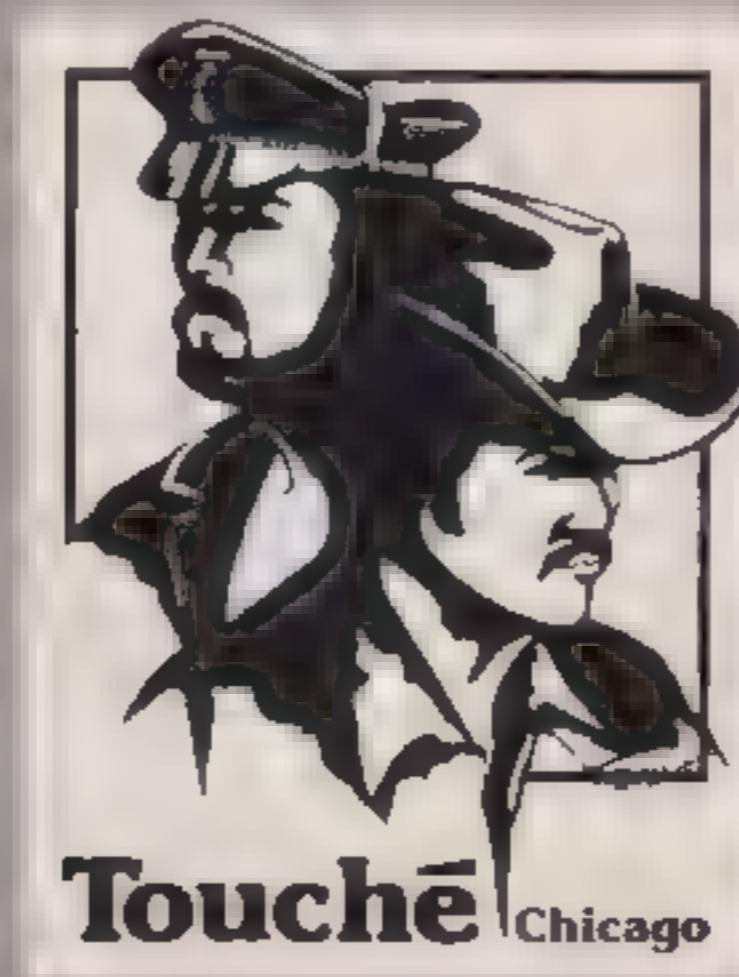
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DRUMMER STAGE

FRANNY IN NEW YORK

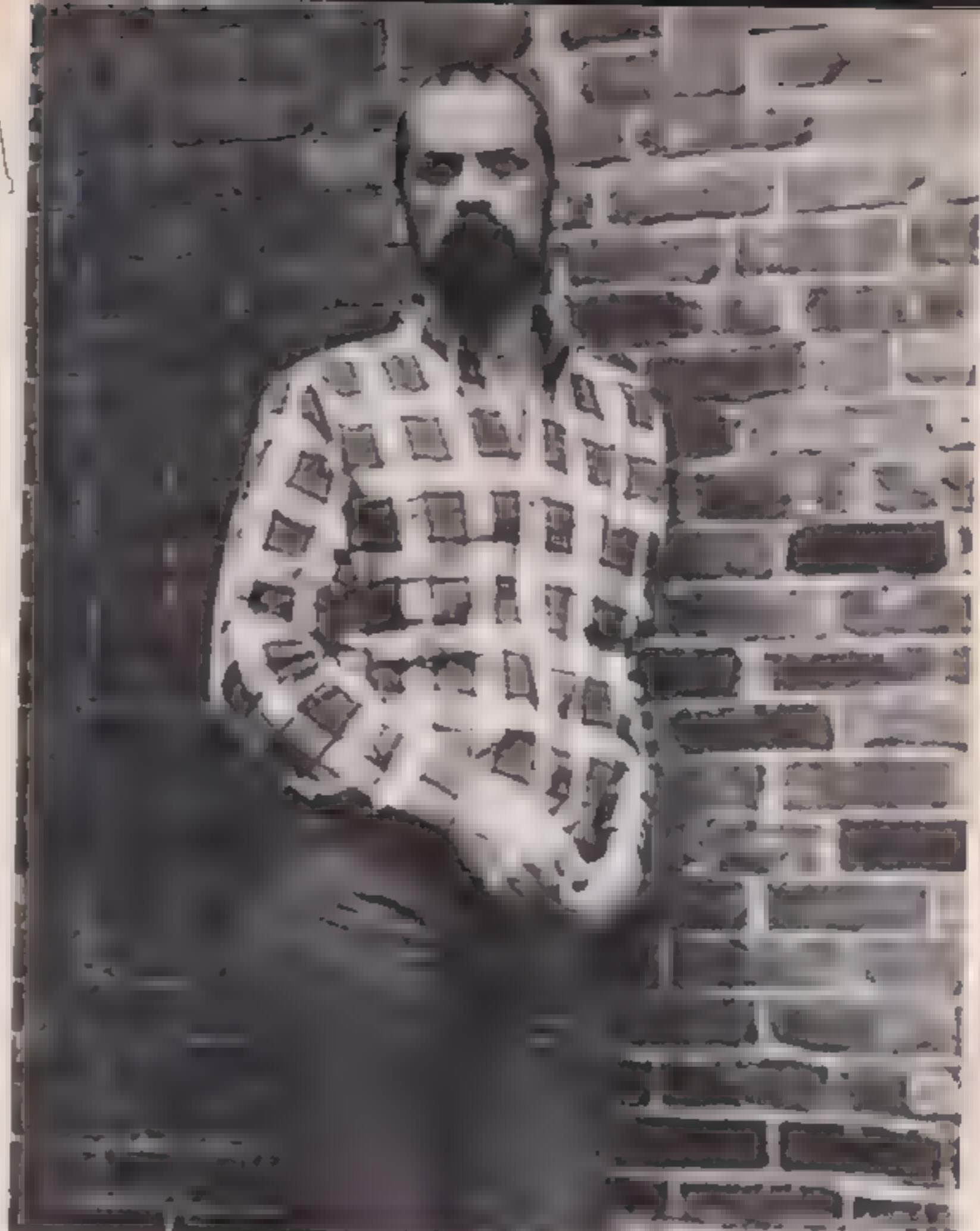
The Meridian Gay Theatre opened their 1984-85 season with an adaptation of John Preston's *Franny, The Queen of Provincetown*. Preston, a writer near and dear to the hearts (and other places) of Drummer readers, shows another aspect of his talent in *Franny*. We always knew that author of *Mr. Benson* could turn us on, with *Franny* Preston shows he can make us laugh and cry too.

Franny, in a series of short scenes, spans some thirty-odd years in the life of the ugliest bitch I ever did lay my eyes on... Franny would have looked like a queen if you dressed him in full leather." Attempting to be nothing less than a social history of American gays from 1950 to the present, *Franny*, as Preston noted in the novel's epilogue, chronicles "all those people (who) lived in spirit in my years of visiting Cape Cod. Their experiences are ones we had in America as we were learning how to be gay. These are the emotions we felt as it was happening."

The adaptation used in this production by Christie Gesier and H. Richardson Michaels is serviceable; there are no really major cuts, but the leatherman, erry, has been written out of the *Franny & her boys*" section for reasons I don't quite understand, since the section devoted to Franny's encouragement of various types of gay men to "take life and change it to what you want it to be," and since leather culture is perhaps the most striking expression of Franny's philosophy.

Franny's speech on leather is also omitted in the play: "You're acting out your dreams and that's what they want to be doing themselves. They want the freedom to look like you look and act like you act. Maybe a little different, each in his own way. But it's not different from those queens who used to be scared of me. They're jealous in the same way nervous of you being willing and able to put on clothes that say who you are, or who you want to be, or whatever. Now don't go and get upset at an old queen like me when I say this, but what you got in is drag just as sure as my fanciest ball gown. But that's good. That's being creative and that's making your own way in the world and not letting someone else tell you how you should be... Wear your leather and show 'em all what a man you are. Show 'em how proud you are of it. I do 'em a world of good..."

There's more interplay between the characters in the adaptation than in the novel (which is written as a series of monologues), but I'm not sure if the



JOHN PRESTON: If his *Franny, The Queen of Provincetown* is successful, stage it in Mr. Benson's Broadway bound! Photo: Alyson Publications

added theatricality is particularly good for what Preston is trying to express. What was most striking about *Franny*, the novel, was the way the characters seemed to be speaking through time, the subject was not action, but remembrance.

Meridian is the only theatre group in New York devoted to gay-themed plays. In the past, producers Terry Helbing and Terry Miller have presented Doric Wilson's *Street Theater*, Jane Chamber's *A Late Snow*, and two plays by Robert Chesley—*Stray Dog Story* and *Night Sweat*. The production of *Night Sweat*, that blackest of black comedies, reduced even the most jaded New Yorkers to stammering outrage; I may have been the only person who saw the play who liked it (The bio of Chesley in the *Night Sweat* program noted: "Chesley's published work in other media includes...most recently, two sermonettes disguised as SM porn stories for *Drummer*.)

Franny is a much less radical play than *Night Sweat* (Chesley is by his own admission writing for a gay ghetto audience; Preston isn't), and I can't see any reason why anyone wouldn't enjoy

it. It's scheduled for an open-ended run and deserves to be a smash success. You can bring your mother or your lover, or better, both together to it.

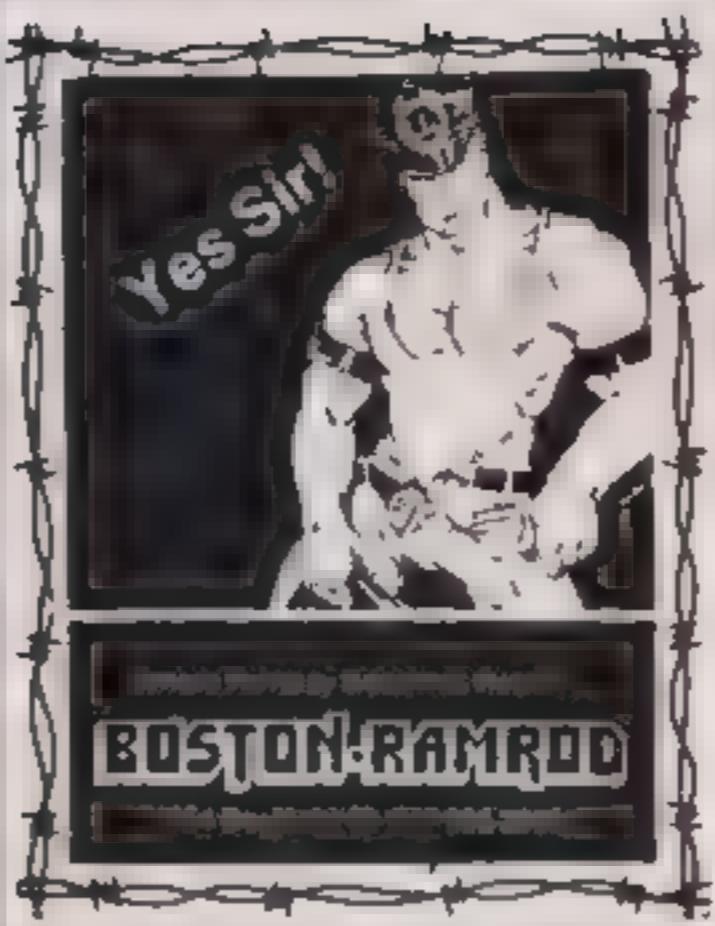
John Preston may be the best gay writer in America today. If people won't go to see *Franny*, what will they go to see? You can go to see the tiredest Broadway show and find enough gay people in the audience to fill the tiny Shandor theatre, where *Franny* plays, three or four times over. The gays at one typical performance of *La Cage aux Folles* would be sufficient to keep *Franny* playing to packed houses for weeks.

Time to preach: Gay people have a duty to support works of gay art. Homosexuals fought tooth and nail for decades in order to be able to see good, positive portrayals of gay life on stage and screen. For decades there was absolutely fuckin' nothing on New York stages that addressed gay life. Now there is Meridian—and the group deserves our support.

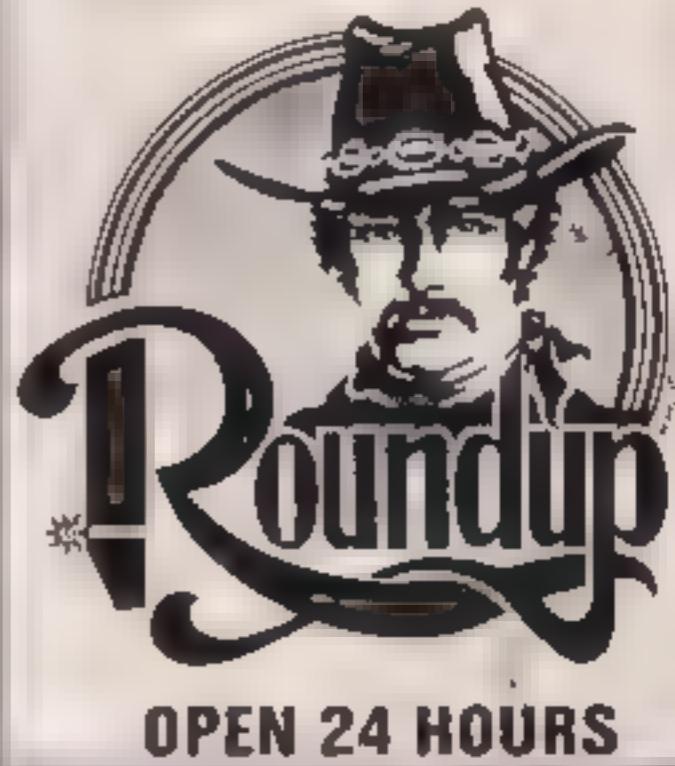
For information on future Meridian productions: Meridian Theatre, PO Box 294, Village Station, New York, NY 10014

—T.R. Witomski

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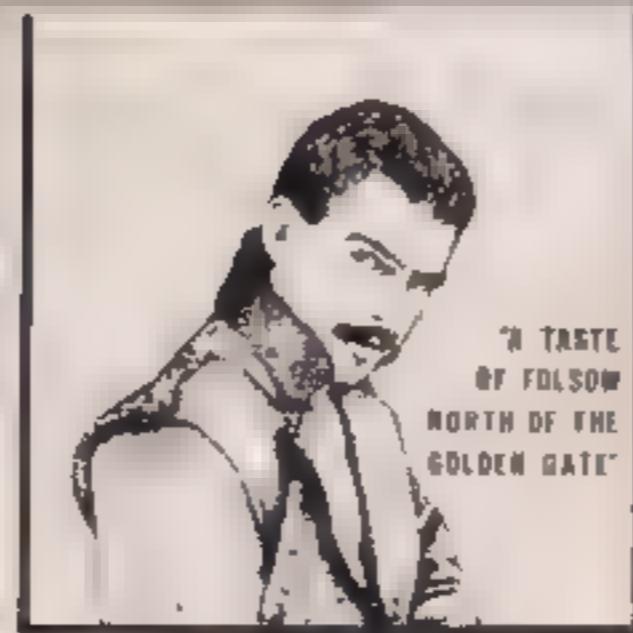


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DRUMMER

VIDEO

MIRACLE VIDEO

There's an old joke that crops up in Hollywood parodies, about an alleged studio named "Miracle Pictures" whose motto is: "If it's a good picture, it's a miracle." It won't always apply, as we look at a large number of video titles that range from the highly commercial to the rank amateur, but often—while watching some of these productions—you might think that it took a miracle somewhere along the way to get some of these out of the producer's head and onto the television screen.

Let's start with the big boy's, VCA's release of Joseph Yale's *King Size*: Produced by Fred Halsted, written and directed by Joseph Yale, starring Rick Donovan, Chris Burns, Chris Allen, and some unknown hopefuls, original music score; shot on video tape. What's it about? Oh, about an hour, give or take a few minutes. Seriously—this is Joseph Yale's first direct video and he doesn't fully understand the medium. What could have been a B-story with A+ actors is awkward and sometimes tedious. The scant narrative has Chris Allen looking over photos of potential models for the cover of his magazine. He says things like: "Boy, is that guy really hung!" and the camera shows you six photos—none of which even show a dick, much less a big one. But the gag is only the cement to hold the three sexual tableaus together; a watered-down cement that drips. Rick Donovan, auditioning for the cover boy job, encounters Jesse Kohler, a true "hard blond" in the classic '40s movie sense. I never thought watching Donovan plow his gigantic tool into a tight blond ass would be boring—but there you have it.

The only interesting episode in *King Size* comes at the end, when Chris Allen imagines Chris Burns in his doorway, harnessed and hooded and loaded for bear. Now I like Chris Burns (and I liked the looks of Chris Allen in this video, too)—I especially like him as a bottom. No one, and I mean no one, is more receptive to getting fucked than Chris Burns. He can make fire hydrants disappear. He can take on a motorcycle gang, two at a time. There isn't a sex toy he can't (and hasn't) swallowed with his bottomless rectum. And Chris Allen is a nicely hung, adventuresome uncut blond. Well, Chris Burns plays top and Chris Allen plays bottom; the former not very convincingly. *C'est la King Size.*

Fist & Fire, from Slave & Master Video Productions, is a curious combination of hot wax packaged, for some unknown reason, like a combo. The only connec-



TOUGH ENOUGH! More quality trash from V1 25

tion between these two pieces is that they were both shot at The Mineshaft in New York and that Leather Rick is the top in both situations. Otherwise, the segment from *Fisting Ballet* is no great condensation of that august title; it's much more impressive in its hour-length version. *Fire* is, no pun intended, badly lit. And while *Fisting Ballet* breaks new ground in the fist-fucking genre, *Fire* doesn't for the hot wax set. It could be that there didn't appear to be anything else to do with *Fire* except tag it with something that was really hot. Better you see the original, complete *Fisting Ballet*.

The difference between Act One and Ranch House Video is about 3000 miles otherwise Act One is the East Coast version of Ranch House, a small production company that believes in wall-to-wall sex, mostly in close-up. Act One's *My Friends & I* is an hour of various and sundry basically hot close encounters

sometimes shot in extreme close-up (where the dick stretches from one edge of your TV screen to the other), sometimes encompassing the players and the playing area. Three stories make up the format, and a score of genitals (some of which belong to bodies whose faces we don't see) make up the cast. If you like your sex in steady streams, this act is for you.

A second Act One production, *Saturday Night Story*, is more a mainstream movie—plot, characters, etc.—with a clever catch. A couple is having a few friends over to play cards and make a movie. One half of the host couple is the cameraman, whom we never see, and who is referred to as a character in the narrative of the story—and who is, incidentally, the cameraman for this video within a video. The friends are a cross-section of New York gay types, sorta like your friends: some hung, some not so

hung; some extremely handsome, some rather plain; some super-macho, some a little fey. The bare bones of the plot is that when all the friends arrive, they chatter their way through the setup (a video about to be made), then settle down for a game of strip poker. The whole approach of this video is so tightly laid-back that you might well imagine what you see is what actually transpired. A group of friends were invited over and told as they arrived that a video was going to be made of the evening. Once the clothes came off and the sex starts, there is a lot of it—mostly cocksucking and mutual masturbation, which reinforces the authentic look of this group of friends given today's more health-conscious orgy manners. All in all, this is a very exciting foray into erotica by a creative company that looks to hold a lot of promise.

Not so much promise is evident in Scott Whittman's *Rock 'n Roll Peep Show* from Leo Ford Presents. It's not easy to build an empire around the sexual proclivities of a single person. Ask Jack Wrangler and Peter Berlin. Both were moderate failures at establishing a continuing audience demand for the face and cock of a single person fated to age along with his following. One of the promises of porn is that we will see newer, younger, bigger superstuds rise from the harvest year after year. Perhaps only one person has ever managed to last beyond a couple of seasons, John C. Holmes; and even he faces the challenge of bigger dicks unseating him.

Leo Ford, packaged as a cult item in *Rock 'n Roll Peep Show*, faces the fate of disposability. Shot with one camera at Danceteria in New York on Gay Pride Day in 1984, this is Leo's stage act with John Sex and a female singer who at least qualifies on the first count. She, who will remain nameless, opens the show and intros Leo, who comes out in a tux against his name in big letters projected on the screen behind him. He strips. John Sex comes out with his snake and strips/dances. Leo Ford comes out again and jacks off. The woman signs another song. John Sex and Leo Ford come out as cowboys at the end and dance off with each other. Leo comes out again and takes pictures of the audience, then lets the audience take pictures of him. It ends.

This is a document of an act. Whether or not the act is very good depends completely on how much you like Leo Ford and how much you are willing to put up with to see him masturbate. Frankly, there are other, more entertaining venues.

I'm a sucker for experiments, but you're going to have to be a card-carrying voyeur to appreciate *Hot Men Observed* from Now Tapes, because it was shot with an actual surveillance camera. That means two things: black



FASCINATION: From *Foreskin Fantasy II*

VIDEO SOURCES:

Information on the videos reviewed is listed below. In all cases, when ordering by direct mail, a statement that the buyer is 21 years of age is mandatory.

KING SIZE, Directed by Joseph Yale, starring Chris Allen, Rick Donovan, Chris Burns; 1984; direct video; 60 minutes; Beta/VHS; \$69.95 plus \$3.50 postage. VCA, 2051 Pontius Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025. Brochure available.

FIST & FIRE, Directed by Dave Nesor, starring Leather Rick; 1984 direct video; 60 minutes; Beta/VHS; \$85 plus \$3 postage. Slave & Master Video, 1349 N. Wells St., Chicago, IL 60610.

MY FRIENDS & I, Act One Productions; 1984 direct video; 60 minutes; VHS only; \$45 plus \$5 postage. (Address below.)

SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY, Act One Productions, direct video; 60 minutes; VHS only; \$45 plus \$5 postage. Act One Productions, 70 Greenwich Ave., Suite 593, New York, NY 10011. Brochure available.

ROCK 'N ROLL PEEP SHOW, Directed by Scott Whittman; starring Leo Ford, John Sex, and others, direct video; 55 minutes, Beta/VHS; \$55 plus \$5 postage. Leo Ford Presents, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., No. 109-299, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

HOT MEN OBSERVED, Now Video, 1984; direct video; 75 minutes (black & white); Beta/VHS; \$59.95 postpaid. Now Tapes, 5299 Fountain Ave., Dept. 106, Los Angeles, CA 90029.

FORESKIN FANTASY II, Adam & Company; 1984 direct video; 60 minutes, Beta/VHS; \$79.95, plus \$5 postage. Adam & Co., 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109-209, West Hollywood, CA 90046. Brochure available. Photo sets also available.

VT 25, Old Reliable; 1984 direct video; 2 hours; Beta/VHS, \$59 plus \$3 postage. Old Reliable, 1626 N. Wilcox, No. 107, Hollywood, CA 90028. Brochure available. Photo sets (and audio tapes) available.

BODY SHAVE, Freeborn Productions; 1984 direct video; 35 minutes; VHS only, \$55 postpaid. Freeborn Productions, Box 42547, San Francisco, CA 94142.

THREE NUDE BLACK CHAMPIONS, French Company, 1984, film to video and direct video; 90 minutes; music soundtrack (direct video segment live), Beta/VHS, \$79 plus \$4 postage. Brochures available. No sales to TX/TN/FL. French, Box 530, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276.

PRIVATE PARTY, Buckshot Productions (various directors); 1984; \$75 plus postage (unspecified); Beta/VHS & PAL. Buckshot Productions, Box 1009, Studio City, CA 91604.



THE NATURAL LOOK. From Foreskin Fantasy II

and white, and sometimes questionable locus—frankly, I wonder how anyone actually gets arrested unless the appearance of a crime is proof enough. At a decent 75 minutes, *Hot Men Observed* goes from a dressing room (where men try on swim trunks and beat off in the full-length mirror), to a bathhouse (where men beat off alone—and not alone), with a few other locations thrown in for good measure. A final episode involves hearing a phone sex jack-off call while the caller is watching the tape while you are watching it. It's not only the hottest thing on *Hot Men Observed*, but it's worthy of being developed into a video all its own. The next time you're stuck for something to say (or something else to say) when you're making dirty phone calls, take a tip from this and play one of your fave porn hits and tell your phone buddy what you're watching. The music score by Shaun-Daniel Foreman is a hot bonus; Foreman is one of the more energetic and underrated contemporary rock musicians.

Some sequels are every bit as good as their catalytic foundation, some sequels are inferior (most are), and some sequels are just...different. *Foreskin Fantasy II: Advanced Techniques* is a prime example of the sequel that is different. But first word about the title of this series. These fictional vignettes centering around a particular sexual fetish for foreskins—

although they have secondary titles that sound like educational tools, they are not. I would fear anyone thinking these are some lamebrained queen's "how-to" instructional tapes and dismissing what are probably the two most beautiful video tapes on the market.

Like *Foreskin Fantasy I*, *FFII* is three different examinations of sex that concentrate on uncut cocks. In the first, "Manplay," three men cavort on a bare mattress on a bare floor. The camera strays to each man's ample uncut organ, watching and capturing visual moments that highlight the foreskin as it is sucked, fondled, and manipulated. It is a sharp, pristinely focused camera—dedicated to the viewer and to offering him as many visual references for this particular fetish as possible. In the second segment, "Solospace," another uncut man exposes and entreats with his cock, this time adding devices to air the masturbation with SM overtones. In the third segment, Adam & Company pulls out all the stops for a highly-charged fantasy tale "Phantasm," about a sexual dream that involves an Alice-in-Wonderland-like descent into a world where strange animal-men dance to a pagan tune that seems to have been written for the prepuce. Exotic, erotic, and visually convoluted, this simple little "I once dreamed..." tale is Adam & Company's most ambitious to date. A unique treat

for the sexual specialist, and a stylish look at how creative a small independent production company can be.

A new busload of prototypes must have pulled in, because Old Reliable has released VT 25—two hours of young American manhood at its very best. Start with Louis, he's been around before—in the first VT wrestling number (VT 21)—but not like this: sitting on the toilet pulling on his thick uncut Mexican dick in his own quiet way until he unloads his equally thick white load on his thigh. Louis is a good boy, he does as he's told. Or take John, a 5'11" Puerto Rican with one of those legendary tree-trunk dicks, who just sits quietly on the sofa and strokes his mammoth pole, runs his fingers across his washboard stomach, and fondles his basketball-size cajones until he damn-near explodes. Or try Taneka, American Indian of the New England variety, over 6' tall, hung like the proverbial horse; young, lean and mean, beating his meat to beat the band. Or even Little Joe (no, not that Little Joe!), short, compact, face like an angel and the mind of a demon. Or try Lone Wolf on for size, that is if you like 'em oversized; an ex-Army Ranger, a cock that sticks out like a flag pole (and is about as long) from his 6'3" lean frame. Now there's something you can salute! But the real treasure is David, a 21-year-old package of muscle who looks like he might be happier in a

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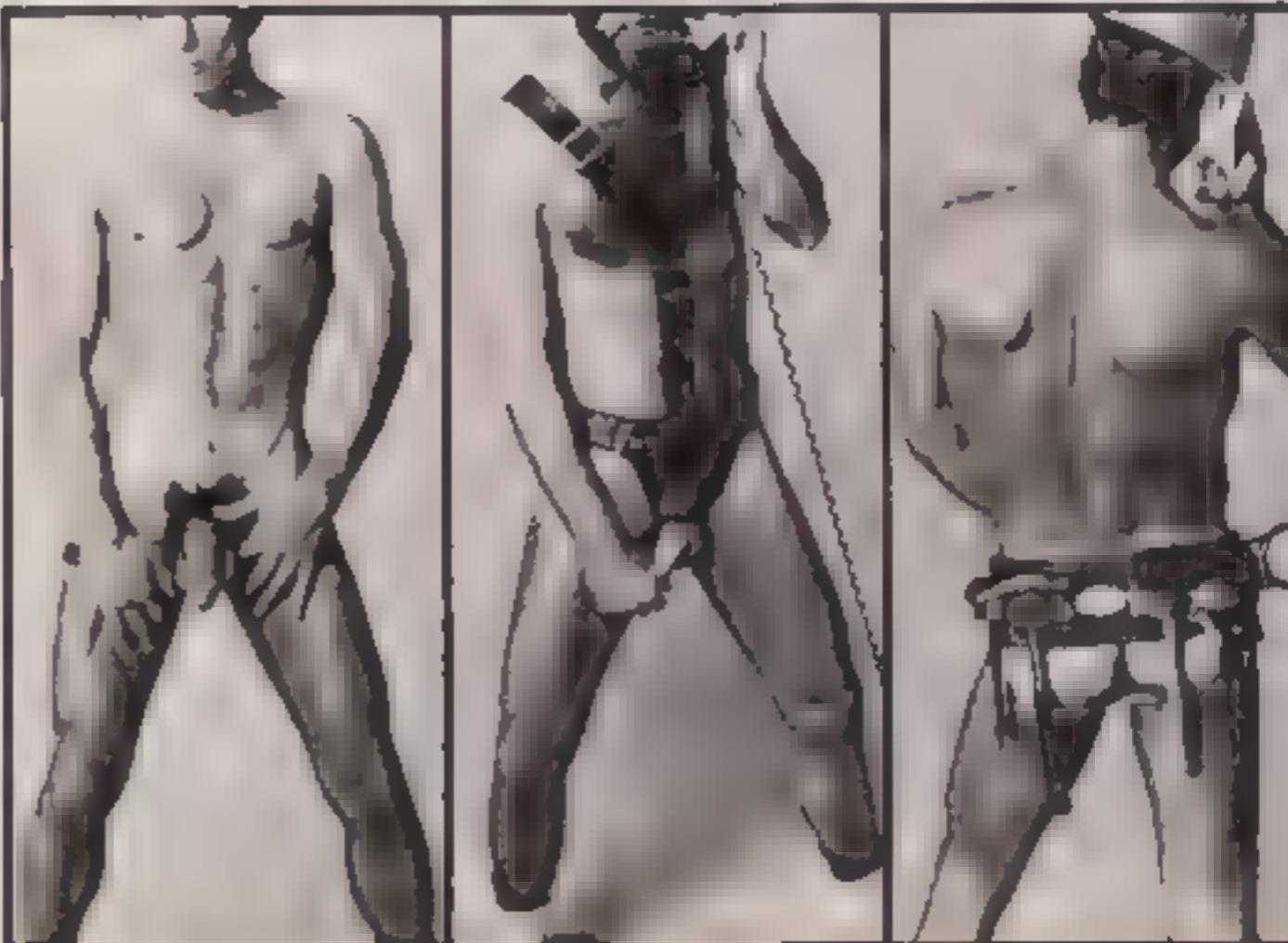
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rock band (and who beats off in the mirror to Billy Idol's "Dancing With Myself"), but who makes do with a fistful of home-grown hard cock and a steady stream of sweat

Old Reliable may be mellowing. This batch of boys is only slightly rough around the edges: more quality than creepy—maybe only temporary, but a move out of the gutter at least onto the sidewalk; and by packing these six studs into 2 hours, giving the viewer a whole new look at life on the wild side. Technically, top of the line (Old Reliable could give classes in how to use a video camera), one of his iconoclastic company's best overall titles.

One of the exciting things about independent and amateur video is that a lot of very specific areas get exposure; video can be approached as a narrow market, cater to a small segment and still stay in the black. Freeborn Productions' debut title, *Body Shave*, is a good example. This video has one theme, no pretensions, and delivers on its promise. A cocky young man submits to a complete body shave that uses two types of electric razor and uncovers every fiber from his feet to the top of his head. The victim is hunky and hung (he gets it up and shows it to the viewer at the end) and the barber is equally hunky and even more hung (very hung).

An equally specific area is covered in *Three Nude Black Champions* from French Company. This long tape is a combination of film-to-video transfer and direct video. Each of the three solo black bodybuilders gets a half-hour to show off, jack off, and otherwise amuse the viewer. The first one does it with a devilish smile, the body of a titan, and an enormous dick. The camera probes literally over pore and coasts on every muscle as the stud alternately flexes, strokes and squats. The second black champion is slightly less beefy but even more versatile. A nice uncut cock gives way to a bottomless asshole as this performer shoves larger and larger dildos up his soon-gaping rectum. Aside: He also dances with colored scarves—but that's just his curtain raiser before the power-plunge performance he gives as a fucking machine. Champion number three is an enigma. Shot on video tape, he poses while the cameraman and an unseen woman (his wife?) coach him. Nice guy, great body, okay cock—nothing to compare with the first two men, who are constantly hanging on the absolute edge of downright sleaze. If you like your men big, black and nasty, you'll be happy with two out of *Three Black Champions*.

I thought a good place to end would be with the newest release from a legend: the person many, many people think is the end-all and be-all of male erotica (and incidentally, he thinks such accolades show a singular lack of imagi-



FRESH OF THE BUS: Lone Wolf shows hard in VT 25

nation on the part of the praise-makers). Buckshot's *Private Party* is a refreshing return to an old standard in formats for a company that was heading deeper and deeper into narrative line videos. *Private Party* is four separate solo episodes featuring four superb specimens: Helmut Kross (blond, beefy Aryan and uncut), Ben Cody (young, muscular, extremely handsome), Will Garret (suberbly defined muscles on a tall, lean frame), and Jesse Ditmar (dark, strong, masculine, muscular). With four you get everything, from Helmut's unstated arrogance (a body you are supposed to worship—with your tongue), Ben Cody's all-American healthy good looks (a gym body that required years of devotion and a face by Botticelli), Will Garret's no-nonsense attitude and more-than-ample

meat (the kind of man you have always wanted to have fuck your brains out), to Jesse Ditmar's erotic and almost-animal appeal (the reason men like Burt Reynolds and James Caan have such big housewife followings). The opening and closing segments are personal favorites—but there's nothing here that will send you to the refrigerator. Overall: extremely well-photographed (although I think the opening and closing are the strongest), well-conceived, and highly re-watchable.

The ground covered in this overview of new video releases should tell you that the landscape of erotica is one with an almost infinite variety, in terms of both quality and subject matter. Next issue: The Best Videos of 1984

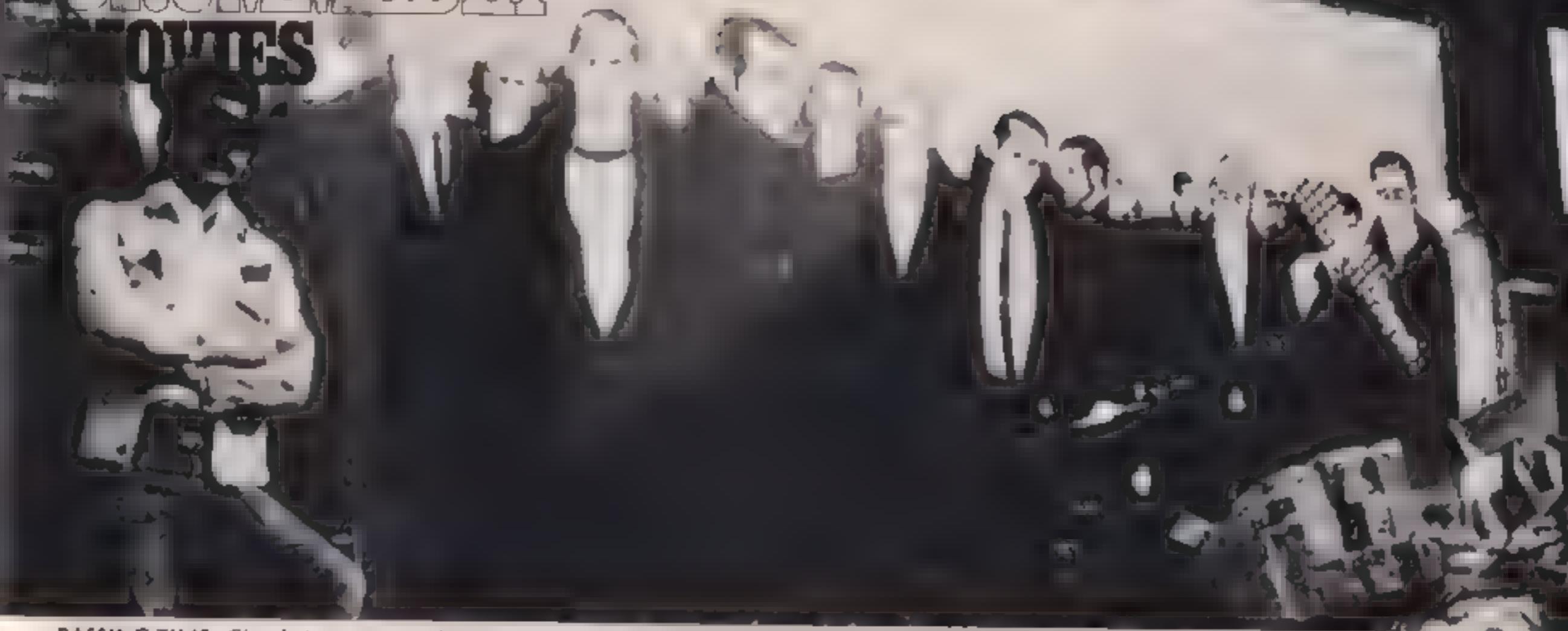
—John W. Rowberry

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PASSING TIME: Chuck Arnet's mural in the ruins of the Tool Box, South of Market's first leather bar, demolished in 1971. Photo by Robert O'Brien

BAR WARS

"Within the historical context we're able for the first time to look back on past sexual panics and see how they work, instead of being victimized (by the new ones)"

—Alan Berube

It's no chapter in your schoolbooks not even the *Dick-in-Jeans* primer, but it's sure as homos are sexual that Alan Berube's latest slide show for the San Francisco Lesbian/Gay History Project, *Resorts of the Sex Perverts*, pulls the gay yesterdays together into vital perspective for the here and now. Titled for California's 1955 Sex Resorts Law, *Resorts* pushes every button but panic.

Just a history of some bars in the Bay Area, and a 30-year war that was once won and has begun, it seems, again ...

The bars—and their victims, defenders and survivors—remembered in laughter, shadows, body language and faggot/dyke unity-in-defiance: in a thousand nights of (circumspect) grope and frolic, also in "speakeasy" raids, undercover cop-outs, suicides, lost jobs, dashed reputations, jail sentences and sex-offender stigma, despair, self-policing, self-oathing, compromise and retreat. Peaking in WWII (*Coming Out Under Fire* is Berube's upcoming book which spawned an earlier slide presentation *Marching to a Different Drummer*), the bar wars escalated conflicts through the '60s, solidified by queers and the "jam-but-wise" on one side, against an entire medical/military/religious/legal system on the other. Each bar was a queen's battlefield, whether they were loyal patrons, entertainers, straight owners, "passers" or passers-by, or the casual tourist from the 12th Naval District. Without the dubious protection of organized crime as in other cities, ignorant of rights

and with no stomach for a fight, the "sisters found themselves embroiled sooner or later in one struggle or another. And they'd just gone out for a beer and a hand to hold!"

It's a brave, tattered and glittering litany: Finocchio's, Mona's 440 Club, The Black Cat Cafe, The Subway, The Silver Dollar, The Top of the Mark (now and then), Hazel's Tavern, The Big Glass (first Black-owned gay bar in the U.S.), The Dash, The Old Crow, Mary's First and Last Chance, The Paper Doll, The Copper Lantern, Crossroads, Ethel's Cocktail Lounge, The Alamo Club, The Jumpin' Frog. And the early (not necessarily stiffer) leather bars like Jack's Waterfront on the Embarcadero, where they regularly pissed in the vice officer's glass, The Why Not in the Tenderloin, and The Tool Box that started the South of Market leather shtetl and wound up pictured in a 1964 *Life* magazine.

One by one, the 200 slides (culled from almost as many sources) slide through, crisp and visually storyful, accompanied by Berube's tireless narrative flow, chock full of forgotten information—court testimony, fresh and furtive faces, headlines and gossip columns, postcards and letters, building and people facades—in a new context. They evoke a potpourri period flavor, a sense of community, background and family in a fiercely generic sense and shorn of false camp nostalgia or lavender sentimentality, and attentive, rousing feedback from the audience.

A live wire, a third rail for the old Third Sex, runs dangerously through the middle of each entertaining illustration.

Berube refers directly to the current drive to close San Francisco's bathhouses and sex-clubs—today's steamy resorts being set upon by the same type of people for the same reasons. "In some ways

there is no parallel with AIDS; a real threat. But the historical context lets us understand the dynamics of the present sexual panic. Both were always attacked as sex institutions, as dangers to public health, as harboring low-life"—plague and scourge, sin and vice.

It's what hasn't changed that points up the problem: "When we get attacked for being gay, it's very hard to defend ourselves in ways that are sex-positive. We have to use words, euphemisms, that discredit sexuality." Instead of getting down to the language of a few publications (present Company accepted) and the recent safe-sex guidelines with the cogent references to sucking, rimming, fisting, etc., "we change the subject, we talk about the rights to gather in public, educational purposes, the right to privacy. These are all true—but we haven't found a way to say that sexual pleasure is good."

Dr. Silverman (S.F. Public Health Director) had to put up a sex ban because he couldn't bring himself to say that masturbation is okay—he can't say that safe sex is legal when he can't allow himself to detail what is safe and what isn't."

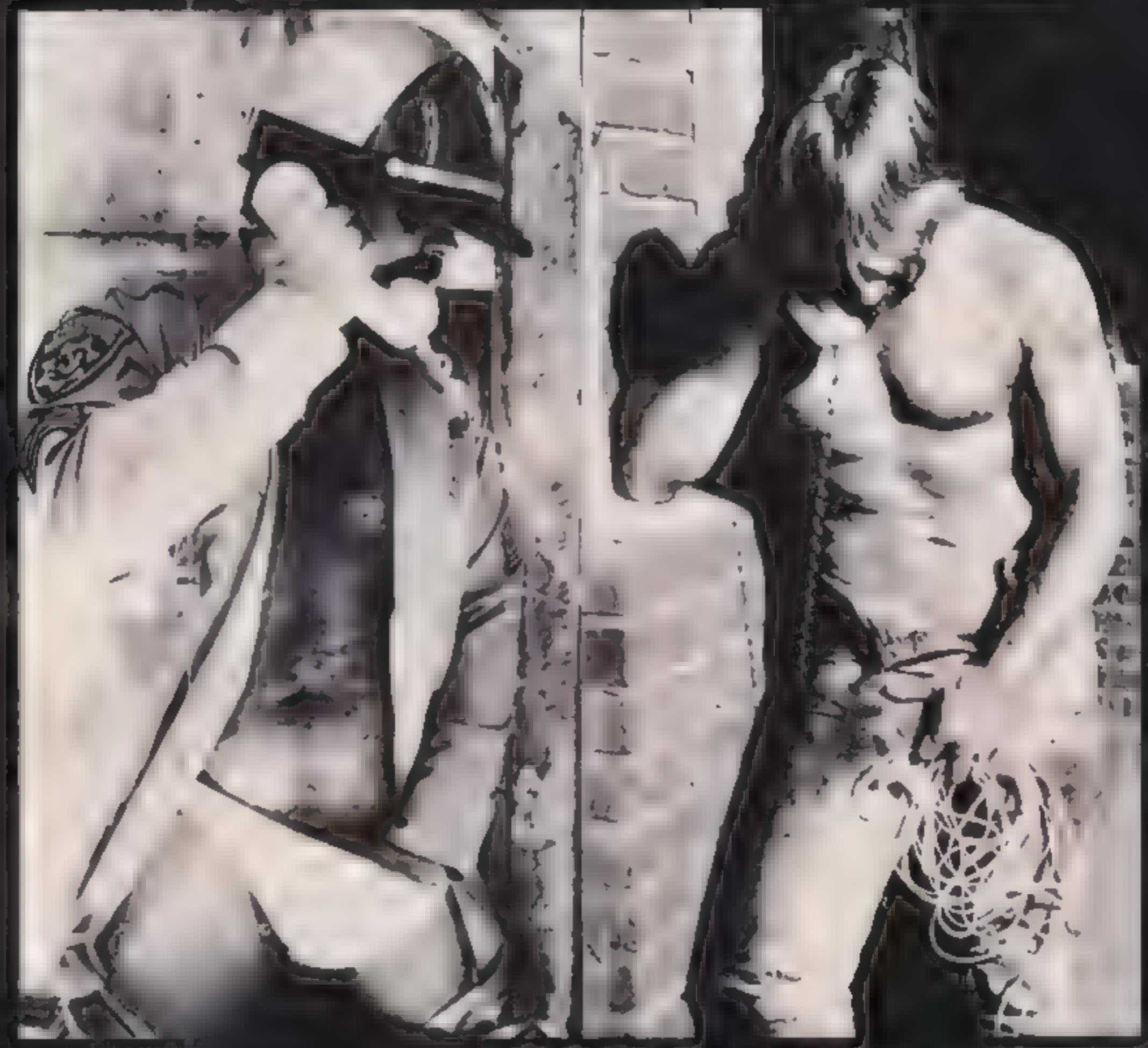
Resorts sums up lessons of the past. "The difficulties State agencies found in regulating and punishing sex offenders (via) a painful dissection of homosexual affection on the operating tables of the courts; discovering that we have been there before, forced to be embarrassed by our sexual lives, knowing that another generation fought and won a 30-year war to shut down the bars. The survivors are still among us showing us it is safe to be sexually different, and they can show us how."

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—Penni Kimmel

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